Liberty

UGUST 2, 1947

10 CENTS

THE SKY WAS FALLING

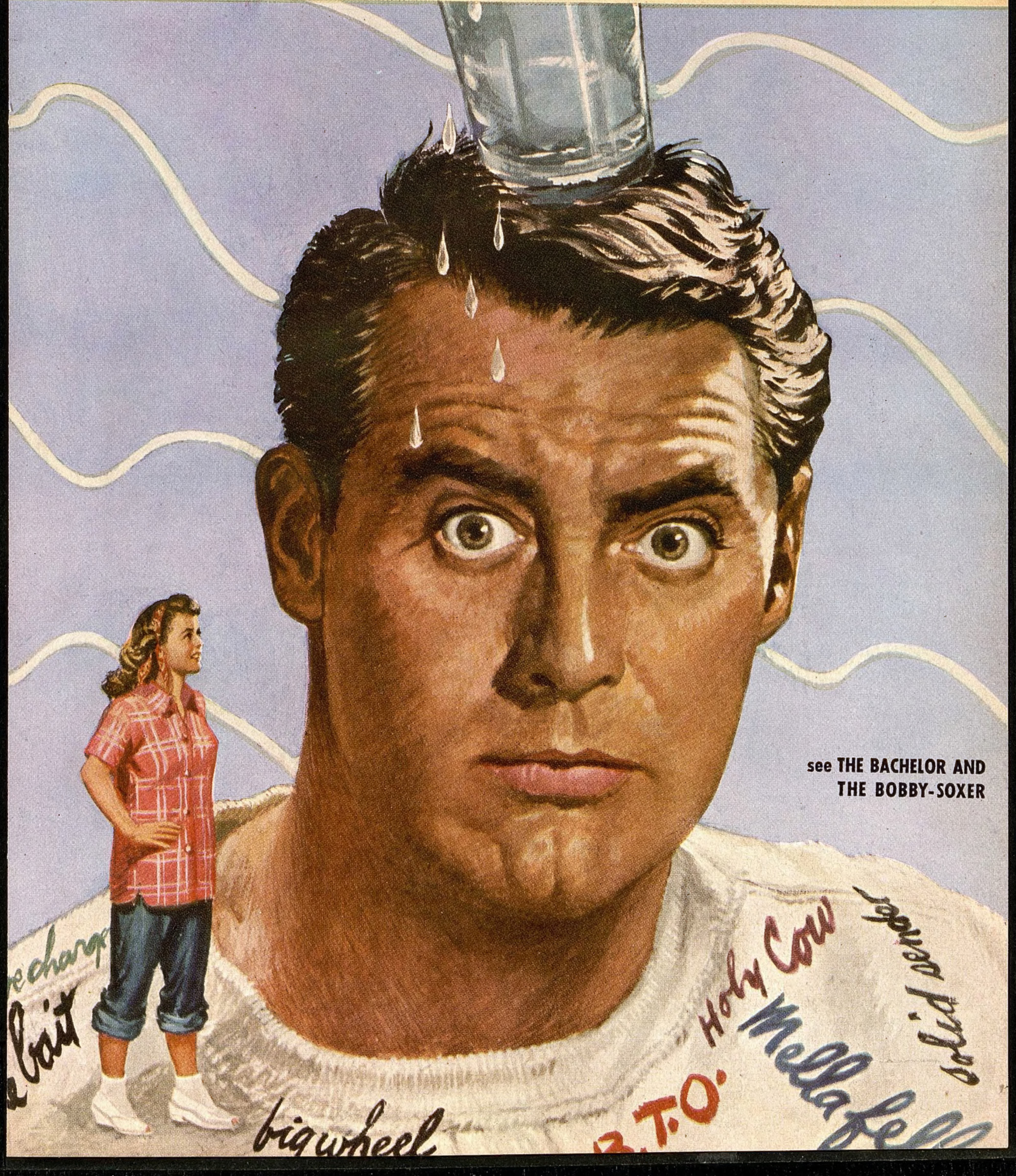
A story that will haunt your dreams

By OLIVER WELD BAYER

Book: FRANCIS

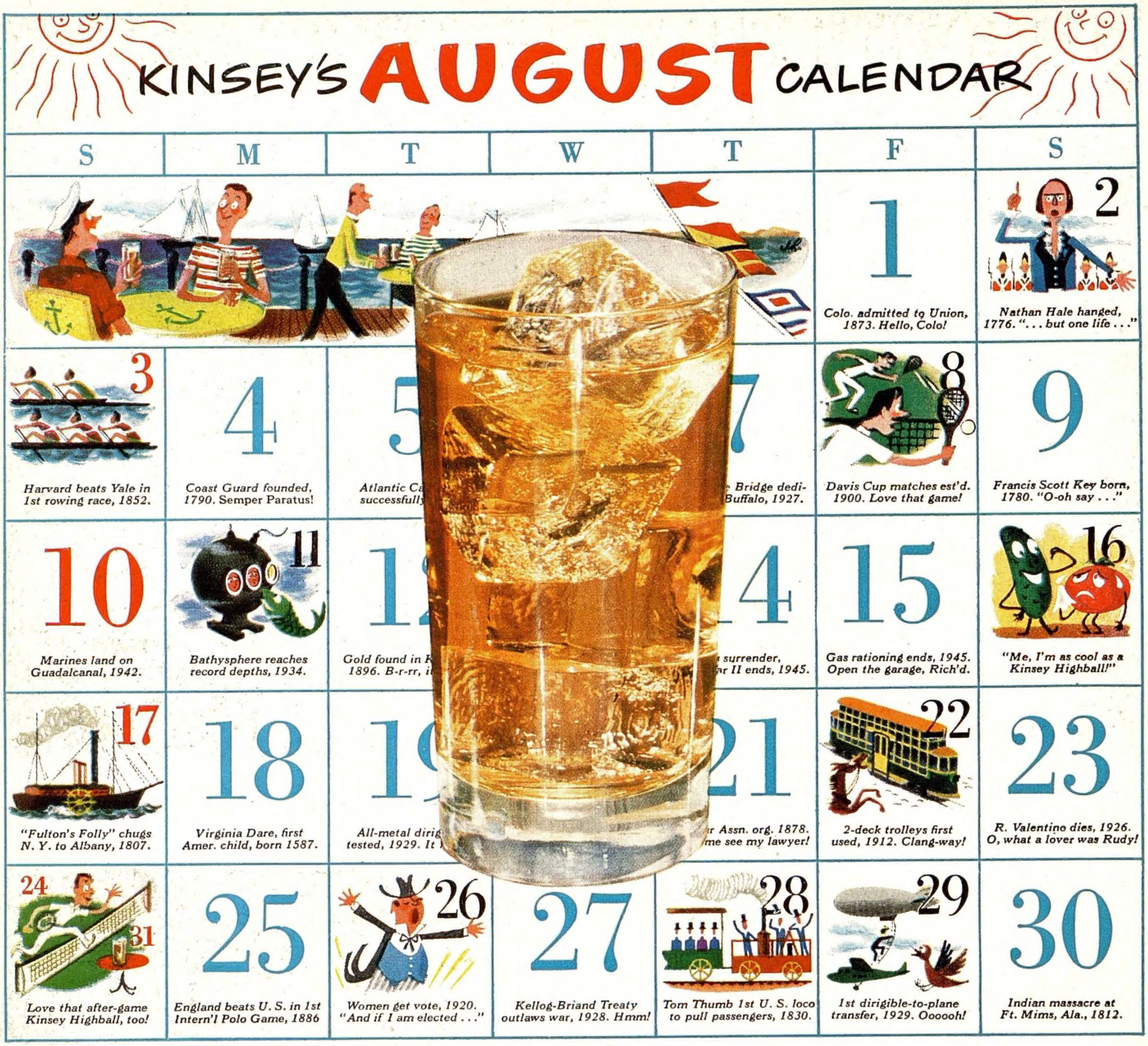
The hilarious tale of a talking mule

EYE-INTEREST: The exciting new picture section


e charg
bait
bigwheel
B.T.O.
Holy Cow
Mella fell
solid sender

see THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER

KINSEY'S AUGUST CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1 Colo. admitted to Union, 1873. Hello, Colo!	2 Nathan Hale hanged, 1776. "... but one life ..."
3 Harvard beats Yale in 1st rowing race, 1852.	4 Coast Guard founded, 1790. Semper Paratus!	5 Atlantic Ca successfully		7 Bridge dedi- Buffalo, 1927.	8 Davis Cup matches est'd. 1900. Love that game!	9 Francis Scott Key born, 1780. "O-oh say ..."
10 Marines land on Guadalcanal, 1942.	11 Bathysphere reaches record depths, 1934.	1 Gold found in K 1896. B-r-rr, i		4 surrender, r II ends, 1945.	15 Gas rationing ends, 1945. Open the garage, Rich'd.	16 "Me, I'm as cool as a Kinsey Highball!"
17 "Fulton's Folly" chugs N. Y. to Albany, 1807.	18 Virginia Dare, first Amer. child, born 1587.	1 All-metal dirig tested, 1929. It		21 r Assn. org. 1878. me see my lawyer!	22 2-deck trolleys first used, 1912. Clang-way!	23 R. Valentino dies, 1926. O, what a lover was Rudy!
24 31 Love that after-game Kinsey Highball, too!	25 England beats U. S. in 1st Intern'l Polo Game, 1886	26 Women get vote, 1920. "And if I am elected ..."	27 Kellog-Briand Treaty outlaws war, 1928. Hmm!	28 Tom Thumb 1st U. S. loco to pull passengers, 1830.	29 1st dirigible-to-plane transfer, 1929. Oooooh!	30 Indian massacre at Ft. Mims, Ala., 1812.

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

Kinsey highballs can't be beat
To take the edge off August heat!

Any highball will help get your mind off the heat. But a Kinsey Highball makes the process more enjoyable... because Kinsey is an especially smooth, delicious whiskey. And so rich in flavor that neither soda nor ice cubes can dilute its excellent taste. Here's how:

Pour one jigger of Kinsey Whiskey into a glass full of ice cubes. Add ginger-ale, soda or plain water...and get set to beat the heat!

Couldn't you go for one of those tall, tempting Kinsey Highballs right now? Well... what are you waiting for?

KINSEY

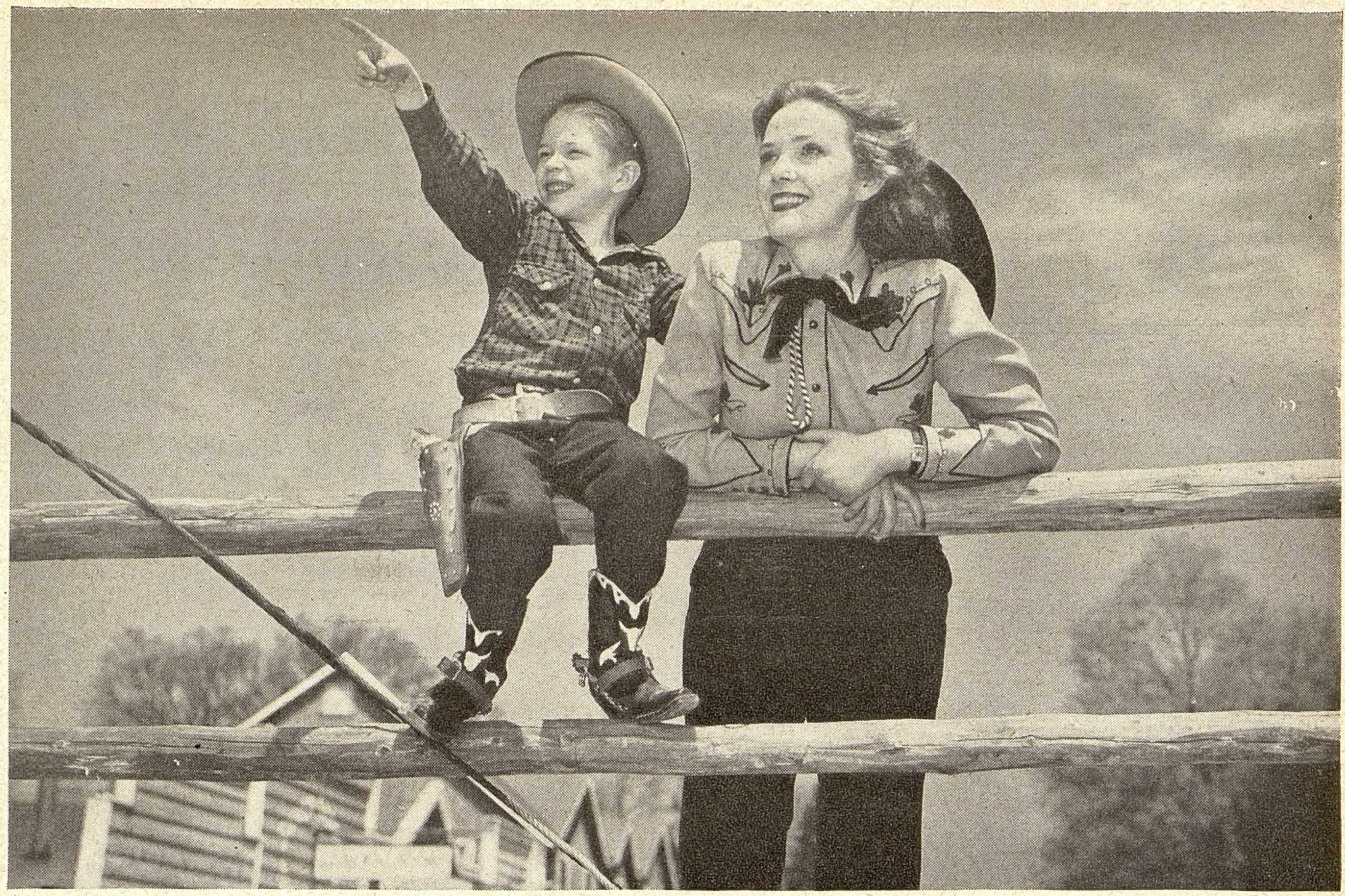
the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

KINSEY
J. G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

Since 1892

A BLEND. 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.



Deep in the heart of New York. Weekends often find Titia and Bryan at a nearby dude ranch. *Every* day finds them "duded up" with a sparkling smile. For the Cornells use Ipana—specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright. And because today's soft foods often rob gums of exercise, Titia Cornell helps keep the gums firm and healthy with gentle gum massage.

It's fun to have a Model for a Mother

Bryan Cornell's whoops and hollers reveal a smile as sparkling as his "model" mother's

ISN'T Bryan Cornell of New York City a lucky boy? Those are gen-u-wine Texas boots and spurs he has. And Oh, boy, look at that six-shooter!

Lucky for Bryan, too, that his mother is a successful model. This means he's almost bound to have a smile that'll lasso the lassies. For knowing the importance of a sparkling smile (that's the first thing models learn!) Mrs. Titia Cornell teaches her son to safeguard his smile by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Well-known as a Television actress, too, Mrs. Cornell knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching—that a radiant smile depends largely on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Pistol-packin' Bryan rides the range by day, learns how to help guard his gums at night. Sensitive gums, among adults, often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

"That's where you'll sit, Mommy." 6-year-old Bryan has only eleven years to go before he can become The World's Greatest Pilot. Long before then, however, his smile will show the results of his "model" mother's care. For the Cornells use Ipana, the tooth paste dentists prefer 2 to 1 *for their own personal use* as shown by a national survey!

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Ipana Tooth Paste for your Smile of Beauty

How to massage your gums. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start—where gentle massage can be so helpful. *Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.*

Picture of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

CLARK GABLE · DEBORAH KERR

SYDNEY GREENSTREET

ADOLPHE MENJOU · AVA GARDNER

KEENAN WYNN · EDWARD ARNOLD

in **"THE HUCKSTERS"**

Screen Play by LUTHER DAVIS • Adaptation by EDWARD CHODOROV and GEORGE WELLS
Based on the Novel by FREDERIC WAKEMAN
Directed by........................JACK CONWAY
Produced by..ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.

The book America read and raved about is a great picture. Frederic Wakeman's best-selling novel was a bombshell when it appeared, its romance one of the most daring and reckless ever printed. M-G-M, its producers, bought "The Hucksters" for Clark Gable. Seeing the picture, you'd think the author had written it expressly to fit Clark's handsome measurements. It is a beautiful fit and to make things even more perfect, Deborah Kerr, whose name rhymes with star, fits excitingly in his arms.

What is a huckster? We suggest happily that you turn to this vastly entertaining new film for the answer. There you'll find Clark Gable in Hucksterland, impressing swashbuckling tycoons with his sincere, hand-painted ties, showing them how to make a million dollars with an inspired slogan. Yes, today's huckster lives in a world of station wagons, martinis and love on the run. If he doesn't flash a gold-plated lighter, date the most alluring women—well, he doesn't rate. And Clark Gable certainly rates!

Gable plays Vic Norman — successful and handsome enough to be adored, cynical enough to take a rain-check on love—until he meets Kay. And Kay—that's Deborah Kerr—wait till you see her! She's undoubtedly the find of the year.

To make every moment of this great story ring true, M-G-M summoned a roster of Hollywood's finest actors: Sydney Greenstreet plays Evans, the tyrant who enjoys making money and breaking men; Adolphe Menjou is Kimberly, the suave advertising executive; Ava Gardner is the luscious torch-singer; hilarious Keenan Wynn clowns through some of the funniest situations of his career; and there's Edward Arnold and many more.

"The Hucksters" is solid, fast-paced, star-filled entertainment. Director Jack Conway and Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., have clearly made a best-picture out of a best-seller.

★ CONTENTS ★

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher

The world today in fact, fiction, and pictures

David Brown, Editor

William E. Rae, *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art*
Helen Greenwood, *Books*
Hendry Lars Bart, *Pictures*
Lee Pasquin, *Managing Editor*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood*
Stacy V. Jones, *Washington*
John B. Danby, *Associate*
Mary G. Clarke, *Associate*

★ Articles

New Cure for Mental Illness..................*Howard Whitman* 15
Arturo Toscanini..................*Ann M. Lingg* 20
The Parks Story..................*Elizabeth Wilson* 24
Polo for the Masses..................*Charles Dexter* 28
How *Not* to Fight Communism..................*Eugene Lyons* 31
Hot Potato in Newfoundland..................*Beverley Owen* 34

★ Stories

The Sky Was Falling—Part I..................*Oliver Weld Bayer* 18
No Night for Singing..................*Howard Thomas* 22
The Masterful Male..................*Henry Beetle Hough* 26
The Acid Test—Short Short..................*Marjorie Carleton* 32
Washington Murder-Go-Round—Conclusion.......*Oscar Schisgall* 38

★ Pictures

EYE-INTEREST: Dodecanesian Culture Thrives in America, 41; Oil Pumps the Eleventh Century into Today, 42; Perfect Casting, 44; Beauties of Peru, 46; Movie Reviews, 48

★ Book Condensation

Francis—*David Stern's hilarious fantasy of an army mule—abridged to a reading time of one evening*.................. 52

★ Features

Vox Pop 6
Crossword Puzzle.......... 85
Washington Undercurrent..................*Robert S. Allen* 12

★ Editorial

Air Power Is Peace Power..................*Paul Hunter* 94

Cary Grant and Shirley Temple
Painted by Pat Holbrooke
FROM THE RKO PRODUCTION THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

President, Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents,* Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.,* Thomas W. Kavanaugh; A. J. Cutler, *Circulation Director;* Harold Ganz, *Business Manager.*

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence. Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, August 2, 1947. Vol. 24, No. 17. Published bi-weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Re-entered as second-class matter Feb. 4, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $2.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $3.00 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $3.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1947, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

What Would You Do—

1 if a freak atomic blast left only one man in the world able to be a father—what would you do?

2 if you were that man's wife — and the government asked you to share him with other women?

3 if you wanted a baby desperately and fate brought you together with that one man?

...these are just some of the problems in "MR. ADAM" ...the hilarious, best-selling novel everybody's talking about! ...and NOW yours

Free

as a new member of The Fiction Book Club

SEND NO MONEY!
MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Mr. Adam
A NOVEL BY PAT FRANK

"A fat prank by Pat Frank" — *Chicago Tribune*

Millions of Women wanted MR. ADAM—
But These Three Tried "Every Trick in the Book!"

Mary Ellen—Homer's wife. When she learns that he's the only man on earth able to be a father and that "finders are apt to be keepers" she turns into a bundle of TNT.

Kathy Riddell—better known as "The Frame"—glamorous movie star. Her bold "kidnapping" of Homer Adam surprises Hollywood and shocks all of Washington.

Fay Knott—fabulous woman Senator — beautiful, brainy, and rich. But how completely honorable are this Honorable Senator's plans for Homer Adam's future?

WHO gets MR. ADAM and HOW . . . that's the $64 question . . . that will keep you pinned to your chair until the very last page. And MR. ADAM is yours FREE as a new member of The Fiction Book Club!

Suppose You Saw This Headline:

"NO MORE BABIES to be born—ever—anywhere in the world." That's the shocking news discovered nine months after a freak atomic explosion caused the sterilization of every man on earth—except Homer Adam, who was completely protected at the lowest level of a mile-deep lead mine.

Meet the Man of the Moment in the Situation of the Century!

Before the explosion, Homer, and his pretty wife, Mary Ellen were just a happy young couple. But after—well, the President declares a state of National Emergency . . . Congress acts quickly . . . the Army and the F.B.I. take over. Then the women start action! Congresswomen . . . Cinema Queens . . . Wacs . . . Waves . . .

Which Lucky Eve wins MR. ADAM?

. . . and how she does it — makes a roguish, uproarious novel you'll never forget! And MR. ADAM is yours FREE to introduce you to the savings and convenience of Fiction Book Club membership. But hurry please! This offer is limited! Read the money-saving Club plan below—then mail this coupon NOW!

The Critics Really HOWLED!

"I didn't stop laughing . . . gloriously funny." —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"A dilly . . . a howl." —*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

"Proves once again that a laugh is worth 10,000 words." —*New York Times.*

"Extremely funny . . . sharply barbed . . ." —*Newsweek.*

"What a lot of fun!" —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

★

Join the fun — mail coupon NOW—and follow the amazing adventures of MR. ADAM! It's yours FREE when you join The Fiction Book Club. Send for your *gift* copy *today!*

Membership is FREE in The FICTION BOOK CLUB
. . . and you get all these Money-Saving advantages too!

You will be sent immediately FREE your copy of this new best-seller when you mail the coupon. You'll also become a member of The Fiction Book Club with your choice of the club's monthly best-seller selections and you'll get these four big advantages, too:

1. You save up to $1.61 on every book! Fiction Book Club contracts for big special editions — prints from original plates and in return for mass distribution, authors accept lower royalties. These savings are passed right on to you. You save up to $1.61 on every book you get. And you get the current best-seller—the book everybody's talking about — FREE as an introductory gift when you join!

2. You get outstanding new books! Selections are made only after a careful study of current books from all publishers. From these reports of top-quality novels ($2.50 to $3.00 in the publisher's edition) our editors select the best available books that are "the cream of the crop." Fiction Book Club selections are always outstanding best-sellers . . . books by leading authors . . . brand-new, full size, beautiful books you will be proud to own.

3. You pay no special dues or fees! No trick obligation clauses. You simply agree to accept any six of the twelve outstanding books offered in a year. You do not have to accept every book offered—just those you decide you want after you have read a detailed description well in advance.

4. You'll find plan so simple and easy! If you decide you don't want the book simply notify us not to send it. Otherwise simply do nothing, and it will be mailed to you. For each monthly selection YOU decide you want you pay just $1.39 plus a few cents postage.

SO ACT NOW!

Get your FREE copy of the sensational best-seller described above and get all the conveniences and savings of free Fiction Book Club membership! But hurry—offer is limited! It's first come — first served. Mail coupon NOW to The Fiction Book Club, 31 West 57th St., New York 19, New York.

YOUR FIRST SELECTION!
"RETURN TO NIGHT"
which explodes this dynamite-question;
CAN A WOMAN DOCTOR KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT MEN AND LOVE?

"Can Hollywood handle such grown-up material?" asks Sterling North, New York Post Critic about RETURN TO NIGHT—winner of the Metro Goldwyn Mayer $150,000.00 prize. Intimate, revealing story of a beautiful woman doctor who defied convention and risked her professional career for a forbidden love! "Superior prize winner"—N. Y. Times

MAIL COUPON NOW! HURRY . . . OFFER LIMITED!

Send No Money! Mail Coupon! LB-28

YOURS FREE . . . "MR. ADAM"

It's Terrific! It's T. N. T.! And You'll Love it!

The FICTION BOOK CLUB (Dept. 117), 31 W. 57th St., N.Y. 19, N.Y.

I want to take advantage of your sensational introductory offer to send me free the outstanding best-seller "MR. ADAM," and at the same time (and also FREE) make me a fully privileged member of The Fiction Book Club. I understand that each month I will be offered a new and popular best-seller at only $1.39 (plus a few cents postage). This means savings to me of up to $1.61 on each book from the regular price of the publisher's edition. However, I can accept or reject monthly selection as I please. My only agreement is to purchase 6 of the entire year's offerings. Rush my free copy of "MR. ADAM" and begin club service with current selection: that sensational best - selling romantic novel "Return to Night"—winner of the $150,000 M.G.M award.

NAME____________________
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________
Zone No. (if any)

OCCUPATION__________ AGE (if under 21)_____
(Slightly higher in Canada. Address 266 King St. West, Toronto)

One of the Treasures of all time
IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia,
Canada
DISTILLERY NO 2
PORT 13-1
90.4 PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.
90.4 Proof

Fraser River and the old Trail, British Columbia, Dominion of Canada. Home of Harwood's Blended Canadian Whisky.

Harwood's Canadian

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

Sole UNITED STATES Importers:
R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N.Y.

★ VOX POP ★

The voice of the people

Eire-Interest

MERCED, CALIF.—One of the best issues of Liberty is the June 7 issue. The variety of the contents should satisfy almost anybody's taste. However, the Eye-Interest article about "fabulous" Eire (Taoiseach's Auld Sod) shows a picture of a wet street, captioned, "You can count on one thing being constant in Ireland—the weather. It always rains."

Now, I have lived in Ireland for 28 years, and I must say this caption is a gross exaggeration. The summers, from June to September, are warm and delightful. Very occasional showers and perhaps a thunderstorm may happen, but last at most perhaps half a day.

It is true that, due to the high humidity, a summer temperature of 80° F. will cause more discomfort than 100° over here, but even on the hottest summer day all of the country keeps green and fresh.

Due to the high latitude, we have nice long summer evenings, and bands play, without artificial light on their music, up to 8.30 P. M.

So you see we have a few nice things during the summer to compensate for the winter rains.—*H. Hall.*

"Damn the Torpedoes!"

FARRAGUT, IDAHO—In regard to the long letter, "one of several," about Farragut College (Vox Pop, June 7):

Liberty's article, They Learn to Earn (March 29), was published just when things were becoming difficult at Farragut. Like everything else that has just been created or incorporated, the school had some readjustments to make.

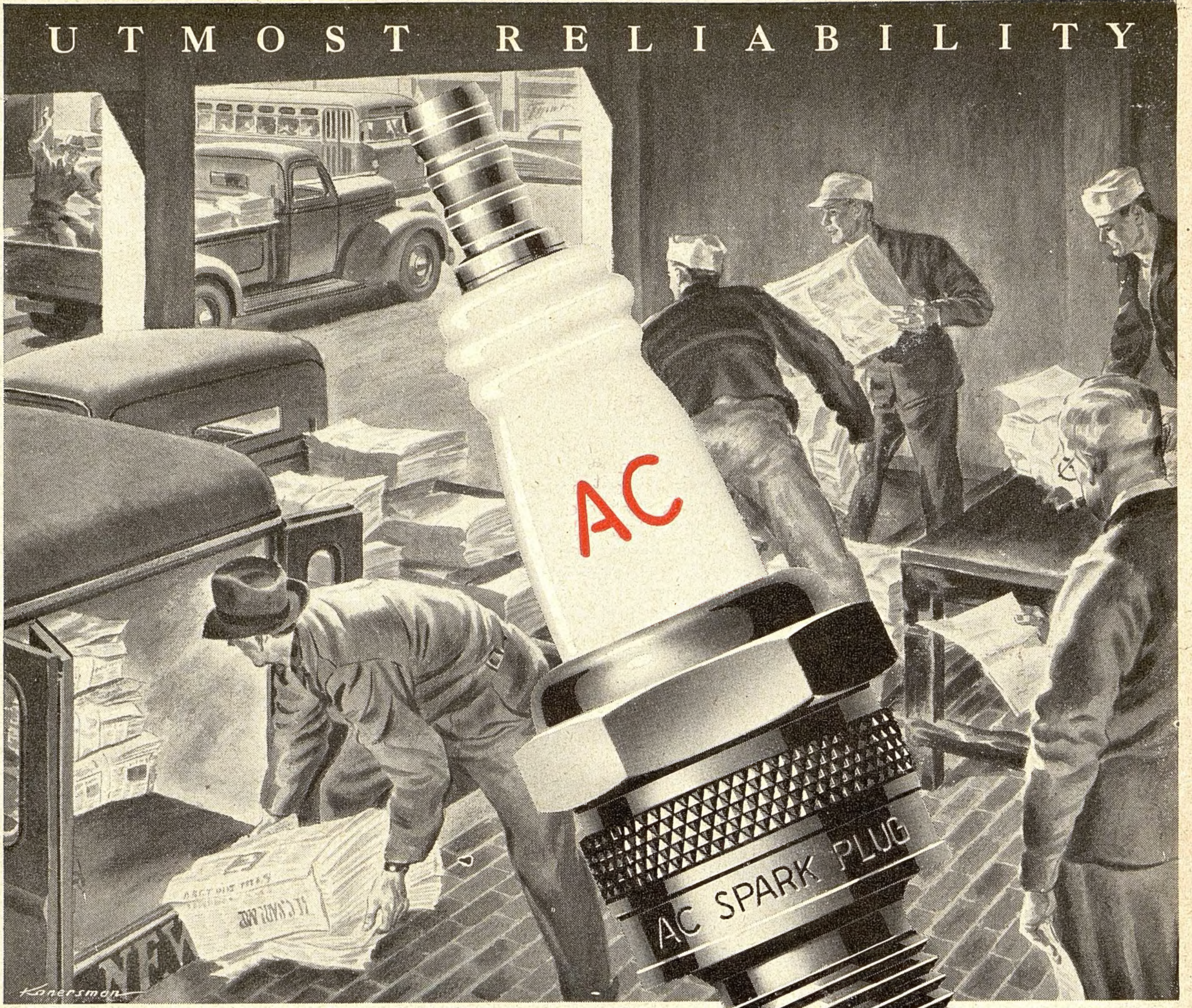
Some branches have had to be cut down because of lack of (1) demand, (2) money to buy equipment, and (3) faith in the future of Farragut on the part of the instructors themselves.

Since January, jobs have been scarce, I'll admit. Why? Because the Veterans Administration itself has been slow in paying the veterans' tuition. There are some jobs, filled by the people who have been lucky and those who have had the "intestinal fortitude" to stay until openings were made by those who left. We, too, were disappointed at first, but, being 3,000 miles from home, had to stick it out. No prospects of a job were open for my husband; but did he complain? No. Instead, he donated his time for at least two months. Although he now has a job, we're still living on $90 a month—again because the VA has been slow and the college has not had the money with which to pay him. We aren't starving. Neither is our two-months-old daughter.

Why were there fewer students registered for the spring quarter? Because they, too, didn't want to be caught; because a majority of people in the Pacific Northwest are either hostile to Farragut or disinterested; because there are at least five colleges within a 100-mile radius with which Farragut has to compete; be-

(*Continued on page 8*)

UTMOST RELIABILITY



Newspapers follow the AC method to assure RELIABLE ENGINE PERFORMANCE

The greatest relay race on earth speeds the world's news to your doorstep or street corner. Speed is the essence, and *utmost reliability* the guiding principle, of the great newspaper industry. It is also the reason why, since 1932, two of every four news trucks have been factory-equipped with AC Spark Plugs. And it is why many newspaper garage crews clean and regap spark plugs by the famous AC method every 3000 miles, replacing worn plugs with AC's of correct Heat Range *for the engines and fuels used*. You can enjoy the same degree of reliability by following the same proved method. You may save up to 1 gallon of gas in 10, you'll enjoy easier starting, and you'll maintain the power of your engine.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Look for this sign

SPARK PLUGS EXPERTLY CLEANED AND ADJUSTED AND NEW AC's OF THE CORRECT HEAT RANGE INSTALLED, WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

AC SPARK PLUGS

(*Continued from page 6*)

cause the VA men do not merely warn prospective students, but say it is absolutely unsound; because the shrinking violets don't want to co-operate; because they're afraid.

Students not only learn to earn here, but also learn how to live. Living here has brought out latent talents in both men and women who thought things were impossible—and then did them: such things as making kitchens out of closets, washing machines out of print washers, etc.—*Mrs. J. Kenneth Yount.*

Feeding Times

North Little Rock, Ark.—Just to keep the record straight: A clock goes haywire, my wrist watch runs crazy, and I'm allergic to radio programs. What do I do when the doctor says, as regards my new baby, "Let him nurse 12 minutes"? *Liberty to the rescue!* Leafing through, I find an article that lasts 13 minutes 20 seconds. I figure 1 minute and 20 seconds extra won't hurt the child. I pat myself on the head. How smart am I!

But, the next nursing period, I have to use the short short lasting only 7 minutes 10 seconds. However, any—well, almost any—Liberty story is worth reading twice, so I read the last half—well, almost half—over again, and spend a couple of minutes looking at the picture.

There's the 10-o'clock feeding taken care of, and the 2-o'clock feeding. My husband times the other feedings.

Oh, dear—the baby's crying, and I started this letter to ask you something very important. . . .

Next day: Well, today I started out with an article that lasts 7 minutes 40 seconds. It is now almost time for the baby's 2-o'clock feeding and I see a flaw in my plans. The next shortest story lasts 14 minutes 45 seconds. I wouldn't dare let the baby nurse 2 minutes 45 seconds overtime, and if I looked at the picture, that would make it 4 minutes 45 seconds overtime and the doctor would be horrified.

Very loud noise from the bedroom—I'm still not used to saying *nursery*—so I'll have to stop for now. . . .

Next day: This is what happened this morning. As I've told you, I had 4 minutes 45 seconds left over from yesterday. I couldn't find a short article to go with it. I did find a story—reading time 19 minutes 20 seconds. That makes a total of 24 minutes; but *how divide it evenly?* The dividing took so much time I was late getting my housework done.

I really don't have time to write this letter, but it does rest my back, and any new mother should rest her back. Oh, dear, there's the postman! —*Mrs. Fred C. Rains.*

Those are bona fide excerpts from three separate letters mailed to Liberty on successive days, and here abridged no more than space makes necessary. —Vox Pop Editor.

Complexion Change

Chicago, Ill.—The article by Charles Clapp, Jr., Why a Golf Ball Has Dimples (June 7), was very interesting. It did not mention the golf ball of an earlier day that had "pimples." It would be interesting to know if the dimple was an improvement on the pimple.—*F. M. Gunn.*

Auld Lang Syne!

Tulsa, Okla.—If possible, please convey my thanks and congratulations to Grace Nies Fletcher, author of A Letter from Mac (June 7). I was born and educated in the old Scottish capital, and the story captivated me, although it did give me a certain nostalgic feeling. The whole atmosphere took me back to the town I once called *home.* The author's characters Jeannie and Angus were certainly true to life.—*An Ex-Scot.*

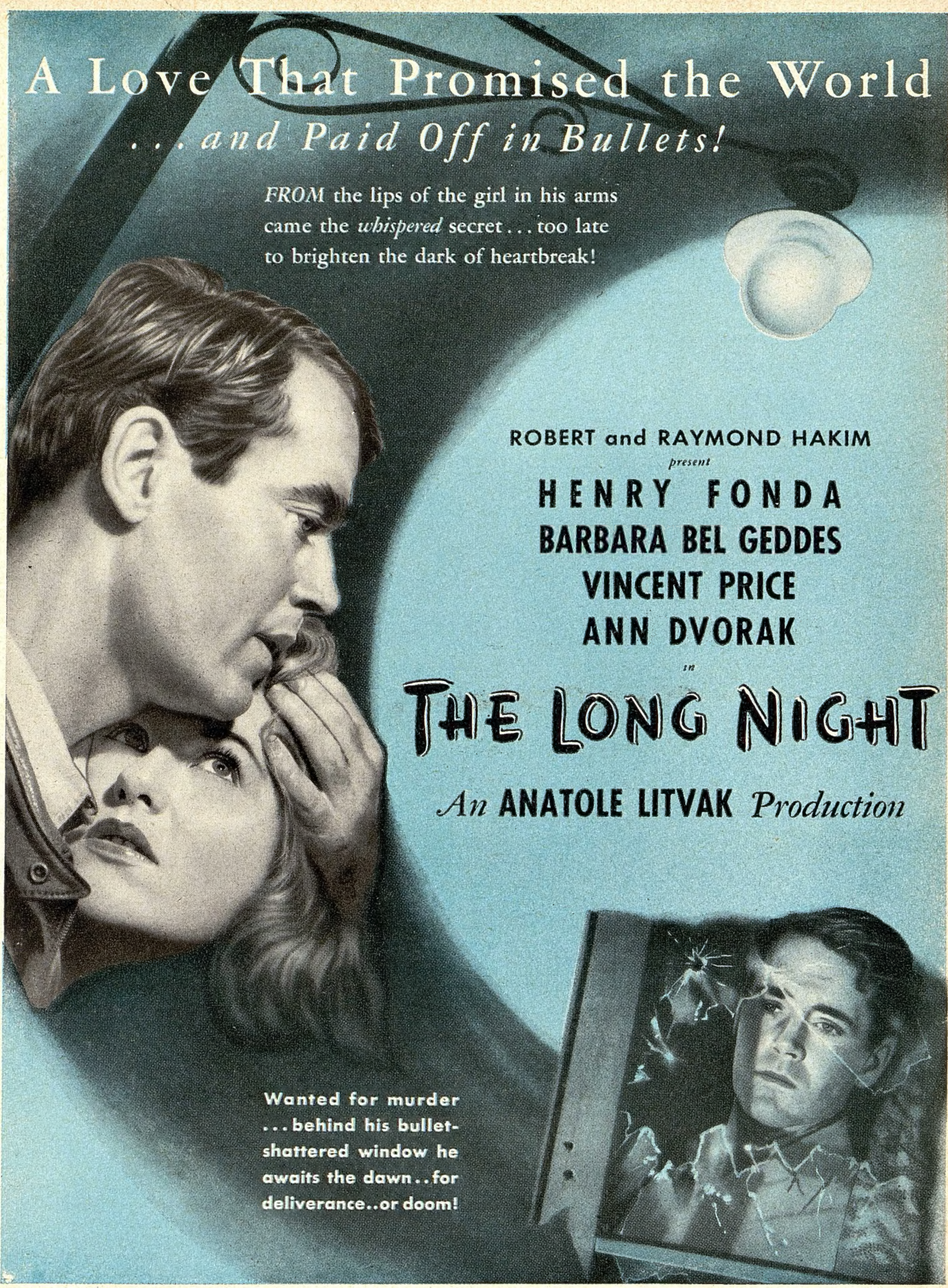
A SIMPLE TWIST LOOSENS CUBES
NO WATER SPLASH NECESSARY
NO FROZEN FINGERS! NO HALF MELTED CUBES!
JUST TWIST THE TRAY THEN LIFT THE PLASTIC INSERT
and PRESTO! perfect ice cubes
in the New Lady Fairfax ICE CUBE TRAY with PLASTIC INSERT
"GLAMOR-ICE" YOUR REFRIGERATOR!

Lady Fairfax trays are made of light flexible aluminum with plastic tray inserts in bright, glamorous pastel shades that add a note of sprightly color to your refrigerator. Bring old refrigerators up-to-date by replacing hard-to-use, all-metal trays with the Lady Fairfax. Trays are standard size.

It's so *EASY* to remove perfectly formed ice cubes from the Lady Fairfax trays because ice doesn't "stick" to the plastic inserts. This means more ice per tray . . . more cooling power per cube because ice is not wasted beneath the hot water faucet. No more splashed clothing or ruffled tempers, either. Just twist the flexible tray (ever so slightly), lift up the insert, and your Lady Fairfax ice cubes are ready for immediate use.

AT YOUR FAVORITE DEALER, OR MAIL YOUR ORDER TO
FAIRFAX ENGINEERING CO., INC., 2953 Chrysler Rd., Kansas City, Kansas

$2.00 EACH POSTPAID


A Love That Promised the World
. . . and Paid Off in Bullets!

FROM the lips of the girl in his arms
came the *whispered* secret . . . too late
to brighten the dark of heartbreak!

ROBERT and RAYMOND HAKIM
present
HENRY FONDA
BARBARA BEL GEDDES
VINCENT PRICE
ANN DVORAK
in

THE LONG NIGHT

An **ANATOLE LITVAK** *Production*

**Wanted for murder
. . . behind his bullet-
shattered window he
awaits the dawn . . for
deliverance . . or doom!**

Produced by ROBERT *and* RAYMOND HA'KIM *and* ANATOLE LITVAK
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK • *Screen Play by* JOHN WEXLEY • *Original Story by* JACQUES VIOT
AN RKO RADIO RELEASE

we can all *have* more...

when...

we *produce* more!

It's impossible to divide what does not exist!

If we all had plenty of money to spend, we still could buy only as many refrigerators, washing machines, bicycles, radios, shoes and fountain pens as were produced.

So there is less for everyone when production falls off for any reason—when workmen are not on the job, when capital is not buying better tools or building new factories, when management is inefficient.

In America we have the money, the manpower, the materials, the know-how and the machine tools for record-breaking production.

What we need in addition is the intelligent cooperation of labor, capital and management. Then we can have record-breaking prosperity.

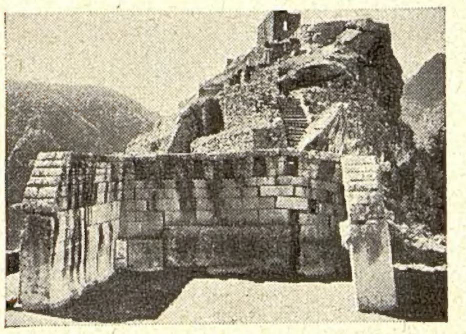
Why production is important to every American is discussed in our pamphlet 15-C. Write for your free copy

SMALL BUSINESS ECONOMIC FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
DeWitt Emery, President
122 West Monroe St., Chicago 3, Illinois

Liberty

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

RECENTLY we were able to break the shackles long enough to tour the west coast of South America in company with colleagues from other publications. The Colonial Trust Company of New York, together with Peruvian International Airways and the National Tourist Corporation of Peru, invited us to have a look-see at the fabulous land of conquistadors and Incas.



Peruvian International Airways is headed by General Harold L. George, former boss of the globe-circling wartime Air Transport Command. No man has had as much experience in international aviation. Don't know whether the General can take the credit, but his line boasts the prettiest stewardesses in the skyways—all dark, bewitching Peruvian girls. In fact, they inspired BEAUTIES OF PERU (page 46).

Peru is a natural for the American tourist looking for something different. To start with, he'll find the seasons different. Songs like It's June in January mean nothing in Lima because it *is* June in January.

Lima has the kind of climate the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce boasts about.

His Excellency, President José Luis Bustamante y Rivero of Peru has one of the most magnificent palaces in all Latin America. In the courtyard is a fig tree planted centuries ago by Pizarro. There is a superstition that any President who tastes the fruit of this tree will die by assassination. We asked the President whether this belief had ever been tested. He remarked that no President had seen any reason to test it.

Despite differences in language, culture, and geography, one feels a bond with Latin America never felt in such foreign lands as France, Germany, or even Britain. As Bob Hope says, I Never Left Home.

NO man has fought Communism as vigorously as Eugene Lyons, author of HOW *NOT* TO FIGHT COMMUNISM (page 31). For six years Mr. Lyons was United Press correspondent in Moscow. He was the first American journalist to interview Stalin. From 1939 to 1944 he was editor of the peppery American Mercury. Years before America awakened to the Red menace, Mr. Lyons was sounding a warning in such widely read books as Assignment in Utopia and The Red Decade. For his ceaseless campaign to expose Red fascism, Mr. Lyons was vilified all through the period of the strange marriage between Communism and Democracy. He, if anyone, has the right to say, "I told you so."

COMING up in the next issue is a new serial titled THE GREEN-EYED IDOL, written by a long-time favorite with Liberty readers, Edison Marshall. . . . Another great fiction feature in the same issue is Bernadine Kreis's short short story, THE KISS, a tender tale of love's young dream. . . . You will want to read, too, such hard-hitting articles as WILL THE BLACK DEATH STRIKE AGAIN?, HOW TO SELL YOURSELF and profiles on such sparkling personalities as Deborah Kerr, Joe Louis and Arthur Godfrey.—*D. B.*

LIKE
MAGIC
SINCLAIR
OPALINE
MOTOR OIL

ZACHARY SCOTT, starring in
"THE UNFAITHFUL"
A Warner Bros. Production
Makes magic with Bugs Bunny.

Premium Sinclair Oil Gives Your Car More Power!

A rabbit out of a hat is standard magic, even when the rabbit is famous Bugs Bunny. More power out of your car is something you get with the magic performance of *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil.

Tests prove Opaline Motor Oil gives your car more power because it contains special chemicals developed by Sinclair to clean carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from the motor.

Premium Sinclair Opaline cleans as it lubricates. It gives your car more power—saves on gasoline and oil. Ask for *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil where you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.

1947, PREMIUM

SINCLAIR OPALINE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOTOR OIL

Keeps your motor clean as a whistle

Liberty ★ WASHINGTON ★

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Truman Will Run for Re-election Next Year

TIP-OFF • You can write it down as a certainty: *President Truman will run for re-election next year.*

No formal announcement will be made for some time, but all Democratic bigwigs know it and are conducting themselves accordingly.

TRUMAN

Here is one clear-cut tip-off: The President will tour the West this summer. He will make at least two major speeches, in addition to numerous "spot" talks.

Inside reason for the concentration on the West is another significant tip-off. White House strategists see the 1948 campaign decided West of the Mississippi. They feel the G.O.P. will carry the East, and that Truman must sweep the West.

Anniversary Call • In Washington to address the U. S. Chamber of Commerce convention, able, genial Henry Ford II decided to drop in on C.I.O. President Phil Murray.

Appearing unannounced in the C.I.O. offices, young Ford introduced himself to Molly Lynch, Murray's secretary, and asked to see her boss. "I don't have an appointment," Ford explained, "so if he's busy, please don't bother him."

Somewhat aghast, Miss Lynch said she would call Murray from a meeting immediately.

"That's very kind, but I'll wait until he's through."

So the ruler of the mighty Ford empire patiently waited for the head of the C.I.O. to finish his meeting. It was not a long wait. When Murray came out, the two men greeted each other warmly and went into Murray's office for a chat.

Battle of Stars • Army and Navy moguls are sharply divided on the number of five-star brass hats to be authorized by the armed forces unification bill.

Army is against making any more five-starrers. But Navy chiefs demanded ten be written into the law. When Army flatly rejected this, Navy proposed a cut to eight, four for each service. Army is still holding out.

Both services now have five five-star brass hats each, all made late in World War II.

Around the Circuit • President Truman and his leading Democratic opponent, Henry Wallace, use the same number of lines (25) in their Who's Who biographical sketches. . . . G.O.P. Presidential candidate Harold Stassen is an accomplished amateur violinist. . . . Seventy-two-year-old Admiral William Leahy, personal Chief of Staff to the President, is the oldest living naval officer on active duty. . . . Sam Rosenman, one-time legal adviser and speech writer for the late President Roosevelt, is now a $75,000-a-year corporation lawyer. . . . Rhode Island's 80-year-old Senator Theodore Green takes a gym workout every day, is the best tennis player in Congress, an aviation enthusiast, and speaks five foreign languages, one of them Greek.

Nazi Out • Unless the War Department intervenes, an unpublicized directive by U. S. occupation authorities in Germany will restore numerous valuable newspaper properties to their former Nazi owners. The order was issued without WD knowledge, but is now being critically examined.

The extraordinary directive permits Nazis and pro-Nazis, fined or sentenced for their political sins, to regain their property. German anti-Nazis have vigorously protested the directive, but without results.

British Aid • Britain is being cut in for a big slice of our aid to Greece—the State Department's loud protestations to the contrary notwithstanding. Despite these denials, one fifth of the $300,000,000 aid program will go into British and not Greek, or even U. S., pockets. This is how it's being done:

Greek forces are equipped with British arms. On the ground that U. S. weapons would create serious problems within the Greek Army, the British persuaded the State Department to continue supplying the Greeks with British arms and munitions. And the bill for that will be $60,000,000—which the British will get for their surplus war supplies while ours continue to gather dust.

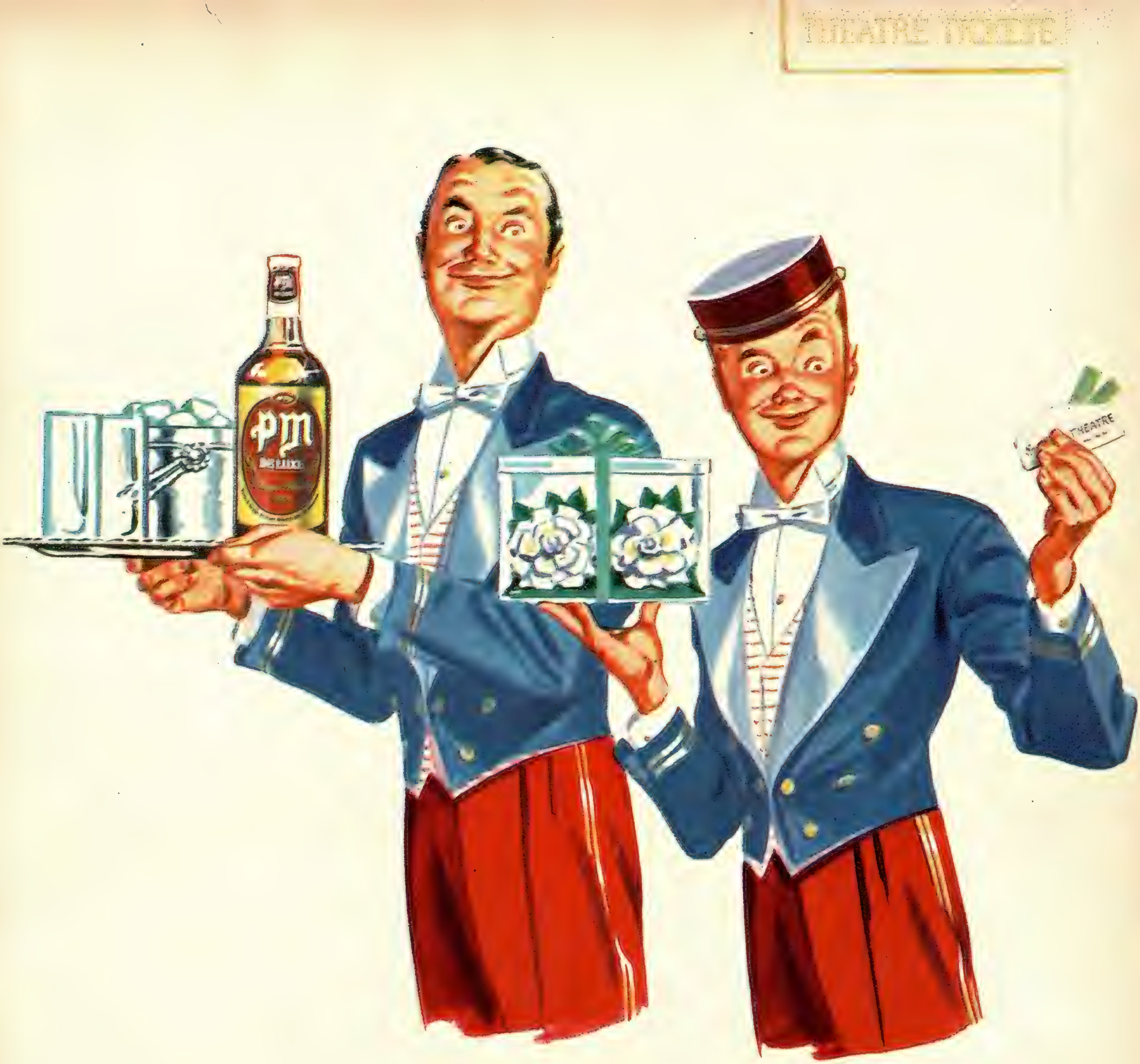
Murphy's Clerk • Traditionally, the U. S. Supreme Court has been a stronghold against racial and religious discrimination. One Justice is not only preaching that, but practicing it.

MURPHY

He is bushy-browed bachelor Justice Frank Murphy. His clerk is Emerson Parker, young Negro graduate of Washington's Howard University.

Parker is not only versed in the law, but is the capital's foremost jazz authority. Every Sunday he conducts a high-brow program on jazz over a local radio station.

Out on a Limb • The Franco government in Spain will undergo far-reaching changes before the year is out. . . . The Capper bill to bar publications carrying liquor ads from the mails will get nowhere in Congress. . . . The Agriculture Department will shortly authorize sugar exchanges, closed during the war, to reopen for business. . . . The tin shortage will get a lot worse before it gets better. . . . Denmark will get a $50,000,000 loan from the World Bank. . . . President Truman will make a good-will trip to Brazil, similar to his Mexican tour.


THEATRE TICKETS
PM
DE LUXE
THEATRE

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—PM presents
the show that's Pleasing Millions!
Here's two on the aisle for "The Perfect Mixer" . . .
Two right up front for the Positively Marvelous taste
that has the critics raving . . .
Yours for tonight! (and talk about stars,
if it isn't PM it isn't an evening!)

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York.
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

A Great Performer on radio and records!

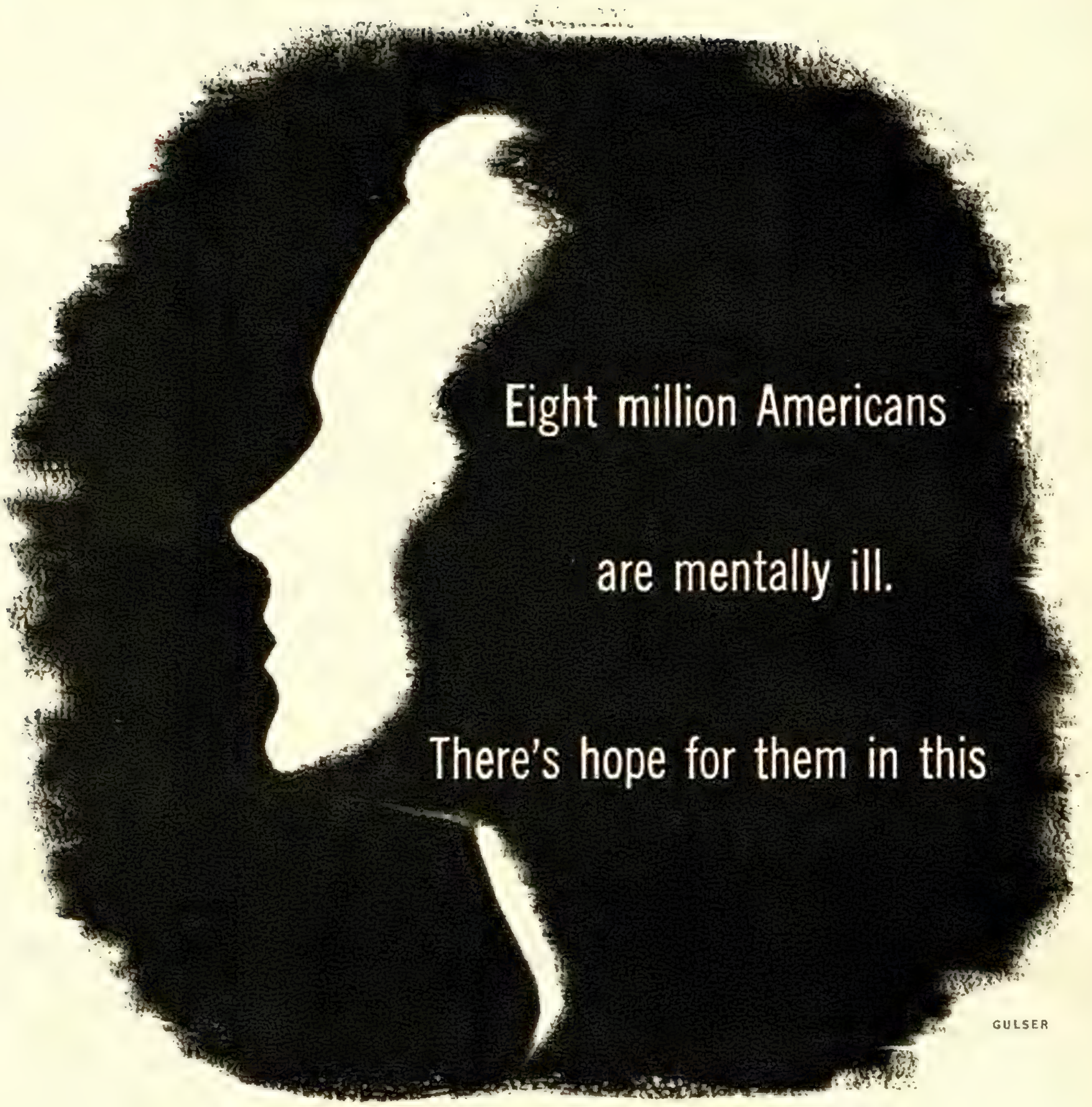
It's new for 1948 . . . the great Philco 1256 . . . the utmost in tone, performance and quality in an automatic table radio-phonograph. It brings you Burl Ives, America's mightiest ballad singer, and all the other great performers at their glorious best on radio or records. See it now at your Philco dealer.

LISTEN TO BURL IVES, the Friendly Philco Troubadour, Friday evenings, Mutual Network and many additional stations.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE



Eight million Americans

are mentally ill.

There's hope for them in this

GULSER

New cure for mental illness

By HOWARD WHITMAN

READING TIME• 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A MILLIONAIRE, desperate with severe melancholia, finally went to the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, hoping the famous Menninger brothers, Karl and William, could save his sinking psyche.. Later, when his relatives went to visit him, they all but swooned to find the old fellow on his hands and knees, scrubbing floors.

He was enjoying it. In fact, it was helping him get well. His sessions with a psychoanalyst had revealed that he had great inner need for humility and self-punishment. The floor-scrubbing filled the bill handsomely. He was humbling and punishing himself that way, instead of paying a much stiffer price in mental suffering.

Psychiatry's newest wrinkle, *milieu therapy*, developed at the Menninger Clinic, sets out to rig the patient's total environment—to give him a private world in which everything is tailor-made to help him get well.

The Menninger Foundation, of which the clinic is a part, is probably the nation's greatest psychiatric laboratory. Its research center is constantly blazing new trails through the tanglewood of the human mind. Its laboratories are currently wrestling with hypnosis, diagnostic testing, alcoholism, drug addiction, and psychosomatic medicine. To its staff have come doctors and research scientists from Czechoslovakia, Canada, Poland, Austria, Germany, Finland, Mexico, and the Philippines. Over the years its 9,180 patients have come from all the 48 states, from Canada, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Mexico, Brazil, and China.

Dr. Charles Frederick Menninger was a homespun country doctor when his eldest son, Karl, came back to Kansas in 1919 with a Harvard medical degree and a specialty in psychiatry. Harvard's Dr. Ernest E. Southard had urged Karl not to practice in the East; to get out West where ideas were not entrenched.

Topeka seemed to fill the bill. Dr. C. F. and Dr. Karl set up the embryonic Menninger Clinic, a new departure in medicine and, in a way, a forecast of the day of psychosomatic medicine which is only now dawning. Dr. C. F., a general practitioner, was to look after the patient's body (soma). Dr. Karl was to look after the mind (psyche).

In 1926 Dr. Will came back to Topeka with a Cornell medical degree and joined his father and brother in group practice. Like Karl, he was primarily interested in the psyche. Other pioneers sought out Topeka over the years, fired by the new notions of medicine.

In 1941 the Menninger Foundation was established, and in 1946 the Menningers and a few of their close colleagues relinquished private ownership of the entire establishment, its clinic, its hospital, its research center, its 35 acres and buildings. These properties—worth, roughly, half a million dollars—they gave over to the Menninger Foundation, which now conducts the entire Topeka operation as a nonprofit public service.

When I visited the clinic, I found one patient socking a golf ball, to "get rid of aggression"; another feasting on ice cream in the clinic canteen, "to make the world seem a sweeter place"; another swearing a blue streak, to "give vent to hostile feelings." It is all part of milieu therapy.

The term comes from the French word milieu (Anglicized, pronounced *mill-you*), meaning environment or surroundings. Mental patients suffer from maladjustment, and ordinarily doctors try to adjust them to the world. Putting reverse English on the ball, the Menninger Clinic first adjusts the world to the patient. That is, until he is on the road to recovery. Then, gradually, he is able to navigate in reality as he finds it.

How is the synthetic world created?

Let's follow the case of Miss T.*, an attractive young woman of 28 who was sent to the clinic by a doctor after she had three times attempted suicide.

For ten days after her admission, Miss T. is given various physical and mental examinations. She spends an hour a day with a psychiatrist, developing her case history down to obscure details. In the ivy-covered hospital lodges, nurses and attendants carefully observe her behavior.

Then comes the case conference. A dozen doctors are grouped around a table when Miss T. is brought in for presentation. They have been mulling over her case all morning, hearing the many-sided reports of the "clinical work-up." She walks in, her face drawn and dejected, her shoulders hunched forward and her arms locked across her middle. She sits next to Dr. Robert P. Knight, the clinic's chief of staff. "We want to discuss a few things with you. You don't mind, do you?" Dr. Knight begins.

"No, it's all right."

"How do you feel today?"

"Awful."

"Can you tell us more about it?"

"What's the use, doctor? I'm no good for anything. I'm just no good. Don't waste your time on me." She pauses, then blurts, "Oh, if it just weren't for that awful feeling! When it comes over me I can't stand it. I'm afraid I'll kill myself!"

THE discussion continues for half an hour. Then Miss T. leaves the conference and the doctors set about diagnosing her illness and prescribing treatment. She is suffering from a depression neurosis, the most common kind of mental illness.

"She is punishing herself for something," one of the doctors explains. Her case history shows a strained and loveless relationship with her mother during formative years of childhood. To the trained diagnostician it strongly indicates repressed mother-hatred, festering and unrecognized deep in the unconscious mind. Guilt feelings, stemming from this inner abscess, might easily plunge Miss T. into the brutal self-punishment of mental depression.

Following the established pattern of modern psychiatry, the doctors prescribe psychotherapy for Miss T. as one part of her treatment. She will dig for the root of her troubles. In discussions, free association, analysis of dreams, acting out emotional situations, unearthing forgotten episodes, Miss T. will learn to *know herself*. She will strive for insight, seek to purge the inner abscess with self-knowledge.

But the doctors do not end her prescription there. They continue over the conference table, drawing a blueprint for the "private world" in which Miss T. will live until she is well. They plan her milieu. During her stay at the clinic, all her work and play—even the *attitudes* which doctors, nurses, and attendants have toward her—will be geared to meet the specific needs of her illness. There will be none of the customary occupational therapy simply "to keep 'em busy," or recreation "to keep 'em amused." In milieu therapy everything counts.

First, an attitude is prescribed. How will the clinic staff act toward Miss T.? Will they coddle her, praise her, scold her, be gentle with her, firm with her, indulgent or exacting? In evolving milieu therapy, the clinic doctors have established certain stock attitudes to fit the needs of specific types of mental illness. Some of these stock attitudes are Kind Firmness, Unsolicited Affection, Maternal Solicitude, Matter-of-Factness, Denial of Sympathy, Active Friendliness, Indulgence, Watchfulness.

For Miss T. an attitude of Kind Firmness is prescribed and entered on her "order sheet," where it will guide all who come in contact with her—the doctors, nurses, attendants, and therapists. Why this attitude?

"Her depression is a form of self-punishment. It stems from unconscious guilt feelings which seem to demand some kind of punishment to square accounts," one of the doctors explains. "To praise or coddle such a patient would only make the load upon her conscience greater."

I strolled about the clinic lawns watching the attitude of Kind Firmness in action. It was quite a revelation. Depression cases such as Miss T. seem outwardly to call for sympathy and much maudlin patting on the back. One is tempted to commiserate, to say, "There, there, Miss T. Don't be dejected. Come stroll in the sun and let me cheer you up."

---

*Editor's Note: The specific cases mentioned in this article have been disguised to prevent identification.

But the reverse is what Miss T. really needs. A nurse walks by and simply says, "You're due in the crafts shop in five minutes, Miss T. Better hurry."

When she catches hold of the arm of a passing doctor and starts lamenting how worthless and miserable she is, the doctor calmly responds, "Yes, I see." She keeps berating herself for five minutes as they pace down the walk, and the doctor, when she's finished, simply says, "Well, so that's how it is, Miss T. See you again. So long." Kindness and firmness, but no coddling sympathy to make her conscience pangs increase.

For Miss T.'s work therapy the doctors prescribe work of a "punishing" kind—again ministering directly to her illness by allowing her, subtly and indirectly, to punish herself with work. Miss T. is assigned to table-waxing and silver-polishing. That fills the bill perfectly. In fact, she amazes the staff by asking for more and more silver polish.

"IN developing milieu therapy we have tried to discover the dynamics of work," Dr. William Menninger explains. "We never assign a patient to do work simply for work's sake or to pass the time away. Work must be a form of *medicine*. That is why we carefully select it to fit each patient's specific illness."

For other patients like Miss T. there are variations of the work-for-self-punishment theme. A missionary laden with guilt over errors in his youth was put to sandpapering wood. The menial nature of the chore gave him his much needed penitence; it also had the symbolic flavor of cleaning away dirt, expunging sin.

A prescription for play completes the patient's milieu. In this, too, he must play at the things which help him get well. Miss T., with her depression neurosis, is given contract bridge for her indoor play. She plays it avidly, but, as the doctors fully expected, she exploits all its possibilities for misery and self-punishment. She blames herself for every bad play (even when the bad play is obviously the fault of her partner). She seizes every opportunity to say, "Oh, I'm no good. I'm stupid."

But as her treatment progresses, as she gains insight into her own illness through psychotherapy, her bridge game changes. She gradually takes less blame, and finally, to the doctor's delight, she begins raising Cain with her partner for every boner. At this point, as any bridge player will agree, she is almost ready to go home.

Golf is Miss T.'s prescription for outdoor play, for again the doctors know full well this game's amazing potential for self-punishment. She chides herself brutally every time she loses a ball. She chooses the wrong clubs (even though she knows better), and then berates herself for bad shots. In fact, I played the course with her and she reminded me of a good many golfers I know—she was making golf into an ideal medium for misery!

"Good," remarked one of the doctors. "We'd rather have her relieve some of her pent-up penitence that way than direct all of it toward mental brooding."

As the weeks pass, Miss T.'s milieu is gradually shifted toward normal activity. As her inner burdens are lightened and as she gains the self-knowledge necessary for full recovery, her tailor-made world is gradually dissolved into the type of real world she will find back home. Attitudes slowly revert to normal, new work is assigned for its productive and creative values, and new play is prescribed for the sheer delight she can get out of it. Many depression patients such as Miss T. are back home in four to six months, ready to take up healthy, productive living.

Though her treatment is firm, the undercurrent of *kindness* goes through it. This is immensely important. With depression cases more than any other variety, some state hospitals and old-fashioned asylums lapse into cruelty. Instead of being kind and allowing the patient to do his own punishing, many an ignorant attendant or therapist does the punishing himself. There is a whale of a difference. Harsh treatment coming from the outside can easily drive a depression patient into hopeless psychosis. "There is no excuse for any treatment which does not have human kindness as a basis," the Menninger doctors insist.

A far different type of patient is Mr. C., a 35-year-old business man. A schizophrenic, his case history shows a constant and relentless stream of rejection by the outside world. Unloved, unwanted, starved for any morsel of human warmth, he has more or less resigned from reality and built up a delusional world of his own. The task of treatment is to convince him that the real world isn't such a niggardly old place after all. He must be given barrels of human warmth and affection. He must be allowed to drink it by the flagon.

For Mr. C. the doctors prescribe an attitude of Unsolicited Affection. Dr. Knight explains, "We will make no demands on such a patient. We will praise him for the slightest accomplishment, not as we value it by our own lights, but as the patient must value it in his own sick world."

HANDKERCHIEFS
METZEL

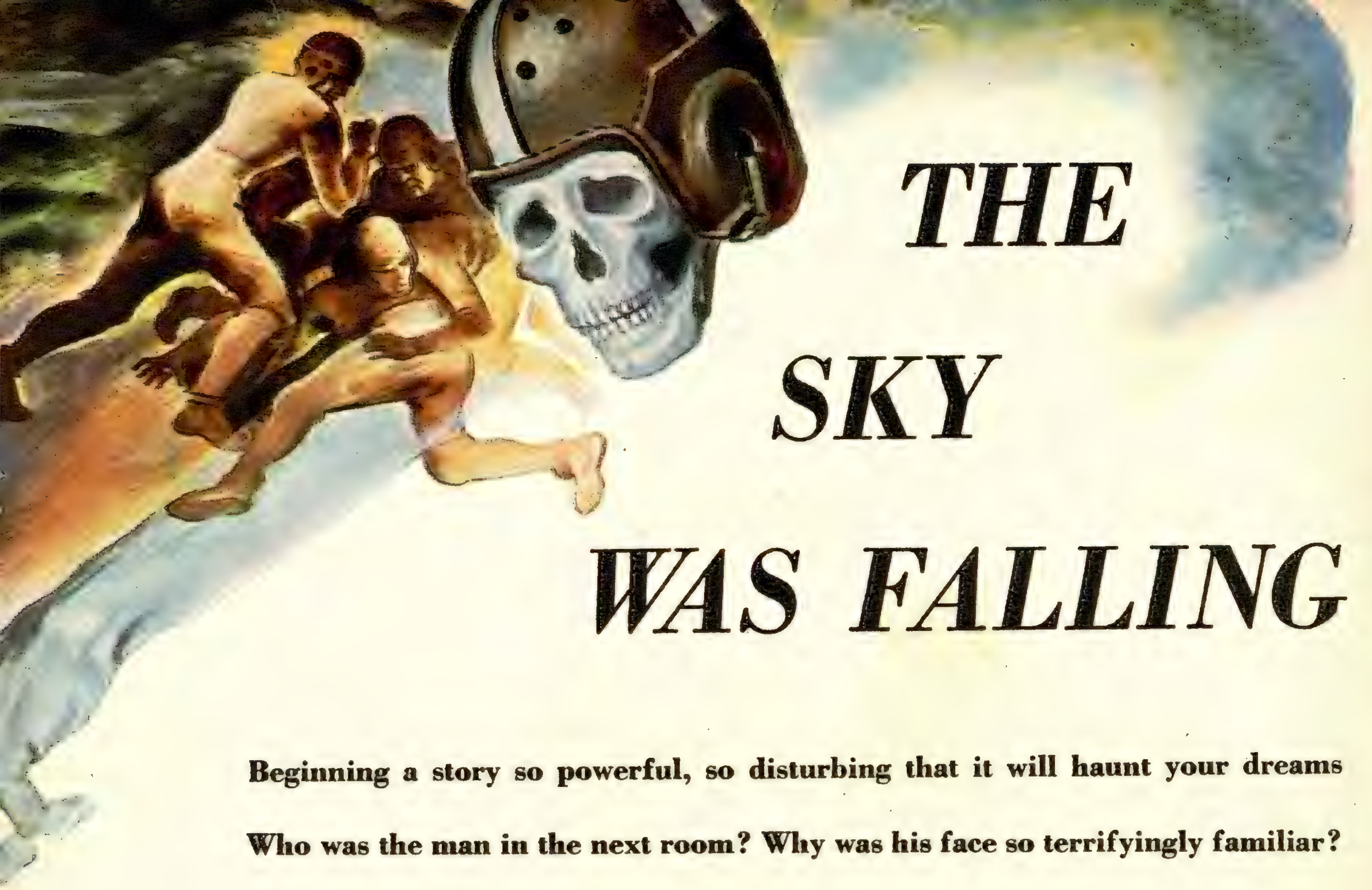
On arrival at the clinic Mr. C. shuts himself in his room and refuses to emerge. Doctors and nurses call on him; they talk pleasantly, keep him company, play a game of checkers. Often he hears such cheering remarks as, "How well you look today!" or "It certainly is fun talking to you!" But no one challenges him to go outside. They know how real his dread of the outdoors actually is.

Finally one morning Mr. C. ventures out to look at the rock garden. His doctors make a huge to-do over this. They praise him as if he had swum the English Channel (for they know that his feat, *in his world,* is nearly as difficult). Buoyed up by the praise, Mr. C. begins to take walks every morning. The Unsolicited Affection of those around him, together with his daily hour of psychotherapy, have helped him cross this first barrier. He has discovered that hiding indoors was his symbolic escape from a world too cold to cope with.

Other schizophrenics whose delusional illnesses have more lurid manifestations receive an attitude prescription of Indulgence. Anything they do is accepted as a symptom of sickness, without fuss or censure, just as one accepts temperatures, vomiting, or skin eruptions in the physically ill. One man of 45 used to go on sprees of clothes-ripping. Never once was he censured, though he did find it irksome sending home for more clothes two or three times a month. He got to the point where he would tell his nurse, "I think I'm about to tear clothes. Will you put them away?" The nurse would then give him a basket of old rags which he could tear to his heart's content. He was relieved of remorse because the shreds he tore were used for rag rugs, several of which he proudly sent home.

Work for Mr. C. and other schizo-

(*Continued on page 68*)



THE SKY WAS FALLING

Beginning a story so powerful, so disturbing that it will haunt your dreams

Who was the man in the next room? Why was his face so terrifyingly familiar?

By OLIVER WELD BAYER

READING TIME•33 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

ALL week that room across the hall had stayed vacant, its door open upon the made bed and the empty bureau, while Mrs. Foley waited for her ad to be answered by a congenial guest. "A real gentleman like yourself," she gurgled at me. "Someone to fit in with the tone of our little circle." I had not considered the sniffling stenographer, the swarthy woman with the earrings, and the two red-necked salesmen in the front suite—as having any tone save that of a cheap roominghouse.

From this point of view Mrs. Foley's new guest, when she finally chose him, fitted in very well with the rest of them. He was just shabby and crude enough. But, I wondered, had she chosen him or had he chosen her?

And was his name Alvin Brace as he claimed it was?

Since my first glimpse of him, I felt menaced by this stranger. Why did that round ruddy face seem so familiar? Where had I seen that square-toothed smile before? All day I tried to bring to the surface some deep and awful memory. *Who was Alvin Brace?*

My torment grew. I wanted to flee—to leave this house forever—before it was too late.

IT was around eight o'clock in the evening that I heard the door close sharply and then I heard his footsteps going down the carpeted stairs. In my mind I watched his progress, now on the second-floor landing, now on the stairs, now in the entrance hall, past the long table with its tarnished pewter candlesticks, past the tinted photograph of the late Mr. Foley, then the thud of the front door shutting. I walked out onto the landing. From the kitchen in the back came the tinkle of silverware being washed, and from the parlor the everlasting whine of the radio. Our two rooms are the only ones on the third floor of Mrs. Foley's house, and since I have discouraged attempts at fraternization by her other guests, no one but the bedrag-

(*Continued on page 60*)

H. GIESEN

Arturo Toscanini

At 80, he's still the world's leading musician

By **ANN M. LINGG**

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ON the eve of his famous father's eightieth birthday, on March 25 of this year, Walter Toscanini was asked what the Maestro might regard as his most important achievement.

"For this there can be no such thing," the conductor's son replied. "Whatever he happens to be doing at the moment is the biggest thing in his life—whether it be tackling a Shostakovich symphony, writing a letter, or peeling an orange."

At 80, Arturo Toscanini is still called the World's Number One Musician, and constantly earns the title anew. There is in him such an exquisite combination of all the qualities necessary for artistic leadership, and such a passion for perfection in music, that no orchestra player—whether tired, uncomfortable, or merely lazy—and no listener, however distracted, can escape his spell. And since this is the age of radio and recording, he is famous in the farthest corners of the earth. A woman from Patagonia once flew 2,000 miles to stand through a Toscanini concert in Buenos Aires!

The Maestro has never learned to be satisfied, never learned to relax. Last February, for a broadcast of Berlioz' Romeo and Juliet, he rehearsed the chorus from 7 P. M. until midnight, after a full afternoon's rehearsal with the soloists. Recently he called his superb NBC Symphony a bunch of school children and half-wits, broke off the rehearsal, and left the studio in such a hot sweat that he caught a severe cold. "The Old Man's doing fine," a man in the orchestra grinned broadly. "Was he mad!"

Toscanini is one of the biggest money-makers—for managements as well as himself—in the history of musical performance. At the La Scala opening in 1946, tickets were quoted at 15,000 lire apiece, equal to the monthly income of a middle-class family in Italy today. The theater was filled to capacity each time, while in the square outside more than 10,000 listened over loudspeakers. It is said that his fees for the broadcasts of the NBC Symphony started, in 1937, at a sum which netted him $4,000, after taxes, for an hour and a half's performance. And he continues to decline Hollywood offers of more than $250,000 for a single picture (although he conducted Verdi's Hymn of the Nations gratis for a government film during the war). Financial inducements mean nothing to him if he is not in sympathy with the association.

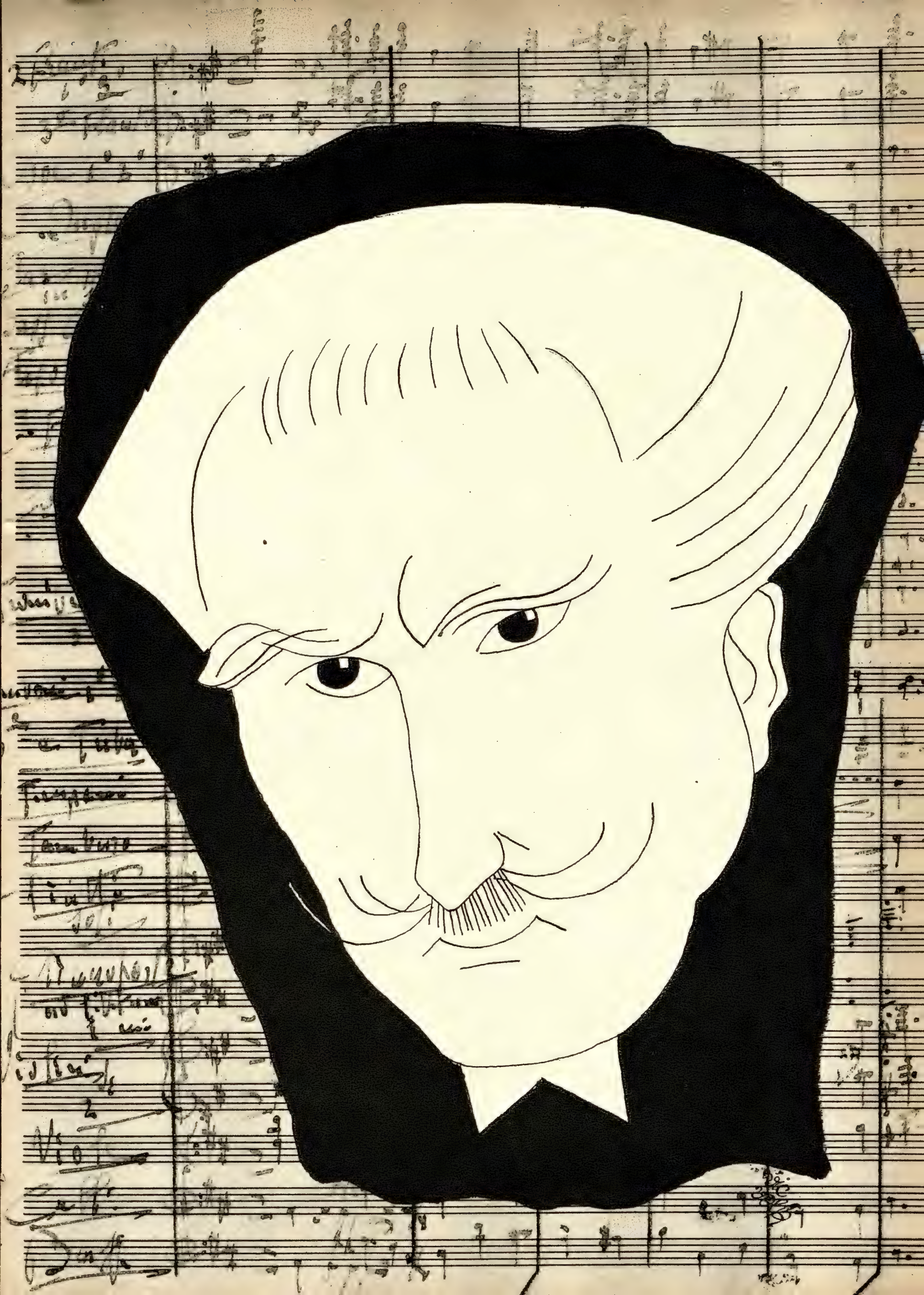
Personal publicity is, to the Maestro, extremely distasteful. This feeling stems from a profound conviction that he himself is unimportant in comparison with the music he conducts. Curtain calls make him uncomfortable. Often, as he backs off the stage after a third call, he whispers to the concertmaster, "Go home." Immediately all the members of the orchestra rise and depart, so that the Maestro will not have to accept further calls.

Toscanini is almost painfully shy. He was supremely happy when hidden from the public in the invisible pit of the Bayreuth theater. He has never made a public speech. News reporters and photographers irked him. "I am a private citizen," he will insist. "What does it matter how I look, where I live, and what color neckties I wear?" More frequently he refers to himself as *un contadino*—a peasant. He has never tried to evade his humble origin.

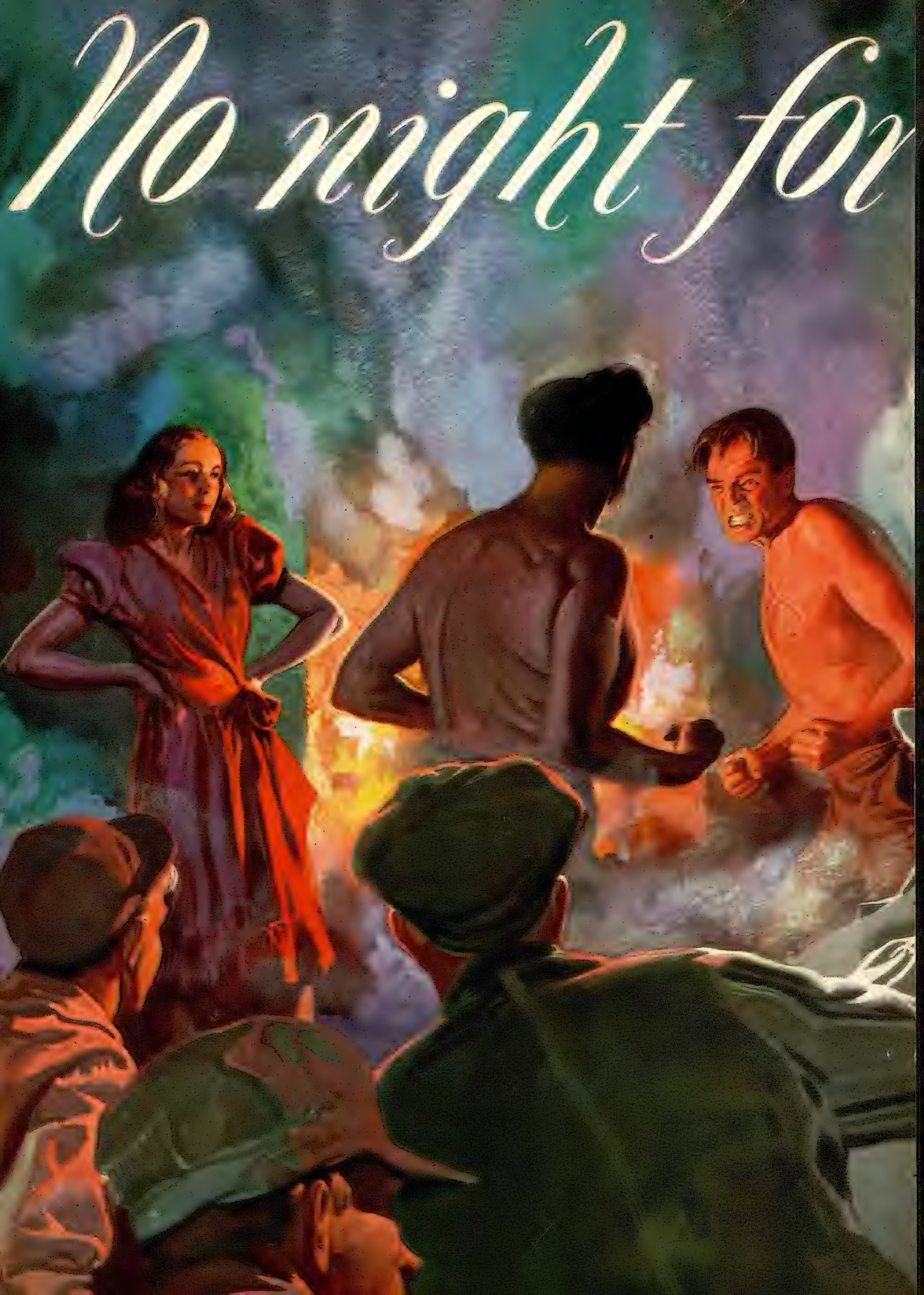
A poor tailor's son, he grew up in the town of Parma in northern Italy. At the age of nine he entered the Parma Conservatory. His schoolmates soon called him "genius," and permitted him to organize them into a clandestine extracurricular band, for which all were punished. Odd jobs as a cellist in opera orchestras followed until, one night in June, 1886, in Rio de Janeiro, 19-year-old Arturo was catapulted into fame.

The members of the visiting Italian opera company to which Toscanini belonged were dissatisfied with their Brazilian conductor and badgered him into resigning a few hours before the first performance of Aïda. Two Italian substitutes were

(*Continued on page 67*)



No night for



singing

By HOWARD THOMAS

When a Welshman doesn't feel like singing, even a twelve-year-old lad knows something's wrong. There was to be a fight — over a woman

FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

GRANDMOTHER didn't want me to go with Hughie. All during supper she talked against it without giving me an inkling of why she was objecting. It wasn't until I grew up that I found out that all women can argue that way.

Grandfather was a quarryman. Being Welsh, he was a good quarryman, for he had inherited the art from generations of stonecutters. The Welsh cemeteries near here are filled with slabs from his quarry. To be sure, some of them lean with the years and others lie covered with adder's-tongue and myrtle. The chapels beside them have long since been torn down or abandoned, but stone endures.

Hughie was a quarryman too. He wasn't over long from the old country. Like many young Welshmen, he wandered into our section of the state, for limestone deposits are common along our brooks and creeks. Grandfather took Hughie on. That was how Hughie came to live with us.

He was about twenty-five at the time, though he appeared older. Maybe that was because he was short and blocky. Hughie's face was so homely that it must have hurt him. But when he smiled, he was the handsomest man in the world.

Hughie wasn't smiling that night at the supper table. He sat there bolt upright on the edge of his chair, waiting for grandfather to serve him. Even after grace had been said and grandmother was spreading butter on the bread before slicing it, the way the Welsh do, Hughie said nothing. All during the meal, my grandparents were disputing my right to go with Hughie. It was only when grandfather settled the argument by saying, "Janie, I did promise the boy he could go tend the kiln with Hughie tonight," that a trace of a smile cracked the corners of Hughie's lips. . . .

We started across the fields, Hughie and I. Dusk draws its curtain quickly in the north country. I had milked the cows earlier and had turned them into the pasture. A tinkle of a bell told me that they were feeding near the stone wall where the grass grew lush and green. A deeper sound was the roar of the waterfall where the creek drops twenty feet before cutting through the gorge near grandfather's quarry. The only silence came from Hughie who was swaying along the cowpath in front of me, walking with that rolling stride that his short legs imposed upon him.

UNCLE DAVEY was tending the kiln fire. I could see him walking impatiently back and forth.

"What kept you?" he asked by way of greeting.

"An old argument it was, about John coming."

Davey grinned broadly. He didn't have to laugh to be handsome.

"Did mother sniff the wind?" he asked.

Davey's question simply did not make sense. Grandmother had lifted her nose only once and that was when grandfather had made his decision.

Hughie said, "Ah, yes. Women do find out things."

"And she didn't want John to come tonight? Was that it?"

"He is safe," was Hughie's comment.

If Hughie had not said this with such assurance, I probably would have been less prepared for what happened later. The three words caused me to glue my eyes on Hughie, and what I saw frightened me.

It was all over in a moment and Hughie was smiling at Uncle Davey, but in that moment I had seen the face of a fighter, or at least of one who would fight if pushed into a corner.

(*Continued on page 50*)

The Parks Story

Larry Parks got a wonderful break as Al Jolson — and is on his way to getting one as Larry Parks

By ELIZABETH WILSON

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

NEITHER upped ticket prices, nor hot weather, nor summer night sports events have kept the public from flocking to The Jolson Story—some as many as sixteen and even thirty-seven (a fan in Oakland) times. The picture played eight weeks at Radio City Music Hall, filmdom's New York showcase. Only three pictures in the history of the Music Hall have ever played more than six weeks. Produced for $2,500,000, it has already grossed over $6,000,000 and continues to snowball on unprecedented repeat runs. Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, is a happy character these days.

And so is Al Jolson. Couple of years ago the sixtyish-year-old mammy singer was told he was through, as dated as button shoes. Today he is the most sought-after guest star in radio. Could have his own program if he wanted it, but he doesn't. He boosted Eddie Cantor's Hooper 5 points, and Crosby's 4.9—thereby causing Der Bingle to have him signed for ten appearances on his fall show at a $50,000 guaranty. His take on The Jolson Story has already been $1,100,000. And his comeback on wax has been equally sensational. The Jolson Story album, according to Decca's prexy Jack Kapp, will be the first 1,000,000 album seller in record history.

A third, less happy character is the young man who played and put Jolson back on the gravy train, a quiet, dark-haired, dark-eyed, thirty-two-year-old actor named Larry Parks. The Jolson Story has brought young Parks an Academy Award nomination and a covey of awards from magazines, but very little of that green stuff you put in a bank and draw interest on. Unfortunately, at the time his "break" came he was already under long-term contract to Columbia Studios at a modest salary. So, instead of counting the blue chips these days, Larry Parks counts his trees.

He has planted sixteen of them—peach, apricot, orange, lemon—in the pocket-handkerchief front yard of his five-room unpretentious house in Hollywood's un-chic Nichols Canyon.

A pleasant-mannered young man with a friendly smile and a sense of humor, Larry has had grim moments and frustrations. They started six years ago when, strictly from hunger, he worked as an extra in a Biblical short made by an independent studio. He got $3.50 a day. A camel, working in the same picture, received $50 a day. Larry, who has a B.S. from the University of Illinois, used to stare moodily at the cud-chewing camel. "For this," he sighed, "I went to college."

As Parks' chief *bête noire*, Cornel Wilde later succeeded the camel. Larry took five tests for the part of Chopin in A Song to Remember. "I even had the costumes fitted." But at the eleventh hour Cornel Wilde got it. Then Parks made tests for The Bandit of Sherwood Forest. Wilde got that part too. When the studio told Parks he was testing for the Jolson role, he muttered, "So what? Cornel will get it."

With the studio dreamily plotting a sequel to the fabulous Jolson Story, Al Jolson could easily become a Parks' frustration too. No real actor likes this reflected-glory routine. Larry couldn't have been very happy when, at the preview of Down to Earth in which he co-stars with Rita Hayworth, the audience tittered nervously because when he sang it wasn't Al's voice on the sound track. Larry will also be seen shortly in The Swordsman, a Technicolor job.

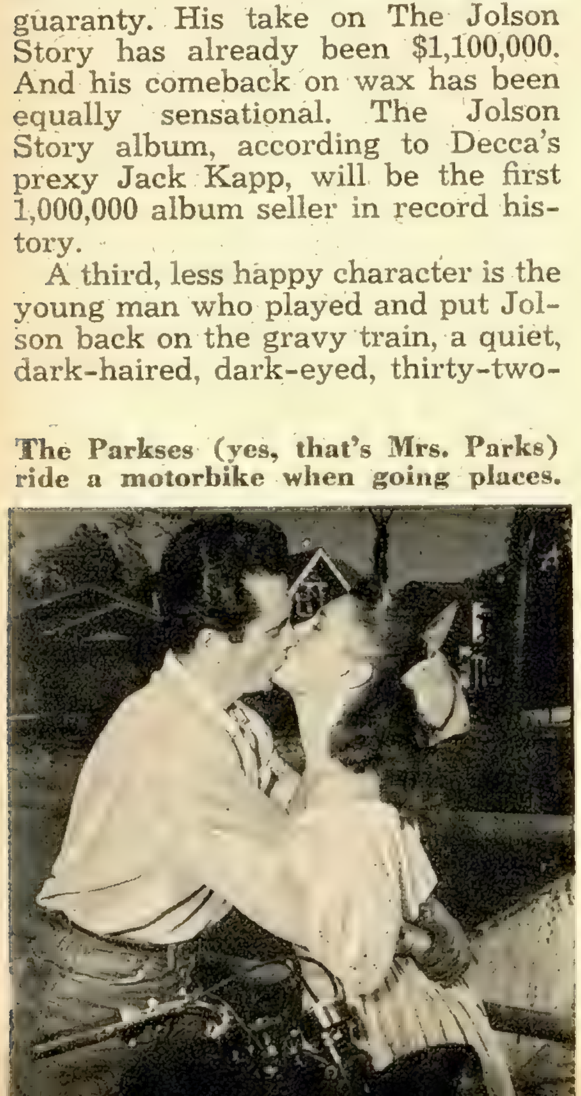
Larry Parks was born in Olathe, Kansas, on December 3, 1914. His parents were Frank Parks, an advertising man, and Leona Klusman, an organist of note. Soon after Larry was born the family moved to Joliet, Illinois. As a small boy he came down with a rheumatic fever that left him with a weakened heart, and later he contracted an illness that left one leg shorter than the other. "I sort of got the idea then that things weren't going to be made easy for me." He tackled his handicaps with a fierce determination. Today he has one of the better muscular figures in Hollywood. He stands 5 feet 11 inches, weighs 160 pounds, and when he walks along the beach at Santa Monica, the ladies sigh. He thinks he took up motorcycling when he was a kid to prove he had guts; but today he is completely hipped on the subject. He insists that a motorbike isn't any more dangerous than a car, a plane, or a boat, and certainly is much cheaper. With his wife, stage actress Betty Garrett, tucked on behind, he chugs up the steep firebreaks of the Hollywood hills back of the canyon where they live.

At college Larry was bitten by the acting bug after he appeared in a campus play, and turned his eyes yearningly to Broadway. When the cash gave out, he took a job ushering at Carnegie Hall for $9 a week. "I used to make a little extra at sell-out performances," he confides. "I'd slip in a few standees through a back window for four bits a head." He next got a job at Radio City as a uniformed guide, and became quite friendly while there with another guide, who also had acting ambitions, by the name of Gregory Peck.

AN acting job at $20 a week at a community theater in upstate New York gave Larry confidence to buck the Broadway casting offices again. He joined the Group Theater and there met John Garfield, J. Edward Bromberg, Elia Kazan, and Bob Lewis. He appeared in small roles in My Heart's in the Highlands and The Pure in Heart. Just as he was getting a good foothold, his father died, and he became the sole support of his mother. He returned to Illinois and took a good paying job as a Pullman inspector on the New York Central. He hated it. But he held on until he received a wire from John Garfield in Hollywood saying that a part awaited him in Warners' Mama Ravioli. He came west by Greyhound bus, and arrived just in time to be told that the picture had been canceled.

(*Continued on page 74*)

The Parkses (yes, that's Mrs. Parks) ride a motorbike when going places.



LARRY PARKS

Mary Mayo

MARY MAYO

The masterful male

By HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ALONG about sunset Poky was legging it homeward through peaceful sumacs and huckleberry bushes when a remembered voice reached out to detain him.

"Long time no see," said Buchanan Thacker, who in the old days had been known as Buck.

"Oh, that's all right," said Poky.

"I know how you feel," said Buchanan, blocking the path with his considerable mass. "But the idea is, you've been away, and I've been away, and all this time I've been in a tough spot. Listen, kid. Take a good punch at me now, will you?"

"I love humanity," said Poky, "and, strange as it may seem, you are part of humanity. Let us continue on our respective ways."

"Sure, you don't like me, so that ought to make it easier. Go ahead—sock."

"If you are interested in that kind of thing," said Poky, "why don't you butt your head into a tree?"

"No, no, Poky," Buchanan said. "Quit fooling. You know what I mean. Ever since that time I threw you down the church stairs I've been in the doghouse with my uncle. Now I'm home again, I've got to square myself somehow. I figure the only way is for you to give me a cut lip or a shiner. An eye for an eye, like in the Bible."

"You mean otherwise the old man might leave the farm to a fund for cross-eyed seamen?"

"He might," said Buchanan plaintively, "and I would have wasted all that scientific cow-raising the government paid for."

Poky understood. Maitland Thacker, the patriarch, was capable of clinging to a fixed idea for years, and his implacable judgment would not relax toward any fellow citizen, nor especially toward any kinsman, until all had been fulfilled.

"O. K.," said Poky. "How would you like it?"

"In the kisser," said Buchanan. "Hard, so's it'll leave a good mark."

Poky sighed. It was not for this he had returned to his native heath on a scientific mission. Facing him in the path was the bully and tough guy he had feared in childhood offering free revenge, but Poky was incurably noncombative.

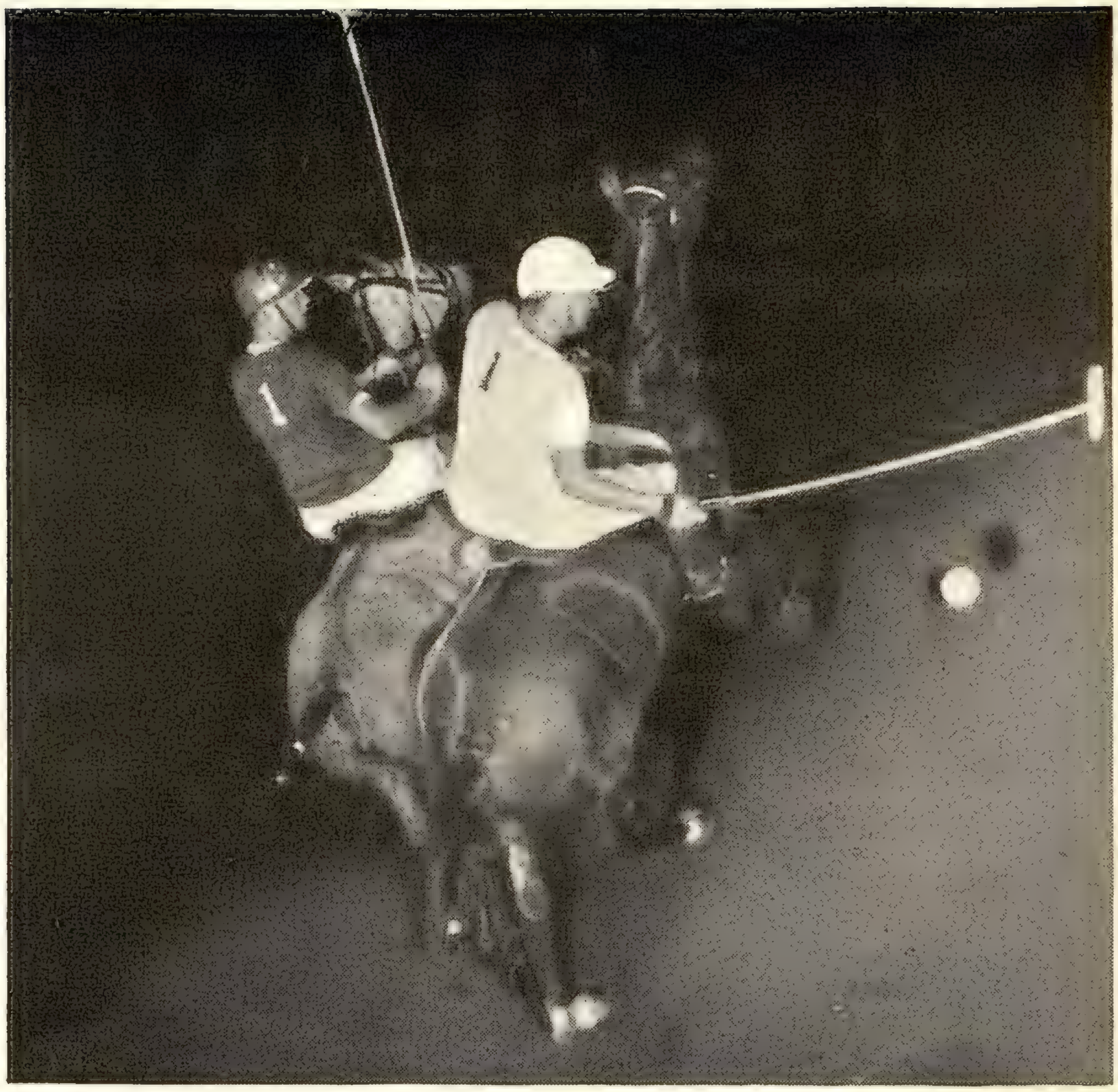
Buchanan's eyes were tightly closed. Action could not be deferred longer. He wound up as for a pitch. Here it comes. He smote Buchanan

(*Continued on page 56*)

The wackiest love story
You ever read!
Start it and see

Now they've brought indoor polo outdoors, trimmed it to fit the local stadium and the mass pocketbook, and Wild Man Al Parsells expects it to knock sports fans for a goal

POLO FOR THE MASSES



By CHARLES DEXTER

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

As 1947 dawned over Florida, long-faced poloists played virtually for their own amusement. The great contemporary stars were almost all there—Stew Iglehart, Cecil Smith, Mike Phipps, Winston Guest. But the audiences weren't. Society sportsmen faced the cruel fact that polo's golden days were passing for lack of new blood and, equally necessary, new money.

Up in chilly New York, Al Parsells, the self-made Wild Man of the Ramapos, was slashing his way to popularity and the indoor-polo title. But indoor polo suffered from the lack of playing arenas large enough to accommodate a paying-sized audience.

At this point some unnamed genius struck up an idea: Bring Al and his indoor game, with its three-man team, smaller field, and softer ball, down to Florida's Orange Bowl to meet Iglehart's Adventurers. The Orange Bowl would accommodate both the game and a full-sized crowd of spectators.

The one-eyed, 147-pound Parsells, always eager to try anything which might aid the sport he loved, eagerly accepted the invitation. Flying 3,000 miles each week with his teammates, Del Carroll and Buddy Combs, he helped stage the most hectic, bruising series of chukker frays ever seen, and outdoor-indoor polo was born.

Until Al arrived, Iglehart's Adventurers had never been headed for a moment in a season of play. But so evenly did Al's Essex Troopers contest the outdoor champions last March that there was a World Series

atmosphere in the Bowl as the final game began.

Al crisscrossed the field in a maze of deceptive tactics. Within ten minutes he had planted three goals across the line in a versatile display of angle shots. By the fourth period, play was so exhausting that horses collapsed. Iglehart was flung to the turf. Carroll and George Oliver collided. But the Parsells remained two up, 6 to 4.

One hundred seconds to go. Phipps, in an electrifying sortie, dribbled downfield, swung, counted. The umpire tossed in the ball—Oliver caught it on his mallet, bounced it goalward with a tricky backhand. Phipps raked in the set-up, tying the count.

Parsells lay back for the next toss-in. Ponies flew together, shouts echoed through the Bowl. The ball vanished in a melee of horses and men. Combs and Carroll crashed—both lay prone on the earth. Revived, they returned to the fray.

Oliver faced Parsells, his boyhood chum. "Remember what we used to bet when we were kids?"

"A big red apple?"

"Bet I make the next goal."

"You're on. . . ."

Years slipped away as Oliver spun his horse on a dime. His offside forehand met the ball in a perfectly aimed 100-foot shot. The Adventurers won, 7-6, with ten seconds to go.

It was a happy defeat for Al Parsells. For the Wild Man is an uncommon polo player who symbolizes the game's future. That future, he hopes, will find his beloved game in its new form rivaling baseball, football, and horse racing as America's most popular sport. On display in New York this summer, it may well sweep the nation in another year's time.

Right now Al is the hottest thing in jodhpurs and helmet, a seven-goal star with a personal following unequaled since the heyday of Tommy Hitchcock. Parsells is synonymous with polo in northern New Jersey, where he was born 35 years ago. There Warren Parsells, his father, owned a stable. There the slender, wiry boy started riding at four, waved a mallet at ten. He was 12 when a Fourth of July cannon cracker exploded in his face. For three months he was totally blind; for three years he saw the world through a mist.

He wore a glass eye when his dad again permitted him to mount a horse, but it was not until he was 22 that he first engaged in a regulation polo game. Well-to-do young George Oliver supplied him with ponies. He admits he wasn't much at first because he had trouble on his left, blind side.

"George'd head one team, I the other," he recalls. " 'What'll we bet?' George'd ask. 'Oh, anything—a big red apple,' I'd say. He'd usually win—and munch the big red apple, much as he did at the Orange Bowl that night last winter."

When Al Parsells began to play seriously, polo was in the midst of its first great upheaval of the twentieth century. Tibetian mountaineers had jousted with mallet and ball 2,000 years ago. The game flourished in India, Persia, China, and Japan, and nineteenth-century British army officers picked it up. In the late 1870s it spread to these shores, where it became the prized private pastime of Keenes, Whitneys, Strawbridges, and Hitchcocks.

In 1915, bored cockney grooms of New York's Dickel's Riding Academy started to combine exercising the horses with knocking a football about the ring. It was high, hazardous fun. Ponies climbed walls, riders zoomed off and on their backs. Play was swift, shocking.

And thus indoor polo was born.

Returning from war, cavalrymen of Squadron A, New York's select National Guard outfit, jumped into the new game. To preserve life and limb, they wrote new rules. The conventional polo quartet was cut to a trio. Because of space limitations, the field was reduced to one third of its traditional size. Periods were four instead of six or eight. A larger, lighter inflated ball was substituted for the hard willow missile of the outdoor version.

In the early '30s, Al Parsells owned a string of ponies which he schooled and rented to wealthier youths. He took to indoor polo like a hawk to a windstorm. Near by, Douglas G. Hertz was founding a polo empire at Pegasus Country Club, where name stars played on the field or in the indoor rink. Al supplied horses to visiting teams. Occasionally he mounted a favorite pony, wielding a mallet himself.

Sometimes visitors would borrow Al. Soon he was playing regularly for the enemy, wearing varied colors, riding against Pegasus' hard-charging Burns brothers, Captain Johnny and Lieutenant George. They piled him up against the wall, draped him on the side boards, pounded him into the stands. It wasn't deliberate—the Burnses concentrated on winning, and Al was getting in their way. He'd break up plays, block scores, developing a stone-wall defensive style.

Suddenly he went over to the offensive. He'd swoop down on the ball like a dive bomber. He'd take crazy long-shot chances—and make good. Fans, rallying to cheer the Burnses, remained to cheer Al instead. They dubbed him "the Wild Man," gasped as the floor rose up to hit him in the face, as ponies rolled on him. Bruised and battered, he never quit. It was maniacal horsemanship of a kind never before seen in polo. In self-defense, the Burnses admitted him to their line-up.

Still a Junior with no official rating, Al casually rolled up record scores of 11, 13, and 15 goals. In the annual intramural Junior-Senior set-to, usually a one-sided affair, he scored eight times in a frenzied 24-23 battle which is still the talk of the Jersey countryside.

Within a year Al moved into the metropolitan upper polo set. There

(*Continued on page 70*)

HOW NOT TO FIGHT COMMUNISM

A noted campaigner against the Red menace warns against making the cure worse than the disease

By EUGENE LYONS

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE pendulum of American public opinion is swinging violently against the Communists.

On the official side, the President has ordered a systematic purge of disloyal elements from the government payrolls. A Supreme Court decision has strengthened the hand of timid bureaus and agencies in this long-overdue job of national house cleaning. A start is being made in the exposure of Soviet spy masters. State and federal legislators are probing the Communist infiltration of American life and studying laws to curb the process.

In short, after a decade of political color blindness Uncle Sam has begun to see red. What he was inclined to dismiss with characteristic smugness as a nuisance, he suddenly recognizes as a menace. It has dawned on him that there is a crucial difference between a political party, however extreme its views, and a foreign conspiracy, however skillful its disguise as a political party.

Fighting the Communists, their stooges and fellow travelers has already become respectable. It threatens to become highly fashionable.

I happen to be among the hardy, or perhaps foolhardy, few who fought the Communists when it was neither fashionable nor comfortable. In a book called The Red Decade I exposed their methods of worming into our free institutions. As editor of a monthly magazine I tried to warn my countrymen against the wartime illusion that Stalin had been miraculously changed into a "freedom-loving democrat."

The comrades and their muddled "liberal" dupes have abused me with great vigor and relish, and I flatter myself that I have earned their every unflattering adjective. Under these circumstances I might be expected to don an I-told-you-so smile, now that the average American has caught up with the facts of life on the left. Instead of which, alas, I wear a worried expression. And here's why—

It seems to me that in the sudden upsurge of anger at the Communists and their works, there are disturbing overtones of hysteria. Yesterday's complacency has given away, in certain quarters, to a case of jitters. There is an "up and at 'em, boys" impatience which endangers the innocent along with the guilty. They seem exasperated by the Constitutional and traditional obstacles to an all-out man hunt of Communists and Communist collaborators.

Most alarming of all, anti-Communist sentiment is being used by some unscrupulous or bigoted people as a convenient cover for racist obsessions, anti-labor bias, dislike of foreigners and other assorted prejudices. They think they can serve any dish of malice if they douse it with anti-Communist sauce. Unless that trend is stopped, unless common sense prevails, the cure for Commu-

(*Continued on page 72*)

Until that unbelievable moment, the little captain was getting nowhere with the big blonde from Wisconsin

★ **Liberty's short short story**

READING TIME•6 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

TO those of us who are staying on in Germany indefinitely, congeniality has become more important than rank, and being a regular fixture is more important than either. Even so, Opal Andersen and Captain Mortimer M. Tost (pronounced "toast") were an odd combination.

Opal was a big blonde from Wisconsin, and when I say big, I mean big: six feet tall and one hundred seventy pounds without an inch of superfluous fat. And all that was topped off with the breath-taking face of an alert gum-chewing angel. She had been a bareback circus rider most of her twenty-five years. Don't ask me how a circus rider happened to land with us. I don't know, and I wouldn't tell if I did. After this description of Opal, of course you can guess what Captain Tost was like: a head shorter than Opal, and a bantamweight at that. He was quiet and shy and he came from some place in Boston they call Beacon Hill. Everyone depended on him, without ever quite seeing him. He was that sort—self-evaporating.

BUT we knew he was madly in love with Opal. He'd look at her, polish his glasses, then look again, as though he didn't quite believe what he saw. And that lavish pink-and-gold beauty of hers *was* a bit incredible. But the poor chap didn't get anywhere. The one time he managed to grab her wrap and hold it for her, she just stared at him pityingly, as though surprised that he hadn't collapsed under the sheer weight of the coat. Then she took it right out of his hands, slung it over those goddess shoulders of hers, and stalked away. Mort's expression didn't change. Only his smile was a bit more fixed.

So that was the set-up when we decided on our July Fourth picnic. Corporal Reston had heard of a farmhouse where we could get fresh milk and some real salad greens. The rest of the food we'd take, of course. We piled into cars mid-morning of the Fourth and tore off, our tongues hanging out at the thought of fresh milk. Mort would make the twelfth in the party, but he couldn't get away until early evening. We left him the Opel for transportation, the Opel being the German Ford, if you remember.

Someone had said, winking over to where Opal Anderson was piling food baskets on the colonel's desk, "Look out, Mort. Opels are bad luck." Mort rallied nobly.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I believe the superstition is that opals are bad luck when bought or stolen. But when freely bestowed, they bring exceptional fortune to the recipient. I take it that you people are freely bestowing this Opel?" Quite kittenish for Mort and we laughed encouragingly. Opal looked blank and yawned, like a great tawny lion.

We didn't have much trouble finding the farmhouse, or the bombed overpass that didn't show on the map. It was annoying, for there was the farmhouse, plainly visible in the valley beyond. And there we were, on the edge of a good road that had suddenly vanished. Forty feet below us was the road we wanted—smooth, broad, cleared of all rubble from the wrecked overpass, and leading directly to the farmhouse. But that vertical forty feet meant seven horizontal miles. We had to go back and detour.

The farmhouse was heavenly. We bathed in the millpond and lounged under the trees and ate a whacking good lunch. "Myrtle," the colonel had said to me (I'm his secretary), "they left the liquor arrangements to me, and I want them to have a good healthy day, so I asked Captain Tost to bring the liquor with him this evening. About the time they're fed up with milk and nature, Mort will heave over the horizon with the good old firewater. They'll be able to enjoy it and still have clear heads tomorrow. It'll be a nice surprise." And he rubbed his bald scalp happily. I didn't tell him that Mort also had his own little surprise. From somewhere he had unearthed a meager supply of real old-time American fireworks, a rocket and some torpedoes and firecrackers. He was so pleased that I didn't have the heart to remind him that prewar fireworks were apt to be duds. Maybe these wouldn't be.

Well, afternoon wore on and the baseball game drew to an exhausted close. By this hour most of the tongues were hanging out again, and not for milk. So many questioning scowls were being cast Colonel Flint's way that in sheer self-defense he relinquished his little surprise and told them Mort would shortly arrive surrounded by gallons of thirst-quenchers. The crowd cheered loudly. All except Opal, who had ditched her gum and was chewing grass. She had played baseball the solid afternoon, but there wasn't even a dew of perspiration on her classic forehead.

"Mort said he'd be here by eight at the latest," Colonel Flint added.

Lieutenant Stark glanced at his wrist watch. "Then he should be visible on the east road by now, sir," he pointed out. "That is, unless, like us, he didn't know about the detour. In which case," he added sourly, "he'll have to go an extra seven miles and won't make it by eight."

OPAL spoke suddenly: "I don't know whether anyone has noticed, but Captain Tost *always* does what he says he'll do. If he said he'll be here by eight, he'll be here by eight." Just then someone stood up and gestured, and Lieutenant Stark ran for his field glasses.

He didn't need them. We could all see the Opel steaming along at Mort's precise, efficient speed. But we all groaned. The Opel was moving along the elevated road that led to the ruined overpass. "I told you," Stark said mournfully. "Now he's got to back up and detour the seven miles. It'll be nearer eight thirty than eight."

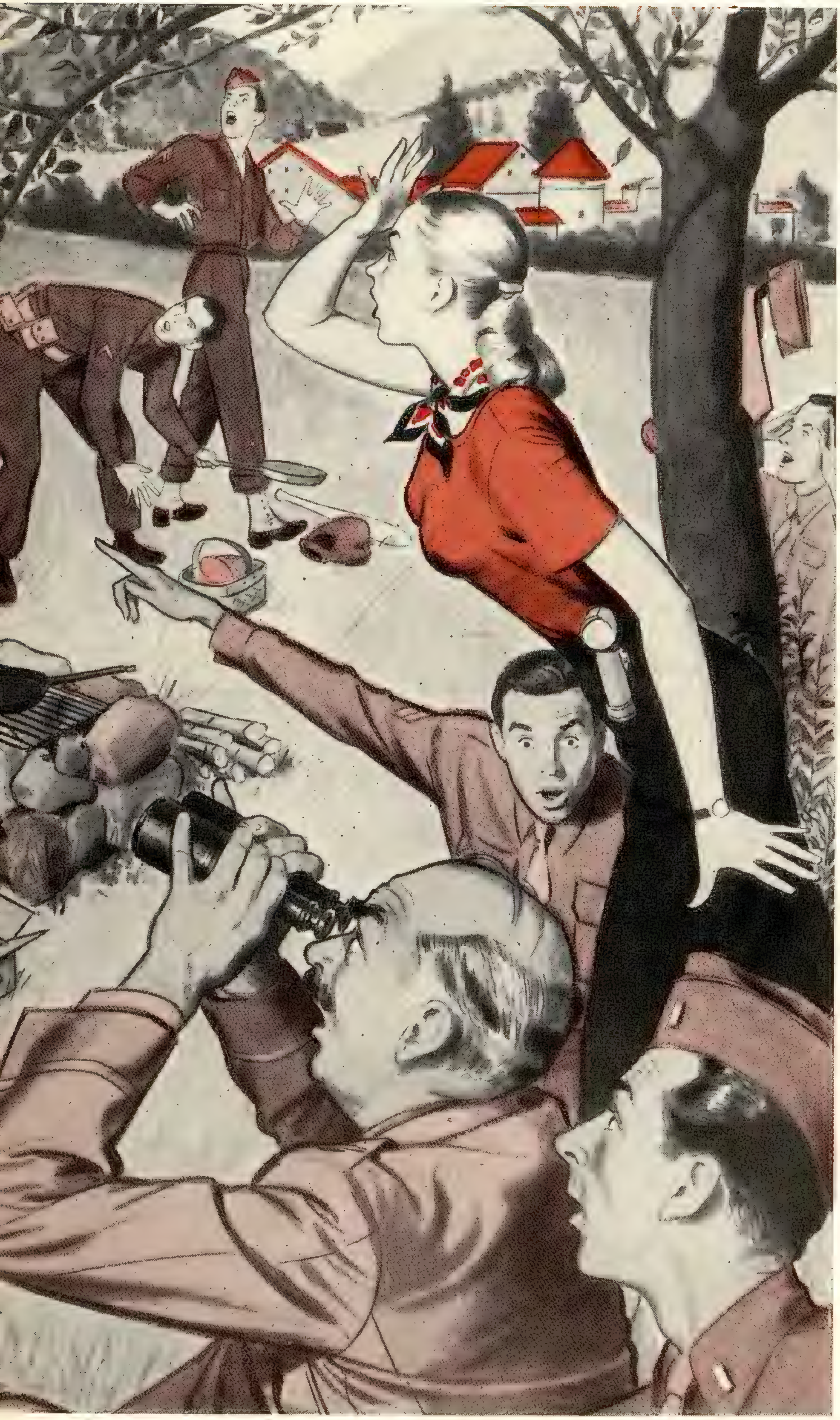
But the Opel didn't slow up. It was approaching the chasm as though the driver had no idea that anything was amiss with the road. We stared, tried not to look, stared again. Someone drew a quick breath as the car shot smoothly forward into the empty air. Or maybe it was a breath drawn by the whole group, for I'm not conscious of having heard another sound.

The car seemed to float for a fraction of a second, its wheels churning the atmosphere. Then it plummeted straight to the road forty feet

The Acid Test

By

MARJORIE CARLETON


DOROTHY MONET

We stared, tried not to look, stared again. The car shot forward into empty air.

below. At the same instant something flew from it, burst into graceful flame and darted toward the sky. A rocket! The car didn't stop. Believe it or not, the Opel didn't stop. It had landed on all four wheels, headed our way. It continued our way. Not three minutes had elapsed.

I have never seen paler faces around me, even in the 1940 London blitz. Somehow we were all at the edge of the road when Mort drew up beside us. All except Opal, that is. Mort leaned out of the car and addressed the colonel.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "My little mishap seems to have exploded all the champagne." He didn't have to tell us. He was soaked. And the cluster of fine bubbles that had settled on his hair was still popping gaily. "However," he went on, glancing back into the car, "the rest of the liquid cargo seems to be quite intact."

"Great heavens, man, you"— the colonel finally found his voice— "the car right side up and not a burst tire! And you kept on going. You kept on *going!*" he repeated incredulously.

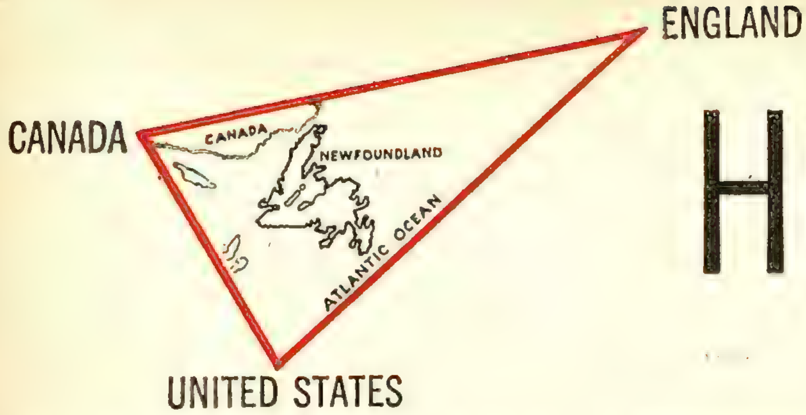
"I was headed the right way," Mort nodded, "so it seemed advisable." He added simply, "To tell you the truth, sir, I knew if I stopped I'd faint dead away."

Colonel Flint swallowed. 'If it's any comfort to you," he blurted, "Opal did faint. She's just coming to."

"Opal fainted?" For the first time Captain Mortimer Tost's hands unfroze from the steering wheel and he stepped out of the car. No one helped him; we were all too wobbly in the knees. "I'm not surprised," he said calmly, and his voice had a curious little air of authority I'd never heard before. "Opal looks strong, but underneath she's just a bundle of nerves. High-strung, you know." Opal, a bundle of nerves! I thought, now I've heard everything. But I hadn't.

Because when he strode across the grass to where Opal was just sitting up, I saw her burst into tears. "You could have been late just once, you big show-off!" she wailed. And hurled herself into his arms.

THE END



HOT POTATO IN

Should the United States, Britain, and Canada

By BEVERLEY OWEN

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHEN the United States acquired military bases in Newfoundland six years ago, the Yanks moved in with a feeling of finality. The 99-year lease on three areas of the rock-ribbed island, one of the world's vital strategic zones, looked good for the lifetime of many yet-to-be-born American babies.

But it doesn't look that way today. The original idea has lost its simplicity, and the status of Newfoundland and the American bases is taking on the dimensions of a major international problem.

Hanging like an iron pendant at the throat of North America, Newfoundland is the anchor of the hemisphere defense system—powered by the United States. Since 1941, U. S. taxpayers have spent more than $300,000,000 to put vigor in the old colony's military kick—almost as much as the current outlay to save Greece and Turkey from a Red steam roller.

This would seem to give Uncle Sam a permanent, incontestable place in the North Atlantic picture. Nevertheless, talk of drastic revision is in the air. Out of the Newfoundland mist comes a plan that strikes at the root of American national tradition. To adopt it might put the United States on an awkward spot in the development of long-range foreign policy. Yet it has the force of logic and circumstance.

A round-table conference between the United States, Britain, and Canada on what to do about Newfoundland is in the making, and the proposition boils down to this:

Shall the United States join with the two British Commonwealth countries in setting up a three-power regime to rule the Gibraltar-like island, lifting it from its present nebulous political condition to the status of an international dominion? The diplomatic pundits give it a five-dollar name—condominion.

Arising, in part, from Newfoundland's groping for some form of self-government, the plan calls for a joint council to assume full authority over the island's defenses and

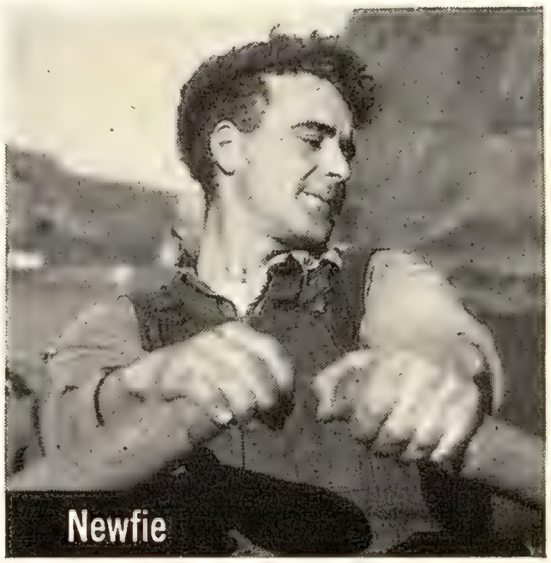
People
Harbor

PHOTOS BY
T. FRED MILLER

NEWFOUNDLAND

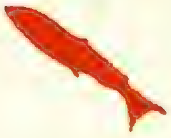
ke over Newfoundland? That's the newest international headache — with no aspirin in sight

omemade anchors


Newfie

Hauling coal

Farm: garden size.



Salmon

bases—which would be unified and standardized—and to run external policies, leaving to an elected Newfoundland legislature the control of domestic affairs. The Newfies would have a voice in the council's deliberations.

On the surface, the proposal carries a Newfoundland imprint, and its leading champion is the island's Bernard Baruch — the venerable Robert Brown Job, elder statesman and business magnate, a central figure in Newfoundland's turbulent politics since he came in his youth from Liverpool. When he speaks, the Newfies listen with exceptional respect, and it was the voice of Job that launched the condominion plan, calling on the British government to initiate the round-table talk.

But Job admitted that the proposal, which won the immediate backing of influential groups in the capital city of St. John's, "is not entirely my own," and conjecture, of course, traces the condominion rumble to a pushbutton in London's Whitehall. But not a squeak has come out of Britain and there isn't likely to be any sound from that quarter until the roots of the three-power plan spread deeper.

The only reason for tying the proposal to London inspiration is that it fits British purpose like a glove. The British government is eager to drop the Newfoundland burden without losing an effective voice in the island's destiny, and behind that is the "high policy" of Anglo-American "fraternity" espoused by Winston Churchill and generally activated by Clement Attlee and the Foreign

Office. A condominion looks like the answer to British diplomatic prayer.

It is military in basic conception, but to the Newfoundlanders the economic phase is the big factor. To ensure economic and social security for the 300,000 people of English, Irish, and Scottish origin and to prevent a return to the squalid living standard that prevailed before the war, the three ruling powers would subscribe from seventeen to twenty million dollars annually to the Newfoundland treasury, reserving some control over fiscal policy. As a third consideration, dazzling to the Newfies, the whole island would be declared a "free port," the United States and Canada guaranteeing an open market for Newfoundland fish.

In blueprint, the plan is simple enough. But in its broad implications, it will surely cause tumult if and when it reaches the U. S. Senate. An immediate and arresting thought is that in such a condominion lies a hinge to swing this country into a formal military and political fusion with the British Commonwealth. Certainly the rest of the world, especially Soviet Russia, would regard such a move as a practical symbol of an Anglo-American alliance, and this attitude would not be likely to be minimized by the clause in the United Nations Charter which not only permits but encourages regional defense arrangements. Critical voices would certainly be raised in the Trusteeship Council, where approval might be necessary. A Newfoundland condominion, blessed by the British, could be expected to please the Canadians, who for their own national reasons root for American-British unity. However, a lot of words will run over press teletypes before it is made palatable to American public opinion.

At the moment, Washington is as silent as London. It has enough on its hands for the moment—the Middle East, Palestine, China, the future of Germany—and the North American section of the State Department prefers to keep its mouth shut about Newfoundland until the project is put in official form, which won't be for two or three months at least.

But an unofficial, cryptic shot of reaction comes from the semi-authoritative Foreign Policy Association. A spokesman said:

"Yes, we are watching Newfoundland. The plan is shocking—but it is logical, shockingly logical. It is in line with events."

The average American asks, Why? What's all the shooting about? Why does the United States have to consider such a proposition? The answer is threefold:

1. The Newfoundlanders have set up a unanimous clamor for a revision of the American lease, which Britain cannot ignore and the United States will be unable to side-step once the issue is laid on the Washington mat. The Newfoundlanders claim it is one-sided and invalid because the people of Newfoundland were not consulted.

2. The Newfoundland bastion, covering 42,500 square miles—about the size of Virginia—is vital to the American-Canadian mutual defense set-up, yet it stands apart, with three nations maintaining separate military interests. Canada has spent $50,000,000 on installations and holds a 99-year lease on the great air base at Goose Bay in Labrador, which is under Newfoundland jurisdiction; she also has an emergency mortgage on the international civil airport at Gander. The American bases are at

First wireless was sent from here.

Unloading codfish catch

Argentia for the navy, Stephenville for the airmen, and near St. John's for the army. Over the island generally, the British commission government exercises arbitrary rule. From a strategic standpoint the situation cries for integration and an overall combat blueprint.

3. The history of two great wars shows that in the event of trouble there is no certainty that the three nations concerned would be involved simultaneously. What, then, would be the position of such a major military area as Newfoundland?

This third point strikes the crux of the controversy that is bound to arise. If war should come, the area would either have to fight as a unit or to maintain a highly armed neutrality—and realism rules out the latter. Hence, the existence of any such condominion arrangement at once implies the immediate involvement of the United States in any major conflict in which Britain should become engaged. And, of course, it works the other way also, a prospect that Britain fatalistically accepts.

BUT failing a condominion, how is the rising problem of Newfoundland to be solved?

An alternative is the complete absorption of Newfoundland by the United States on a territorial basis; or, to go further, the admission of the island to the Union as the 49th state. But the Newfies have rejected that idea in advance. When a proposal to send a delegation to Washington to explore such a solution came before the convention set up to discuss Newfoundland's future status, it was thrown out by a vote of 34 to 3. The United States might be able to deal with Newfoundland on an exclusive basis if the island became fully independent, but that possibility is also out of the reckoning. Nor is Newfoundland prepared to consider any plan under which the United States could enjoy a military monopoly.

Three other possibilities remain, but the Newfies are so clearly divided on each that a clear referendum majority in any direction appears unlikely. The choice lies between a return to the former dominion status, joining the Canadian Confederation as the tenth province, or continuing the present rule by a joint British-Newfoundland commission appointed by the Crown and responsible to a British-appointed Governor who acts as chairman.

Of these, the Canadian proposition stands the best chance. It is favored by the general run of the people, but strongly opposed by business interests who fear the competition of Canadian firms.

Two historic efforts for Newfoundland's union with Canada broke on economic rocks—rocks which still stand. The American bases now add a political reef. Canada does not tolerate the peacetime existence of foreign military installations on its own soil—not even British. Within the past year, in deference to nationalistic sentiment centered largely in French-speaking Quebec, she rejected a British suggestion of Royal Air Force training facilities. Their existence would prejudice Canadian vaunted diplomatic freedom within the Empire.

The same principle applies to American forces. If Newfoundland were to carry the U. S. bases into the Confederation—the leases necessarily being amended to substitute Canada for the United Kingdom as the lessor—an inevitable cry of discrimination might wreck the Ottawa government. The present Liberal Party regime dare not risk such a hot issue, with a general election in the offing. Moreover, such an issue would rekindle the old feud between English Ontario and French Quebec.

Pint-sized trolley in St. John's.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King is cagey. He has limited himself to a statement that any overtures from Newfoundland will receive "sympathetic consideration."

Actually, the Newfies don't seem to know what they want in the way of a responsible government. The dominant yearning is for social and economic security and a decent standard of life. The four-century history of the colony up to the late war, when the people reveled in prosperity brought in largely by the Yanks and Canadians, is a tale of poverty, illiteracy, and disease; on one hand a wealthy merchant class, and on the other, mass squalor. The land is rich in latent resources—iron ore, zinc, and copper—but inaccessible and costly to exploit. Some communities do well out of pulp and paper, but in the main the population relies on fish. With the war over, that is where they stand today, fearful of the future and of the ravages of malnutrition and tuberculosis.

One thing they won't do is to return to the conditions of the early '30s when Newfoundland, proud in its status of a full dominion, ran headlong into bankruptcy in a wave of corruption, inefficiency, and political skulduggery. That reached a peak when the prime minister, Sir Richard Squires, narrowly escaped lynching as he raced down St. John's class-conscious Water Street with an angry mob at his heels. Britain had to step in, pay the bills, and set up a commission to manage affairs.

They want no more of that. But if it isn't to be a union with Canada, and if they reject the wings of the American eagle, what then? It is because the Newfies are not likely to answer the question with any substantial voice that the proposal of a three-power overlordship has been dropped in the middle of the citizen body chosen to chart the island's political destiny.

THE decision is up to Newfoundland, but whatever they do doesn't alter the position of the island as an essential factor in American security—it is more important than ever now because of the U. S. withdrawal from Iceland, and Russia's bid for a foothold in Spitsbergen. No matter what turn events take, American forces will stay, maintaining costly installations on a peacetime basis.

In the meantime the American bases have become a football of Newfoundland politics and codfish diplomacy. The Newfies may be divided four ways on their political future, but unanimity prevails on the point that Winston Churchill had no business signing away Newfoundland territory and privileges to a foreign nation without their consent. In any event, they say, he should have made a condition of renegotiation whenever Newfoundland was able to get around to it.

They keep emphasizing that the bases had no connection with the transfer to Britain by the United States of fifty old destroyers, which is true; that they were an outright gift without thought of the future interest of the island people. By that the Newfies mean codfish. They mean also that if Britain doesn't do something about it, once they get control of their own affairs they will go directly to Washington and demand compensation for the privilege of maintaining garrisons and fortifications on Newfoundland soil. This is on the record of the Convention and the Newfies mean business.

Though codfish is the mainspring of the colony's economic existence, it has always been out of joint because of the American tariff. And the Newfoundland fishermen have had nothing with which to fight back —until today. The island imports 90 per cent of its needs, and although customs duties are essential for revenue purposes, the people resent

(*Continued on page 74*)

Washington Murder-Go-Round

CONCLUSION

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

FOR a few seconds I was too demoralized to know what I was doing. I backed to the door, opened it. Ray was about to speak again as he looked up. Then he saw Jerry Cannerton in my office. He blinked, thrust back his hair, and came out.

I managed to introduce them. As I turned to the closet door, Ray watched me in surprise.

"Leaving, Fran?"

"Yes!" I said. But I realized that even this blow to my emotions couldn't keep me away from seeing what happened to Nick Dudley. So I added, "For—for dinner. I'll be back at eight thirty."

"Oh—" Ray smiled at Jerry. While I put on my hat they fell into trivial talk. I hardly listened. I wanted nothing better than to get out of here—out into a cold wind that might sweep the misery and confusion out of my head.

I'd been a fool, I told myself bitterly. What reason had I to suppose Ray Garret would feel differently about me now than he had years ago? The fact that he'd been honest with me about Irene Legrue was something for which I ought to be eternally grateful. It gave me a chance to recover some perspective.

I said, "All right, Jerry. Let's go."

I felt calmer by the time we sat down in the restaurant. The pain was still in me, yes—a dull and sagging weight—but I could think clearly. Jerry took off his wrist watch and placed it on the table. "It's like being out with Cinderella," he said. "Got to watch my deadline. Do you do this to all the men who love you?"

"You're the only one who comes down in the midst of a murder case."

"Tell me about it."

"No," I said. "Let's talk about something else."

He grinned. "Fine. Let's talk about us."

"All right. What about us?"

"Why—just the same old thing, I guess. It always gets down to—will you come back to New York and marry me?"

I said, "Give me a couple of weeks—maybe only a couple of days. Until this murder case is solved."

Jerry's eyes widened. "Fran!"

"I can't walk out on it."

"You mean that afterward—you *will* walk out?"

"I'm quitting my job the day the case ends," I said.

"Holy—"

"Now let's order."

He was overjoyed.

I kept thinking, *Well, why not? Jerry's all right. We'll have fun. We'll have an easy, uncomplicated life with plenty of laughter and no worries. The only twisted, anguished souls we'll know, the only frustrations, will be those we write into radio scripts. And they won't matter We'll laugh at them, too.*

He didn't mind taking me back to Georgetown after that. He was gay when he dropped me at the house.

"How about tomorrow night?" he said.

"Of course."

"Six o'clock?"

"I'll be waiting."

"Darling," he said, "this is a day for the history books!"

As I walked across the garden I told myself I could now be objective—even cold and detached—about everything that happened in the house. There were no emotional loyalties to be considered. I'd tolerated even Ray's lack of ethics because of my own emotional involvement. All that was over now.

When I rang, Solomon opened the door for me.

"They're all up in the livin' room," he said, "the Dudleys an' Mr. Lark an' Mr. Ryker. An' the boss. They been havin' quite some excitement."

Maybe I'd missed the climax. I threw my hat and coat over my desk; there were other coats in my office; and I hurried upstairs.

Bea Dudley sat white and scared, with a handkerchief pressed to her lips. She was watching her husband with horrified eyes.

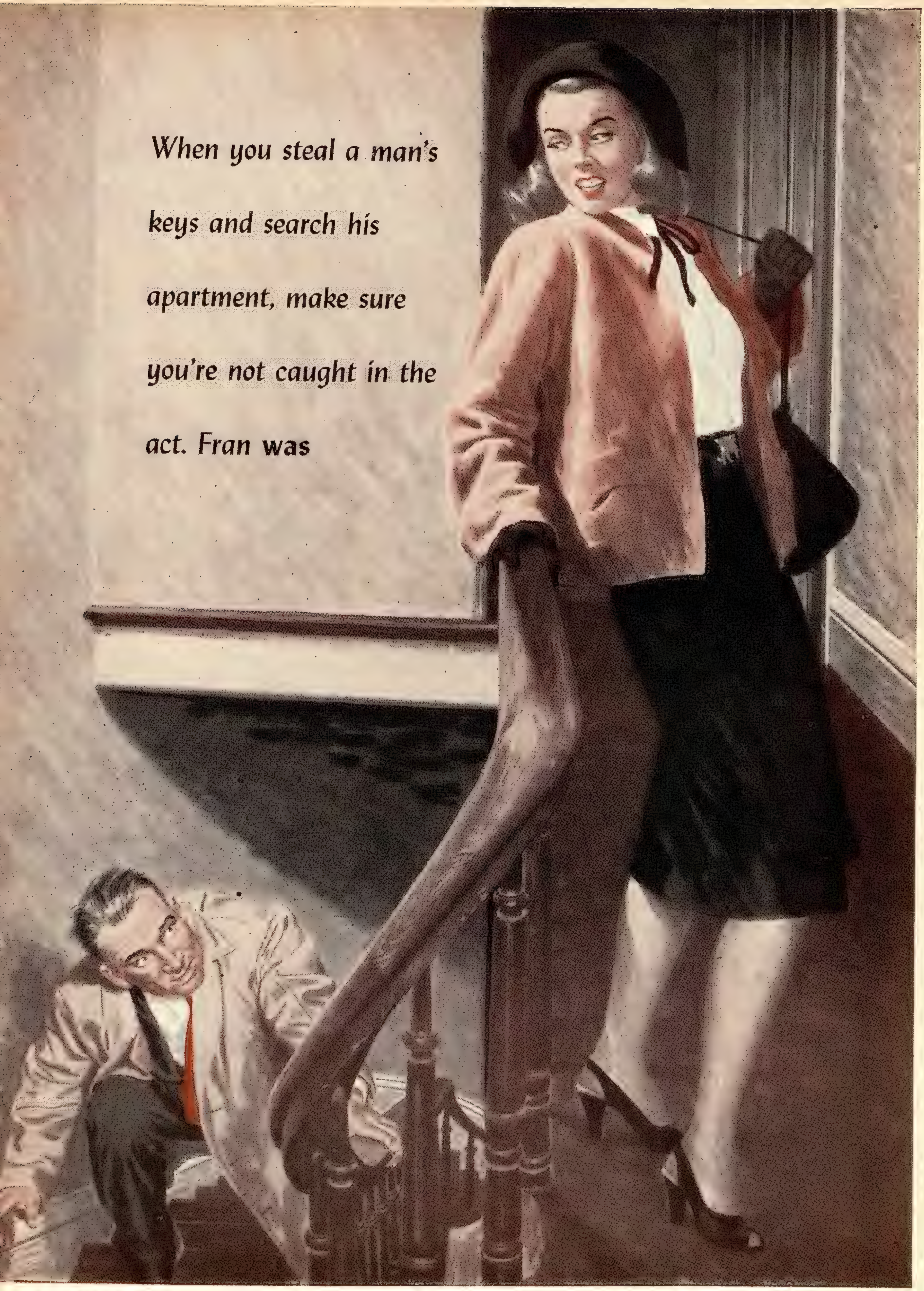
As for Nick himself, he sat hunched forward on a straight-backed chair. One hand fussed nervously with his bow tie. He looked ready to bolt out of the room. But that wouldn't have been easy, because Ray and Eddie Lark were both standing near the door, blocking it, and they were watching him in bitter, accusing silence.

WHEN I came in, the only one who noticed me, it seemed, was Sam. I waited an instant. Nobody spoke. It was as if a motion picture's film had become jammed and the image hung unmoving on the screen, all action and sound suspended. I whispered, "What happened?"

Sam Ryker said, "You missed quite a scene. Nick here has been fooling with dynamite."

I glanced at Ray, but his angry eyes were fixed on Nick's face.

"Seems Nick heard a bit of conversation over the intercom that gave him notions," Sam Ryker said. "He heard Ray and Carazel talking about the letters, and he gathered that Carazel was willing to pay heavy for them. Nick didn't know what kind of letters they were, but he figured *maybe* he could find them here in the



When you steal a man's keys and search his apartment, make sure you're not caught in the act. Fran was house—if he knew just what to look for. So he called Carazel, thinking he might make a deal with the man. And Carazel *was* willing."

Something flashed through my mind. I recalled how a voice, identifying itself as "Mr. Price," had called to ask if Nick Dudley lived here. That had been Luis Carazel, checking up.

"Nick learned what kind of letters they were from Carazel—in a general way anyhow," Sam Ryker said, "and then he got his big idea. He couldn't fool anybody who'd ever read the originals, but wouldn't Mrs. Legrue pay a whopping price to keep her husband's name clear? Not that Nick had anything to sell. Still, he figured if he could get her to leave twenty thousand bucks somewhere on the roadside, out in the Virginia hills, why, a bunch of fake letters—or just blank sheets—or even nothing at all—would be all he'd have to give for her dough. She was to leave the money, drive away, and come back to the same spot for the letters two hours later. That would give Nick plenty of time to grab the money and shoot into town—in one of those Drive Yourself rented cars. Only, it happened that Mrs. Legrue insisted on a sample letter, and Nick had to make one up; and he pulled a boner. His sample didn't even *sound* like Walter Evans Legrue. So now we're wondering what to do about it."

Ray said softly, "I know what I'm going to do about it."

Nick lifted frightened eyes.

"I want you and Bea to pack up and get out," Ray said. "From now on you're on your own. We won't go to the police," Ray said. "We can't, because we're just not talking about the letters. That's your lucky break. But you and I are washed up, Nick. I want you out of here tonight."

"Ray, listen—"

"Tonight!"

SAM'S account was clear enough, but it left me dismayed. For I saw this: The fact that Nick Dudley had attempted to extort twenty thousand dollars under false pretenses didn't bring us any closer to the solution of the mystery surrounding Legrue's death. If Nick were innocent of that, what had we accomplished, except to save Irene twenty thousand dollars? We were still where we had been in the matter of finding Legrue's murderer.

I watched Nick and Bea Dudley go out of the room. They walked up the stairs like a couple destined for the death house.

I glanced at Ray. His face was tight and colorless, with forbidding lines around the mouth. I wanted suddenly to get away. He'd be talking to Eddie and Sam Ryker for the next hour or so, and I saw no reason to wait. I didn't want to be alone again with Ray Garret. Irene—the thought of her anyhow—would always be between us.

So I went down to my office.

As I drew off my coat, I felt bleak, exhausted. I thought about Jerry Cannerton—Jerry urging me to come back to the simple life. Yes, that would be best for my peace of mind. And I could count on Jerry. What was it he'd said? "I keep knocking myself out over you, and then I always get up, groggy but unbeaten, to come back for more." Well, from now on—

His remembered words gave me a violent jar.

I stood stiff, eyes wide. For I saw another solution to the murder riddle, and nothing counted now—nothing except this strange and terrible idea that popped into my mind. It had come with the phrase, *"knocking myself out."* And now it kept echoing, pounding in my head: *Knocking himself out, knocking himself out.*

The words rose through me like a flame, consuming all other thoughts. They brought an idea about Eddie Lark. It was a monstrous notion, and yet—

What did we really know about what had happened to Eddie in the garden? Only what he had himself told us; nothing more. There had been no witnesses. Nobody to swear Eddie Lark *had* been struck down by a thief. How, then, could we be sure Eddie had told us the truth? Eddie's hat and coat lay on a chair. I stared at them. Why had we accepted on faith everything Eddie Lark had told us? Was it because of loyalty? Because he was one of us? And yet Eddie had been working here less than a month. How much faith can you develop in a month?

PICNIC

Upon this theme
I'll briefly touch:
Too far
To go
To eat
Too much.

—*A. A. Lattimer.*

I thought: On his way home with the letters the other night, Eddie must have realized they were worth a considerable amount to Legrue. It might have occurred to him that if he could sell them back to the lawyer, he could get a tremendous price on the things. But how engage in blackmail when Ray Garret knew Eddie had the letters, and Warren Bly knew, and Sam Ryker, and I?

On the other hand, if there were some way to make us believe the file had been stolen from him—and if later he could have established some way of dealing with Walter Legrue—

We had told both the doctor and the police that Eddie had injured his head by slipping and falling. *What if we'd been right?* Eddie might well have seen the answer to all his problems in the providential bruise he suffered from a fall on the flagstones. And then, after hiding the letters—say in his car—he might easily have pretended to be unconscious when we arrived.

A shudder shot through me. I didn't like these thoughts at all. Yet, paradoxically, I was astonished because they hadn't come to me long ago.

If I was right, Eddie probably had the letters and Legrue's money now. And where would they be likely to be hidden? On his person? Hardly. In his apartment perhaps.

Obnoxious as this whole trend of speculation might be, I knew we had no right to blind ourselves to it. I remembered how Eddie came in every morning, playing with his key ring, dropping it into his pocket before he took off his coat. I bent to slip a hand into the overcoat pocket. I touched gloves and a pack of cigarettes. Under them I found the key ring all right. I took it out. There were about a dozen keys. One, larger than the rest, seemed to be a doorkey.

My mouth felt dry. I knew where Eddie lived—an apartment house on Fourteenth Street, near Euclid. After a moment I put the keys into my purse and rose. Eddie would be busy upstairs for some time, I reasoned.

I GOT out of the house. At the corner I caught a cab. All the way to Fourteenth and Euclid I kept telling myself I shouldn't be doing this alone; I should have asked Ray to come with me. Yet if I were wrong, if I found nothing in Eddie's apartment, nobody need know of my suspicion.

The house was old; had obviously been converted from a private home to an apartment dwelling. There was a dim light in the entrance hall. Edward Lark lived in 4B.

I walked to the top floor. The only sound I could hear was the pounding of my heart. I had the keys in my hand. I hesitated. Behind one of the four doors I could hear a radio playing dance tunes. I turned to 4B. Despite the fact that Eddie lived alone, I touched the bell button. That was risky, but better than letting myself in with a key and having to make explanations if someone *was* in the apartment. I heard the buzz, but nobody answered.

So I tried the big key. It fitted and I stepped into Eddie Lark's apartment. When I'd pressed a wall switch, I stood still. I felt like a thief.

It was small, with the standardized furniture you find in furnished apartments of this kind: a rust-colored sofa whose cushions were worn; end tables stained with the markings of many glasses; a sparsely filled bookcase with an old portable radio on its top shelf; and a good many cigarette butts in the scattered ash trays.

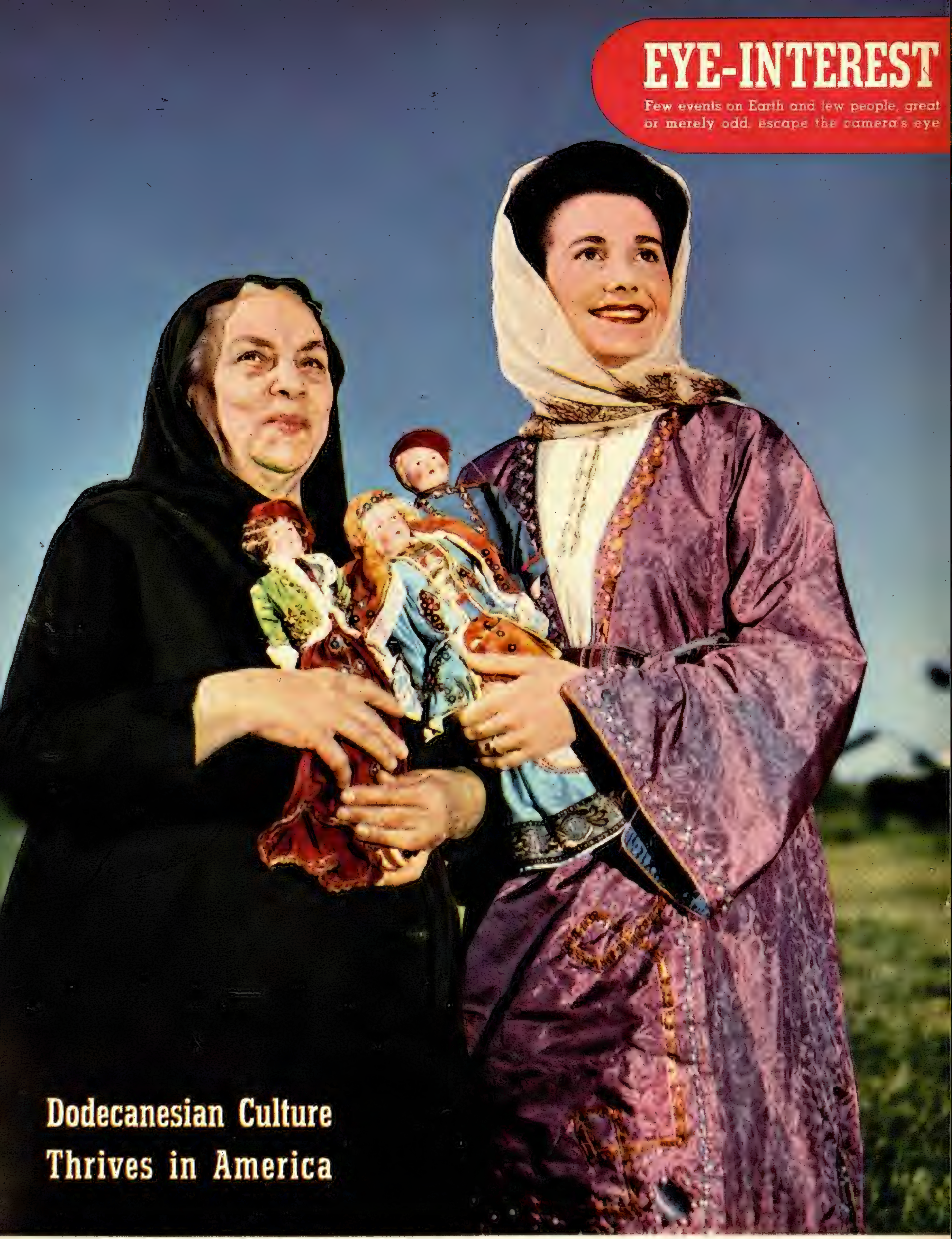
I crossed to a door that led to a bedroom. The bed hadn't been made up. Another door showed a bathroom and, beside it, a kitchenette.

It was easier to begin searching in the obvious places, so I opened every drawer I could see. Those in the bed-

(*Continued on page 74*)

EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye

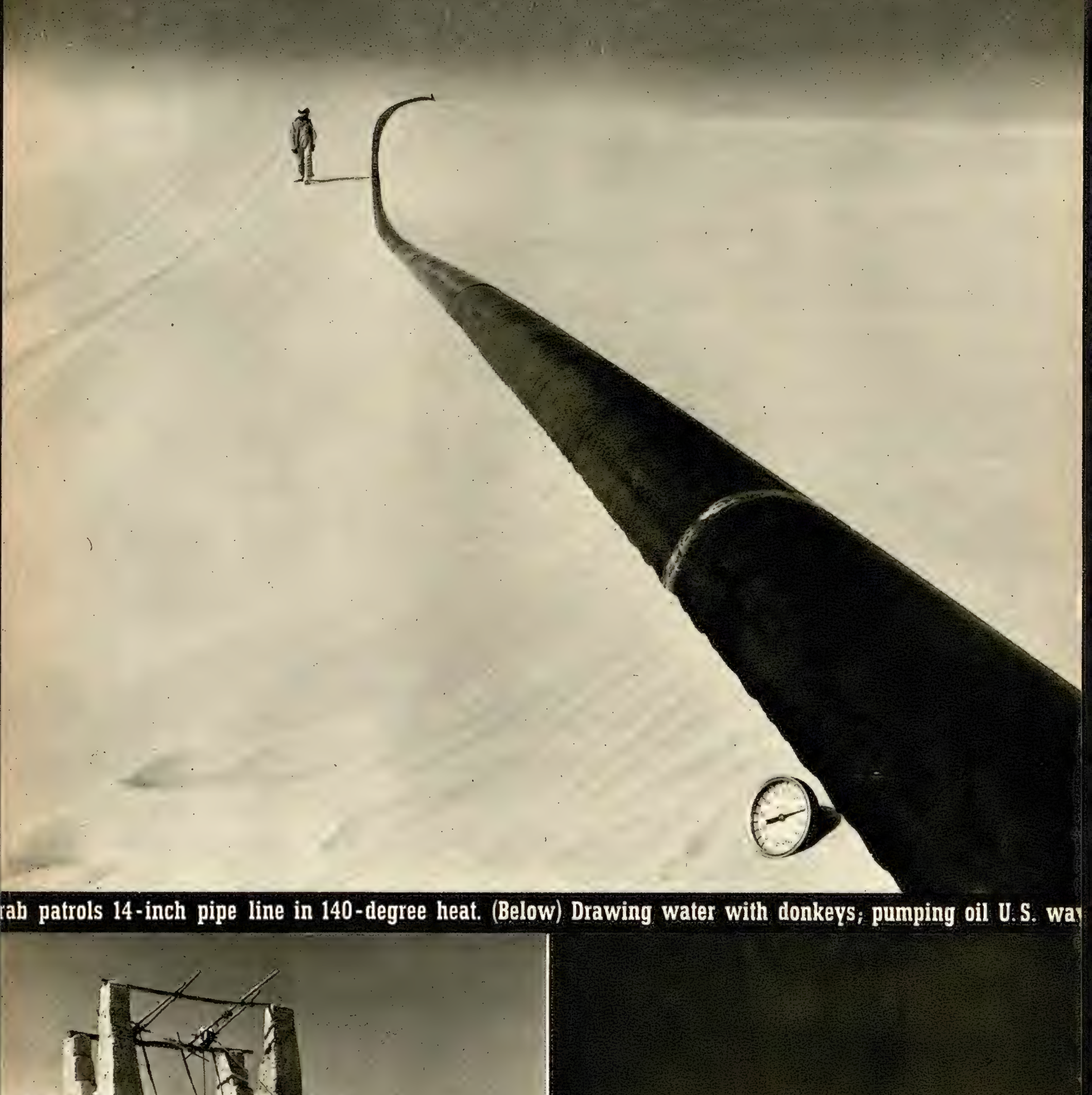


Dodecanesian Culture Thrives in America

PHOTO BY O. C. SWEET

TRADITIONAL costumes and dolls are part of the colorful sponge-fishing village of Tarpon Springs, Fla., home of a thousand Greek fishermen who hail from the Dodecanese Islands. Mary Gillas, one of the town's Greek beauties, is wearing a ceremonial gown. She and Billio Chrustodouloy carry dolls from Corfu.

Oil Pumps the Eleventh Century



rab patrols 14-inch pipe line in 140-degree heat. (Below) Drawing water with donkeys; pumping oil U.S. wa

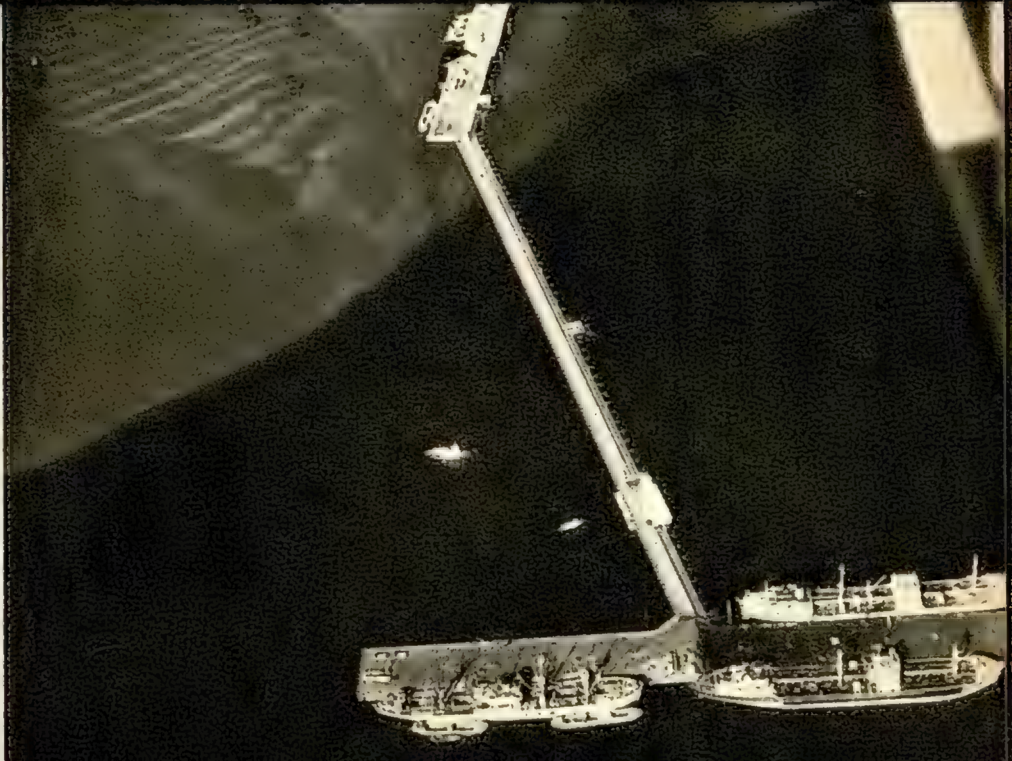
into Today

Saudi Arabia is a land of startling contrasts as its oil brings modernization

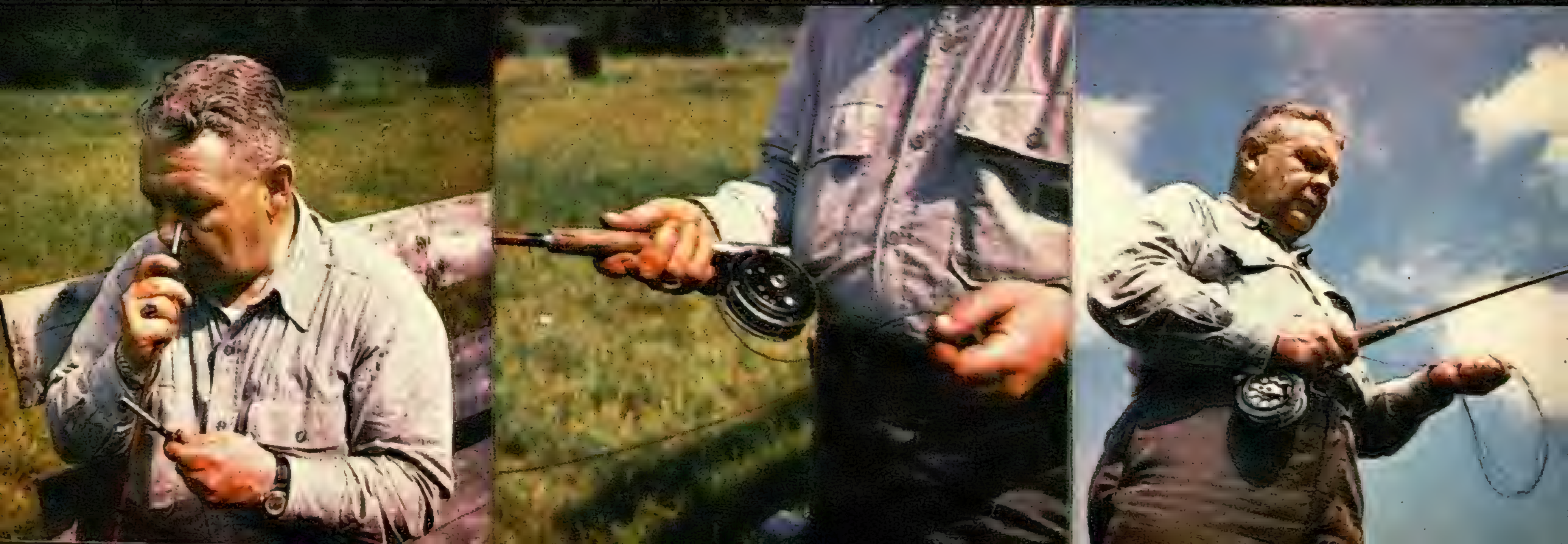
As these pictures show, the contrast between East and West is still striking. But American men and machines are fast changing Saudi Arabia's desert landscape. Big installations of the Arabian American Oil Co., American schools, hospitals, air-conditioned homes are going up along the Persian Gulf. Air liners roar overhead on 48-hour schedules to and from the United States. At Ras Tanura a marine terminal has been built that can load four tankers at once at the rate of 10,000 to 12,000 barrels an hour. A measure of the American-made boom is the fact that U. S. trade with Saudi Arabia is 400 per cent over prewar levels.

Bedouin mother and child. (Below) Persian Gulf home of a U. S. oil offici

haikh of Bahrein's constabulary on ships of the desert. American ships loading Arabian oil at the Bahrein dock



Tips on the perfect cast: Rod joints oiled by rubbing them on nose. Thumb on top of rod for best control.

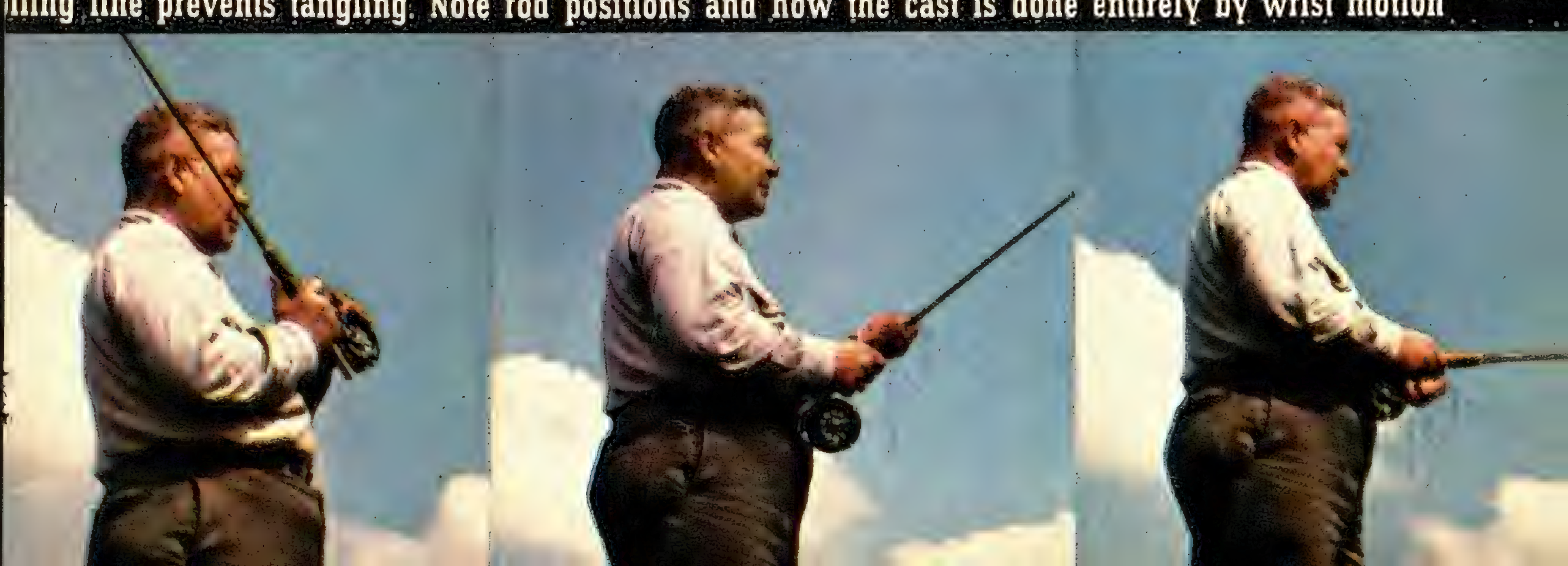


PHOTOS BY OSCAR SWEET AND SID LATHAM

Perfect Casting

FLY casting as practiced by skilled anglers like Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weed (above), Howard Van Bromal (opposite page), and Tom Brown, (below) is a fine art. The Weeds are fishing a stream on their Connecticut farm. The fly is dropped in every bit of cover where trout are likely to hide. Rod is never flung far back over the shoulder, nor is it permitted to dip too low. Casting arm should be kept close to the body to prevent fatigue and give control in casting. Rod tip should be in the direction line is running. Tom Brown shows proper grip and rod positions. A favorite trout stream of Tom's is the Ausable River in New York.

iling line prevents tangling. Note rod positions and how the cast is done entirely by wrist motion



Beautiful Peruvian señorita lolls on the beach in January, which is midsummer down in Peru.

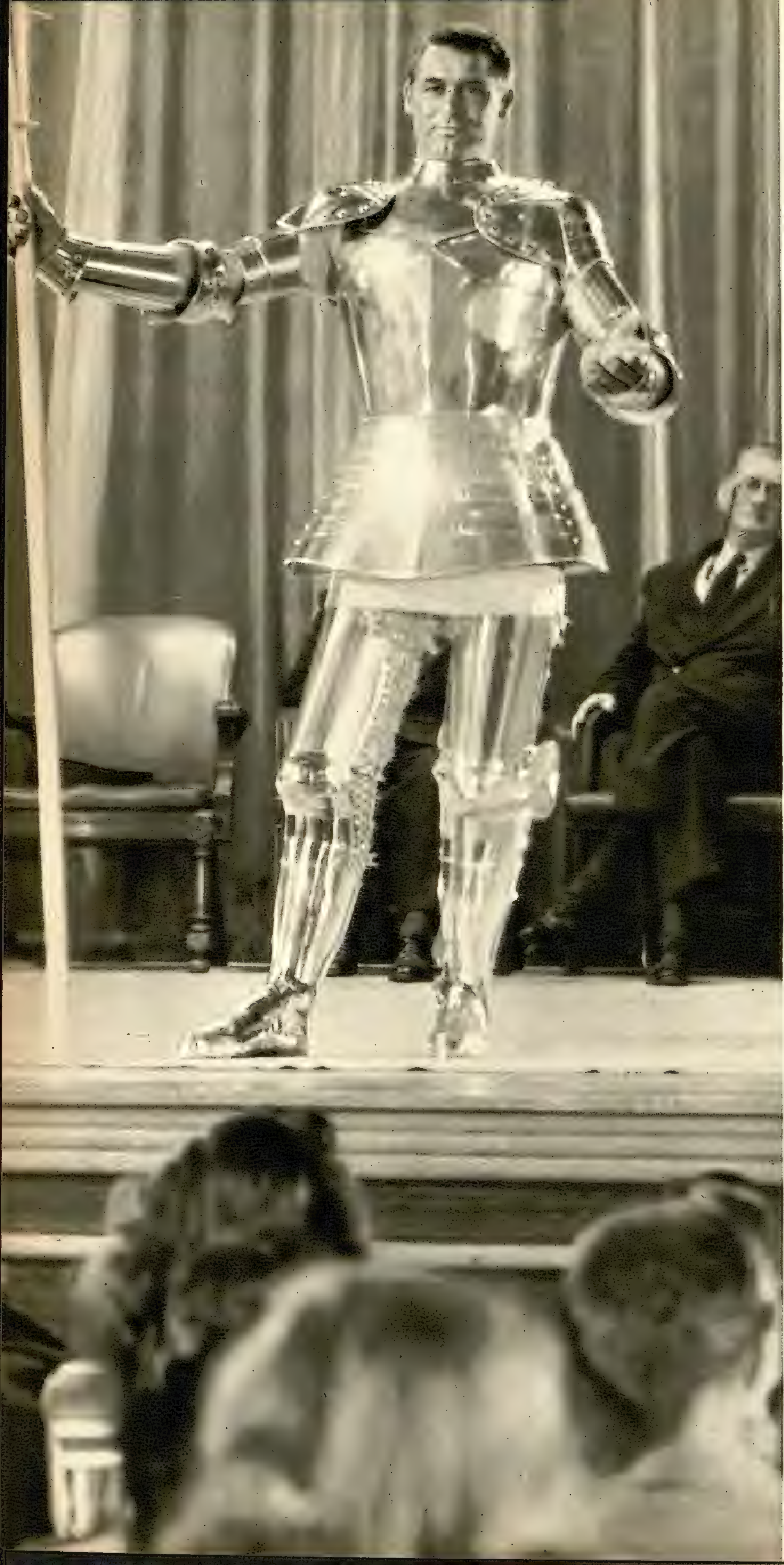
What the well-dressed Limean girl will wear.

Peruvian fashion model relaxes fetchingly at exclusive beach resort,

Beauties of Peru

PERU is noted for its cathedrals, its ruins, and its beautiful women. The cathedrals and ruins get more attention than the country's living beauties. This is strange, because the average Peruvian man pays ardent and constant homage to the lovely señoritas. It is commonplace in Lima for men to address a few words of admiration to passing women. While this may seem to be the equivalent of the American low, rising whistle, actually it is a tribute rather than an impertinent attempt to make the ladies' acquaintance. The Limeños greatly admire a pretty woman and usually admire her aloud. No acknowledgment is expected or forthcoming from the señorita. She walks on haughtily pretending not to notice—but inwardly she gloats. The accompanying photos of Peruvian beauties were taken by Willy Hartmann Equren, noted photographer and editor of Turismo, Lima's swank society magazine.

Above and right: Typical beauties.



The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxe

Grant takes Temple, Loy, and you on a joy ride in this rib-tickling comedy

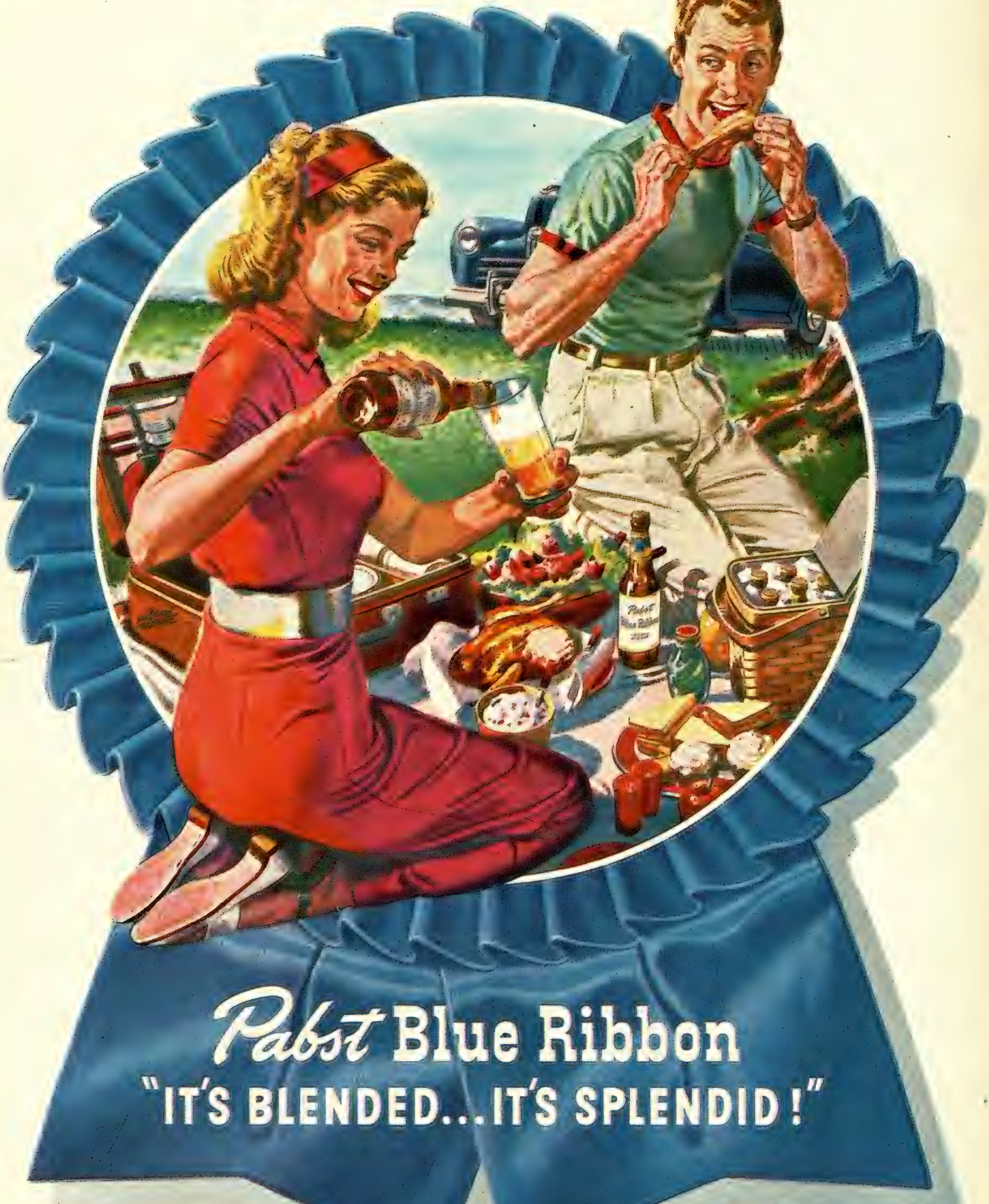
HIGH on the list of what movie moguls are pleased to call "summer subjects" is the teen-ager's infatuation with an older man, preferably one who is in love with her young, attractive mother or her equally young, equally attractive sister. As the title would indicate, such is the subject matter for RKO's The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer. Fortunately, the picture stars Cary Grant as the bachelor and Shirley Temple as the bobby-soxer. When you add Myrna Loy to the cast as the sister, you have a triple-threat combination that's bound to raise your spirits on these low-pressure days. The action starts when sweet Shirley sees Cary as a knight in shining armor. The phenomenon, accomplished by one of the funniest camera tricks of the year, occurs as art expert Cary addresses her high-school assembly. From then on the plot lightens, jumping from one hilarious semi-slapstick scene to the next before you have time to catch your breath. The climax comes with Shirley's school picnic and that OBSTACLE RACE (see cover). The supporting cast is uniformly excellent, from Rudy Vallee, who is perfect as Myrna's stuffed-shirt suitor, to producer Dore Schary, who pulls a Hitchcock near the end of the picture in a fleeting bit as Cary's friend. For summer refreshment as cool and as light as a tall lemonade, see The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer.

Other Pictures Worth Seeing

THE WEB (Universal-International). Edmond O'Brien, Ella Raines, and Vincent Price turn in far-better-than-average jobs in this far-better-than-average whodunit.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE (Eagle-Lion). A fine cast and unusual story mark this one. Watch newcomer Richard Baseheart—a wonderful actor who will go far.

"Pick o' the Picnic!"


Pabst Blue Ribbon
Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED... IT'S SPLENDID!"

Copr. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN TO DAVID ROSE AND HIS MUSIC WITH SONGS
BY GEORGIA GIBBS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

NO NIGHT FOR SINGING

Continued from Page 23

Uncle Davey didn't smile, though. I had never known him to be so serious. The expression on Hughie's face was troubling him too.

"I'll be back later and bring some of the boys with me," he told Hughie. "We'll have a little sing."

I saw nothing wrong with this suggestion, for it was a common thing for men to gather around the kiln fire to help the lonely tender through part of his long night vigil. Sometimes the girls came too, and brought corn and roasted it beneath the embers. What a time there would be, with jokes and storytelling and singing and a little sly love-making where the glow didn't quite reach.

Uncle Davey had said nothing about bringing the girls tonight, and his suggestion about having a sing had sounded a little forced. And when Hughie said, "It is no night for singing," I sensed that there was really something wrong.

Uncle Davey went over the stile and started across the fields. I listened for his piping whistle, but no sound came. Evidently he, like Hughie, was in no mood for music. When two Welshmen refuse to sing or to whistle, something is seriously out of the way.

I was hoping that Hughie might let me in on his secret, but he evidently had no intention of handing me even one straw. So I settled myself on a block of limestone facing the kiln opening and watched him replenish the fire.

A LIMEKILN is a wondrous thing. And grandfather's was the best on the creek. Built of limestone blocks, it rose twenty feet against the cliff and was just as wide from cedars to cedars. Like a fortress it stood near the bank of the creek, much as the castles of feudal lords overhung German rivers.

I had watched Hughie and Uncle Davey fill the kiln with stone a few days before. Filling kilns is an art which is no more. The circular openings in which the stone was calcinated were fifteen feet deep and ten feet in diameter. The first stones placed in the kiln formed an arch upon which the tons of broken pieces would rest. Any miscalculation in the laying of the foundations would result in a collapse of the whole structure.

Hughie understood the importance of the arch as a supporting force. He always chose a keystone capable of bearing the stress and strain of its supporting members.

The hemlock sticks were burning briskly in the square opening at the bottom of the kiln and the glow from the fire tinged the smoke with a pink that was prettier than Aunt Gwennie's new dress. Fortunately, the wind was blowing gently from the west, pulling the smoke toward the creek. Hughie must have been glad for this, for an east wind meant much coughing for the kiln tender.

If Hughie was glad, he didn't show it. He kept piling fresh wood on the fire, but there was a stubborn hunch to his shoulders and anger showed in every stride of his bandy legs. And I began to realize that there were two Hughies, one the care-free, smiling, singing Welshman who was my friend; the other a sullen, powerful stranger whom I did not know at all. Sitting on the block of limestone, I felt cold and alone. I walked across to where Hughie sat and dropped down on the bench beside him. My impulse was to ask him to sing, for he had the best Welsh tenor I have ever heard, but one look at him made me postpone my request.

He sat with his elbows on his knees and his chin cupped in his hands, looking at the fire.

A shift in the breeze sent a whiff of smoke swirling around us. I closed my eyes and coughed. When I opened them, Hughie had turned his face in my direction.

Overheard on a bathing beach: "Don't you just love those little suitless bathing straps!"—*John Newton Baker.*

"Ah, you it is," he said.

"Did you think it was Yr Ellyllon?" I asked slyly, recalling the many times he had told me that Welsh goblins of that name haunt tenders of kiln fires.

My attempt at humor fell flat. Hughie didn't even crack a smile. Instead, he said, "John, mind you, be careful about women."

There it was, part of the answer to grandmother's objections. A woman was in the case somewhere. But what had that to do with me? I was only twelve and was not interested in women.

Hughie picked up the jackknife that lay at his side and began to whittle idly on a stick of wood.

"John," he said, "it is not women like your grandmother and your Aunt Gwennie I mean. Angels they are."

And I sensed right away that he meant two kinds of angels, gray-haired ones like grandmother and young ones with pink cheeks and brown curls like Aunt Gwennie. Like a flash it occurred to me that Aunt Gwennie hadn't appeared at the supper table.

So I asked, rather guilelessly, "Did Aunt Gwennie go out for supper?"

"No," said Hughie, "that she did not do. In her room she was."

"But she ain't sick?"

Hughie seemed to be pondering. "There be two kinds of sick, John," he replied. "One is sick in the body. The other is sick in the heart. She has that kind."

"But why?"

Hughie did not seem to wish to satisfy me this time. But at last the answer came: "A good woman she is, John. She wants her men to be good. She wants me to be good."

"But you are good, Hughie."

Hughie scooped up a handful of shavings and let them sift between his fingers. "Is it nothing you have heard today, John?" he asked.

If I hadn't spent the whole day fishing up the creek, I might have been better informed, but Aunt Gwennie had gone for the mail in my absence, so I hadn't had a chance to hear the village gossip.

"Is it something bad?" I asked.

"Bad enough it is."

"About you, is it, Hughie?"

"You and your old questions, boy. It is fenced me in, you have. And maybe better it is for me to tell you. You know that wife of Jules Chabot?"

I spit the bad taste out of my mouth. I knew what the men called her.

"I see you know her," Hughie went on. "Well, that woman is come here last week when I burn lime. She is come two nights. She is want me to make love with her, John. I do not want her. It is no man's wife I want. I tell that woman it is home with her man she should be. Now it is everyone she is telling that I try to make love with her."

"But that ain't fair," I blurted out. "She ain't got no right to say things like that about you."

Hughie almost smiled. "It is glad I am you believe me, John," he said. "So does Davey, but it is different with the women."

Yes, it was different with the women. I suddenly remembered that grandmother had not spoken to nor looked at Hughie at the supper table. And Aunt Gwennie, who liked Hughie so much that the villagers were getting ready to ring the wedding bells for them, had stayed in her room.

THE road to the quarry was suddenly filled with noises. I could recognize voices, though I couldn't see anything outside the range of the fire's glow. I had heard such voices before, because I often had been at the quarry when the French Canadians from Gang Mills had come in with loads of hemlock and spruce for the kiln fires. They had usually been loud, laughing voices, filled with boasting and song. Tonight they were swelling with anger.

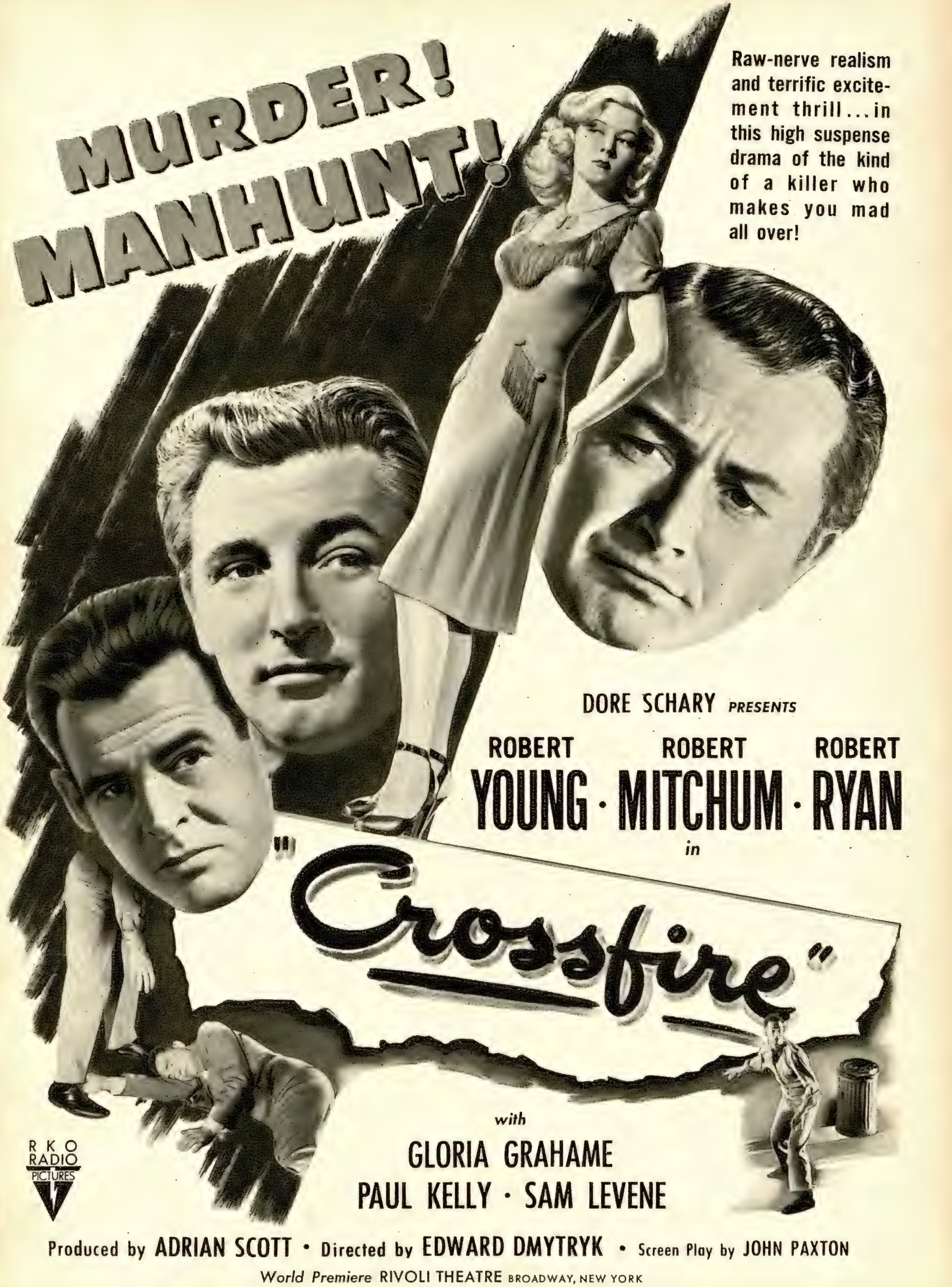
"Jules it is," said Hughie, rising. "He is come to fight me."

"But why?" I asked. "That won't do no good."

"Fighting over women never does good," said Hughie.

I sat watching him. Hughie was strong and muscular, to be sure, but what chance would he have against a man like Jules Chabot? The logger was at least thirty pounds heavier than Hughie. He had a reputation for rough-and-tumble fighting. Sudden-

(*Continued on page 55*)


MURDER! MANHUNT!

Raw-nerve realism and terrific excitement thrill... in this high suspense drama of the kind of a killer who makes you mad all over!

DORE SCHARY *PRESENTS*

ROBERT YOUNG · ROBERT MITCHUM · ROBERT RYAN

in

"Crossfire"

with

GLORIA GRAHAME

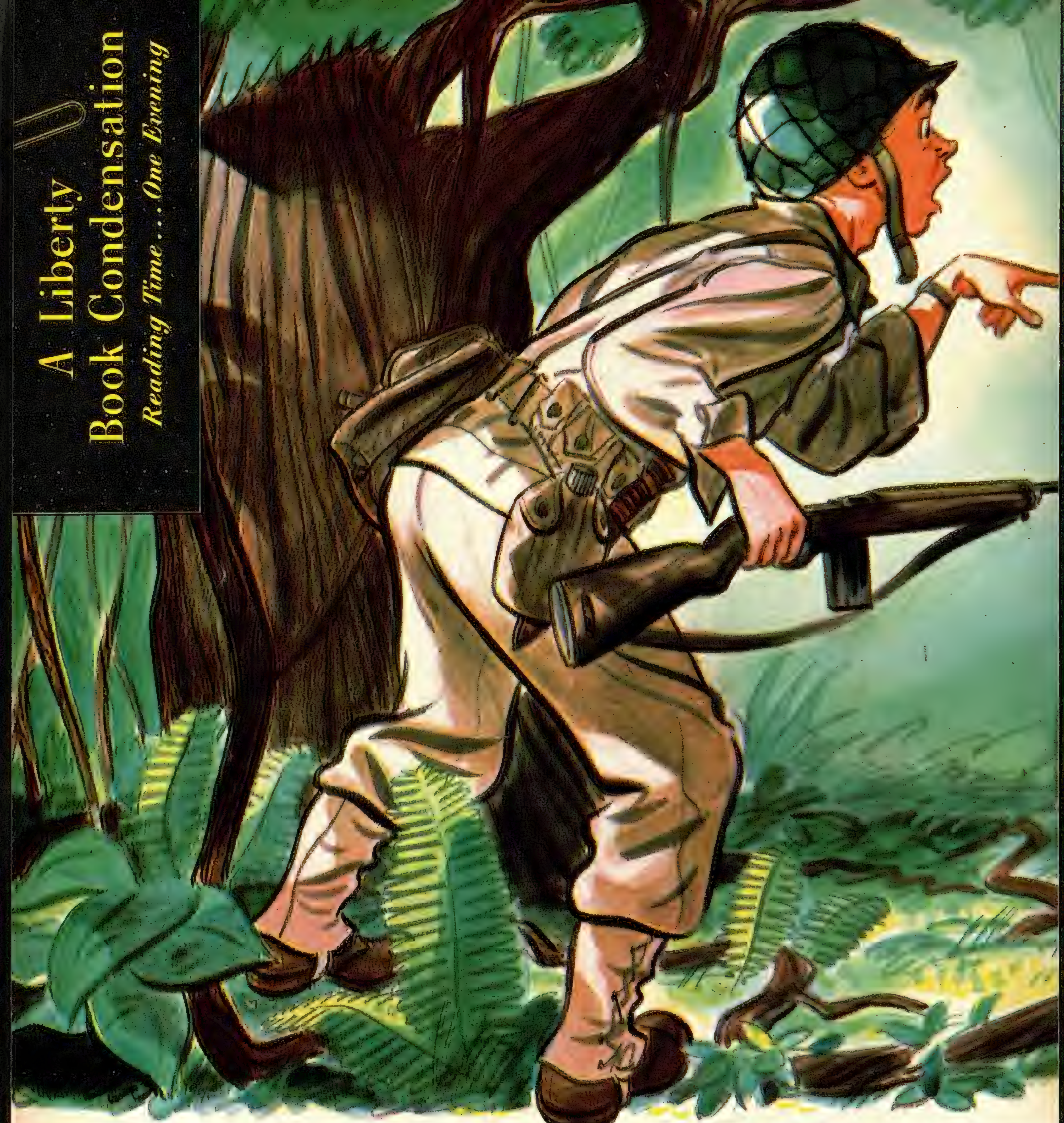
PAUL KELLY · SAM LEVENE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by **ADRIAN SCOTT** · Directed by **EDWARD DMYTRYK** · Screen Play by **JOHN PAXTON**

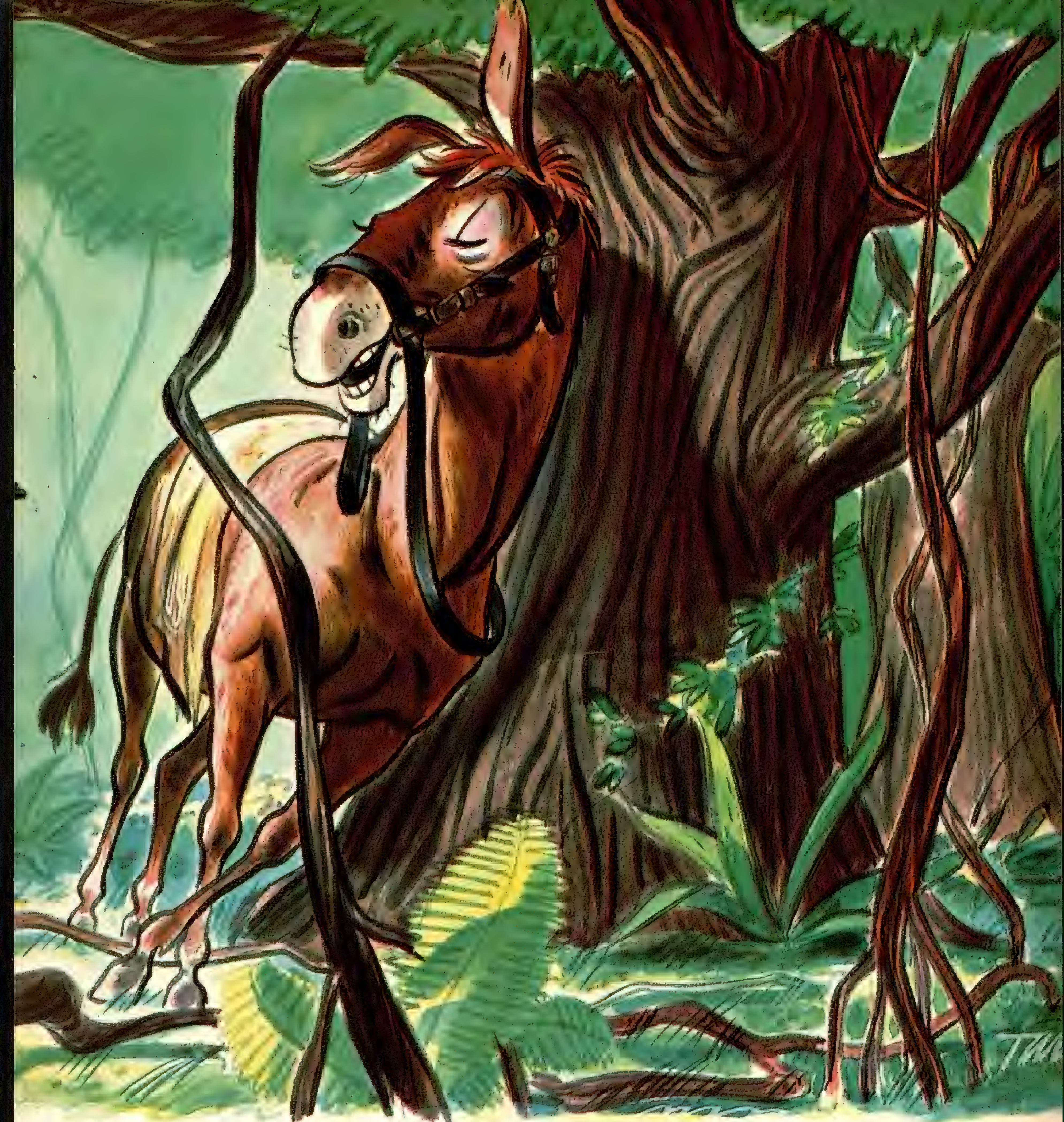
World Premiere RIVOLI THEATRE BROADWAY, NEW YORK

A Liberty
Book Condensation
Reading Time . . . One Evening



"And I'm just as impresse

FRANCIS



TARRA

as you are," said the mule

By DAVID STERN

THE night was black. The Burma hills were rugged. But there is no excuse for a second lieutenant's losing his platoon.

I reached out for the man in front of me. My hand closed around the trunk of a small tree. I whispered the name of my platoon sergeant. There was no answer. I started to think what the CO would say when I told him I'd lost my platoon. Then I was downright scared.

I crept under the low branches of a banyan tree. I suppose I must have fallen asleep, for our dawn barrage waked me. Shell bursts mingled with patches of mist rising from the mountainside. The nearest explosions were a thousand yards below where the mountain slope leveled off into the valley. I knew I must cross that area to reach our lines.

I sat there watching the white puffs. The explosions were closer. I rubbed my eyes, smoothed my hair, adjusted my helmet, and started toward our lines. It was only a matter of minutes before I reached the field of fire.

I'd half-risen to make a run for it

Copyright, 1946, by David Stern. Published by Farrar, Straus and Company, New York, N. Y. Price $2.50

"The mule told me, sir..."

when I heard the whine of a shell. With the instinct one learns quickly in battle, I dove, rolled over three times, and came to a stop sitting up. I was at the bottom of a slight ravine surrounded by low banyan trees.

Standing a few feet from me was a runt of an Army mule, as sad a creature as ever hauled a load away. His head hung low and his back hung lower. His hide was bespattered and anointed with what appeared to be a collection of all that was worst in Burma.

I scanned the ravine. Except for the mule, it was empty.

I began feeling myself all over to discover if I was injured. When I came to my posterior I winced. Nothing serious, but tender.

"Isn't this one hell of a mess?" I must have spoken aloud.

"You said a mouthful," said a voice.

I leaped to my feet. Frantically I searched the ravine, following my gaze with the muzzle of my carbine.

"I suggest you pull your head down," said the voice, "or you'll get it blown off."

"Who said that?" I demanded.

"I did." The mule was looking at me with mournful brown eyes. Its lips were moving.

"Who is I?"

"Me. . . . The mule."

"Don't be ridiculous," I said.

"Coming from a second lieutenant that's almost ironic," said the voice.

"Is this a trick?" I demanded, feeling panic begin to rise.

"Most certainly it is not."

I gripped my carbine more tightly and advanced a step. "I don't believe it," I said.

"Believe what?"

"That a mule can talk," I said.

"I'm not particularly interested in whether you believe it or not," said the mule. "Probably we'll both have our blocks knocked off before we get back. So what's the difference?"

"But. . . . but it's fantastic!" I stammered.

"After all, you can talk," said the animal.

"I am a second lieutenant," I said.

"And I'm just as impressed as you are," said the mule, "having had some experience with second lieutenants."

"I never heard anything like it," I said.

The mule indignantly pawed the earth with one hoof. "Undoubtedly there are a number of things about which you have never heard. That's why you're a junior officer."

"The Table of Organization in our . . ." Then I caught myself. Making excuses to a mule.

"The old T/O wheeze, lieutenant," the mule said. "You're a pretty pathetic case."

I was annoyed. "Who are you?" I demanded.

"Just an Army mule. . . . But my name happens to be Francis."

A shell landed near by. Instinctively I cringed.

"Getting close," said the mule.

"Much too close." I brushed some dirt from my arm. "Though you seem calm enough about it."

"I'm a fatalist," said the mule. "Anyway, I've been hit once in this engagement. On the law of averages I shouldn't get it again."

"I am the Commanding General..."

"You're wounded?" I asked. It still seemed fantastic to be talking to a mule. But there wasn't anything else to do about it.

"Just a scratch."

The tempo of the shell bursts was increasing. The earth was trembling, and wisps of smoke drifted into the ravine.

"We are facing an extremely serious situation," I said. "We must decide upon a course of action."

The mule flapped its right ear forward. "Brilliant, lieutenant! Sounds just like Army Field Manual twenty-two-dash-something or other. I presume you have studied a great many field manuals, lieutenant. Just what do you propose to do?"

I felt my face begin to flush.

A shell landed close. I fell to my knees, stumbled up again.

Immediate action must be taken. As an officer, the responsibility was mine. I looked at the mule.

"Francis," I said, "if you can talk perhaps you have some other unusual qualifications?"

"What do you mean?" asked Francis.

"I mean, do you do anything else that's different for a mule?"

"Well," said Francis, "I can fly."

"Are you trying to tell me you can take off and sail through the air?"

"Most certainly not," said the mule. "I don't sail, I fly."

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"It's extremely complicated." Francis wiggled that right ear again. "I wouldn't know how to put it into words."

"See here," I said, "we must clear out of here."

"How?" asked Francis.

I thought for a moment. "Have you had much experience on mountain trails?"

"Considerable," Francis said. "Considerable."

"Can you run down them?"

"I can. . . ." Francis paused, a wise look coming into his large, brown eyes. "I can, but only under the most extreme provocation."

"Well, what do you call this?" I asked.

"I've been thinking the same thing," said the mule.

"Could you carry me?" I ventured.

"On my back?" Francis' voice rose.

"Yes," I said.

The mule pawed the earth. "It would slow me up terrifically. Simply terrifically."

I have always believed that only when absolutely necessary should an officer use his rank. This appeared to be such an occasion.

"After all," I said, "I am an officer."

The mule rolled his eyes in a circle. "A second lieutenant," he said.

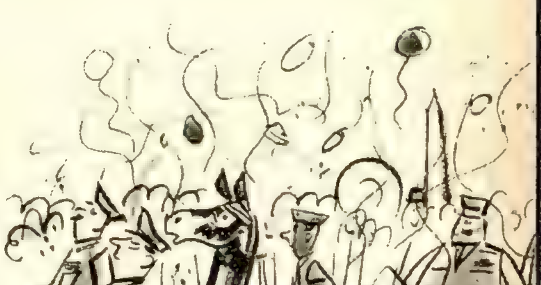
"I am a commissioned officer," I repeated.

"For the sake of argument," said the mule, "we'll admit that you are designated as an officer. Still there's no reason for me to risk my life to try to save you. It wouldn't even be patriotic."

"Are you implying that it wouldn't be right to save my life?"

"The question," said the mule, "is not whether it would be right to save your life. The question is whether it

(*Continued on page 77*)



"This place is lousy with brass..."

(*Continued from page 50*)

ly I was afraid, not for myself but for Hughie.

"Ain't you afraid?" I asked him.

"Yes, John, it is afraid I am."

I hadn't expected this answer. Hughie was my hero and I wanted him to fight like the knights I had been reading about. I was disappointed and ashamed.

THE men were in the glow of the fire now. There was Jules, big and bold in his checkered shirt with his trousers tucked into high boots. I could pick out Mose Defrere and Chink La Farge and others. And right in the midst of them was that woman. Her bright red dress was tight to her body and she walked with a motion that made me think of the eel I had caught last week.

Jules wasted no time. He peeled off his shirt and gave his trousers a hitch. The hair on his chest was thick and black and his biceps became hills as he clenched his fists and squared his shoulders. He spat a cud of tobacco to the ground and wiped his thick lips with the back of his hand.

"Well, mister," he said to Hughie, "are you ready to take your licking?" Jules' eyes were close together.

Hughie was standing with his back braced against the kiln and his arms folded across his chest. "It is no use for two men to fight over a bad woman," was all he said.

That was enough for Jules. No bobcat ever moved more swiftly than did that logger. His hand was on Hughie's shoulder and his breath was in Hughie's face. "You call my wife a bad woman? You who try to make her bad?" he shouted, twisting Hughie's shirt in his long fingers.

Hughie's face went white as chalk and my supper came almost to my mouth, for I felt sure Hughie was afraid, that he would suffer any disgrace to avoid a fight with Jules.

"Let him be, or you'll be sorry." For the first time I noticed that Uncle Davey had come back. Behind Uncle Davey was Ivor Roberts and Bob Jones Painter and most of the Welshmen from the village. And I knew that was what Uncle Davey meant when he had mentioned bringing the boys for a sing.

Jules did not let Hughie be. I can see him now, standing in the glow of the fire, the devil's own expression on his swarthy face. With a twist of his fingers, Jules tore the shirt from Hughie's back.

Hughie was a modest man. He never took off his shirt when he worked, regardless of the heat of the sun or the kiln fire. I was seeing his chest for the first time and what I saw caused me to draw back. Hughie was not hairy like Jules. That was what made the knife scars stand out so white against his skin, one of them straight across his chest, the other long and broad from shoulder to belt, the two together forming a cross.

Jules drew back a step or two and stared at the scars. That is how he missed the expression that had come over Hughie's face. I saw it clearly in the glow from the fire. Hughie's eyes had narrowed to pin points. His lips were drawn back so far that his gums showed above his teeth. Anger had painted his face crimson.

David Pascal

"Objection overruled."
LIBERTY

Before Jules could gasp his astonishment, Hughie's fists were beating a tattoo on the logger's hairy stomach. Hughie hit so hard and so fast that all I could see was a blur.

Jules was helpless against this unexpected attack. Hughie's punches doubled him up like a jackknife. The logger's long arms flailed the air weakly over Hughie's shoulders and his face was the color of pea soup. He crashed to the floor of the quarry, right at the feet of that woman.

It was Uncle Davey and Ivor who pulled Hughie off his victim. Even then they needed the help of Bob Jones Painter before they could pin Hughie's arms behind his back. And all the while they were struggling with him, Hughie was making cries like a panther that had been robbed of its prey.

It was some time before Jules was able to sit up. Never in my life have I seen a more surprised expression on a man's face. He sat there, gazing vacantly into space, all the while pressing both hands to those parts which hurt him most.

Uncle Davey had succeeded in quieting Hughie. He squatted on a block of stone near the kiln, his face cupped in his hands. He had drawn what was left of his shirt over his nakedness.

Mose Defrere and Chink La Farge lifted Jules to his feet. The logger sagged badly in the middle, much like a sack of grain. His groans were loud as they led him away.

And that woman? She had run kiting the moment Hughie got Jules down.

It was no night for singing, so everyone went back to the village to spread the news of the fight. That is, all except Uncle Davey. He kept winking slyly in my direction.

"Are you all cooled down now, Hughie?" he asked.

Hughie raised his eyes. "Yes," he said, "and it is ashamed I am. What is it Gwennie will think now?"

"Why don't you go to her and find out?" asked Uncle Davey. "She has been standing near the stile over a half hour, waiting for you."

Hughie stood up as if Uncle Davey had put a firecracker under him. "Gwennie?" he asked. "She saw me do it?"

"I told her the whole story when I got home," Uncle Davey explained, "and she simply had to come and see that nothing happened to dear Hughie. But she wouldn't like you in that outfit. Here, let's change shirts."

While Uncle Davey changed shirts with Hughie, I strained my eyes toward the stile. And, sure enough, I could see a shape there.

"John and I will tend the kiln," said Uncle Davey. "You go chase Gwennie before she gets away from you."

Hughie's lips spread in the best smile I ever saw him make. He started toward the stile.

UNCLE DAVEY and I replenished the fire. I poured out my troubles through the clouds of smoke that curled toward the stars.

"Davey," I asked, "why was Hughie afraid to fight Jules?"

"Was he afraid?" countered Uncle Davey. "I thought he did pretty well."

There was no use opposing this argument. I hated to think what might have happened to the logger if Uncle Davey and Ivor hadn't pulled Hughie away.

"But Hughie told me before Jules came that he was afraid."

"Did Hughie say he was afraid of Jules?"

"No. He just said he was afraid."

Uncle Davey stirred the fire with a long pole. "You saw the scars on Hughie's chest tonight?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed."

"Hughie told me how he got them. It was when he was boxing champion of Wales."

Hughie the boxing champion! I might have known, after what I had seen him do to Jules.

"A robber attacked him on a lonely highway," Uncle Davey went on. "Hughie had only his fists to fight with and the robber had a knife. You saw what the robber did to Hughie. What Hughie did to the robber has haunted him ever since. That is one reason he left Wales, John."

"Hughie—killed him?" I gasped.

"No, the man lived, but Hughie has been afraid of his own strength ever since. That is why he didn't want to fight tonight, John. He was not afraid of Jules. He was afraid of himself."

THE END

Worn piston rings don't show, but they're more serious

Worn pants are harmless, but worn piston rings can cause real damage in your car. As soon as you notice excessive oil consumption, ask your Sealed Power franchise dealer to install a set of Sealed Power Individually Engineered Piston Rings. They save gas, save oil, lengthen engine life, restore original power.

Whatever the make, model or degree of cylinder wear in your engine, there is a Sealed Power Ring Set specifically engineered to do the best possible job for you. Sealed Power workers are proud of their product and its 36-year record of preference by leading car, truck and engine builders. See your Sealed Power Franchise Dealer. Send a postal for illustrated, informative new booklet on 7 ways to save oil. It's free and may save you lots of money. Sealed Power Corporation, Dept. J8, Muskegon, Mich.; In Canada, Stratford, Ont.

SEALED POWER
RING SET

In addition to Sealed Power Individually Engineered Piston Ring Sets, ask for Sealed Power Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts.

© 1947 Sealed Power Corp.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

BEST IN NEW CARS! ★ BEST IN OLD CARS!

THE MASTERFUL MALE

Continued from Page 27

on the side of the jaw. His hand hurt.

"Thanks, kid," said Buchanan, discovering with his fingers that there was a slight flow of blood. Executing a quick about-face, he retired.

Poky blew on his knuckles. They seemed to have cracked open a little. When he raised his eyes, a small girl was there, staring at him. She was tanned, red-lipped, and her hair was shiny dark and long enough to flow and ripple. She was dressed for the outdoors in a play suit.

"That," she announced, "was the bravest thing I ever, ever saw."

"What?" said Poky.

"I saw it all," said the girl. "Of course I was too far away to hear what you said. I watched the big guy threatening you like anything. I could see you talk back to him, and when he wouldn't listen to reason, you beat him to the punch. Zingo, what a lightning right! Or was it a left?"

"No, it was a right," said Poky, "only, you haven't got the idea exactly. I only—"

"I'm Fleur Ames," said the girl, "and I'm taking you to meet Bernie. She's my sister, Bernice Ames. You know, of the Ames' Tea Shoppes."

"Maybe some other time."

"I need you now," said Fleur. "Please. We're living right over here at the Cottle place. For the summer, you know. If I give you my word that the happiness of human beings is at stake, will you come?"

"Well—"

FLEUR had him by the arm and Poky yielded.

"What do we call you?" she inquired.

"Poky. The last name is Nickerson."

"How marvelous!" said Fleur, giggling. "Bernie'll writhe."

"Is that good?"

"Oh, yes. We've got to save Bernie, see? Here's how it is. She was born rich, but when the family went bust she had to make her own way. She worked up to being a successful business woman and now she looks at the world with level and critical eyes. The men in her life have got to be battlers. Survival-of-the-fittest stuff. You should glimpse the hard-bitten Romeos we've had to save her from."

"I don't see where I come in," said Poky. He would have turned back, but the Cottle homestead was at the foot of the slope, a gray-shingled house with a low picket fence around the dooryard. On the stone step sat a girl with a book. She looked up as they approached, disclosing forthright brown eyes and a slender, questing face. She was wearing lake-blue slacks and a darker blue jersey.

"Bernie," said Fleur, "this is Poky, so called because he takes a poke at people—all sizes."

"That isn't so at all," said Poky. "The reason—"

"Hello," said Bernie in a softly fascinating contralto, extending her hand as she arose.

Poky made a false move with his own hand, then noticed the gory knuckles.

"I shouldn't have socked him in the jaw," he said. "It was too hard. His nose would have been softer."

"The guy was tremendous," said Fleur.

"I see," said Bernie.

"No, you don't," said Poky. "Not at all. It was this way—"

"He's staying for dinner," said Fleur. "How about a drink?"

"You'll find a shaker of Martinis just mixed. Wally won't be down until later. And get yourself a glass of ginger ale, dear."

Fleur tipped Poky a comradely wink as she disappeared.

"This is awfully embarrassing," Poky began. "I only—"

"It's not embarrassing at all," said Bernie. "I believe in facing things squarely, don't you? No excuses, no compromise. Well, we're born into a fighting society, aren't we?"

"I wasn't," said Poky. "I was born right here with the cranberries, pussy willows and muskrats, and we can get along together any time."

"Pussy willows are one thing, acquisitive human beings are another."

FLEUR arrived with a tray, and a couple of minutes later Mrs. Budlong came in. Poky gathered that she was an older married sister, and acting head of the household. There were only the four of them for dinner, although further references were made to an absent Wally. It seemed that Wally was a chronic house guest.

After dinner Fleur led Poky to the side yard under the starry summer sky.

"Remember," she said, "Bernie expects to be kissed."

Poky jumped.

"Gosh," he said, "nobody works as fast as that."

"Oh, yes, they do," said Fleur. "Bernie recognizes the aggressiveness of the male, though not his dominance. You mustn't let her suspect timidity or weakness."

Poky's next words died on his lips. Fleur had skipped. Then Bernie appeared. It was dark in the shadow of the house. Then she came on into the starlight and they sat down on a bench. The evening was sweet with the breath of wild roses and swamp honeysuckle.

After all, thought Poky, what can I lose? There have been a lot of changes since the war and I guess people are more broad-minded. I am not an aggressive, not even a highly competitive male, and have no desire to represent the type, but, on the other hand, Bernie does things to the imagination. Darn it all, why did the kid sister have to put the idea in my head?

"If I wait a second longer I'll be wasting our time," Poky said.

"Meaning what?" inquired Bernie.

"I read that in a book, but it's good," said Poky. "In deference to the veneer which we call civilization, and for the suitable adjustment of personalities, I approach the subject gradually."

"What subject?"

"Romance," said Poky.

"Is that what you call gradual?"

"Sure, and now that the preliminaries are out of the way, why do you look so wonderful in the starlight?"

"I shouldn't like to have to slap you," mused Bernie.

"We shouldn't be any further along," said Poky.

"Who wants to get further along?"

"I do," said Poky, "or else I might get stuck like the Greek on the vase."

"I don't think I follow you."

"Keats," said Poky. "You know. Ode on a Grecian Urn. 'Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss.' Believe me, never is a long time, especially tonight."

"It's rather curious," said Bernie. "Behind those words of yours there's something remarkably like shyness."

Poky fancied there was a little flash of amusement in her eyes, and the amusement altered her, provided the one superior, necessary touch. He seemed to experience a revelation. She hadn't laughed enough. She had been through a tough time. She had been hurt.

"I do like you," said Bernie. "You're gay without being cheap. You're different."

After that, Poky stopped worrying and became just himself. He didn't have to think of things to say. He forgot to impersonate the aggressive male, yet by eight thirty his arm was around Bernie's slim waist, and by nine five her head was on his shoulder. They seemed to have known each other from long ago. A funny thing was that Poky felt perfectly certain the whole sequence was fresh and impromptu. About the time the late steamboat whistled at the dock, Poky was kissing Bernie's warm lips, firm but responsive and with the new softness of a young summer.

Half an hour later there was a noise in the bushes. Poky glanced casually across the open space and beheld a tall square-cut young man with a suitcase emerging upon the lawn from the bordering thicket.

"Hello," he said.

"Oh, Wally," said Bernie, rather absent-mindedly.

"I got stuck in the city. Had to beat out a flock of guys. Who's this?"

"A friend of mine. He's called Poky, on account of he pokes people. You'll like him."

"Will I?" inquired Wally with skepticism.

He grasped Poky's hand and squeezed it into half its natural size.

It was soon apparent that Wally would not remove himself even for a late snack from the icebox. He said he had eaten on the boat. Under the circumstances, Poky guessed it was time for him to shove off.

"I'll see you tomorrow," he said to Bernie. "Don't forget our date for a swim."

"I won't forget. It's been nice. Good night."

POKY was in a glow, and it did not greatly concern him when he was overtaken a little way along the path by Wally.

"Listen, fella," Wally said. "There won't be any need for you to come back, see? The company Bernie keeps is going to be exclusively me, the original article."

"Go swallow your foot," said Poky. "I, too, am an aggressive male."

"What was that crack?"

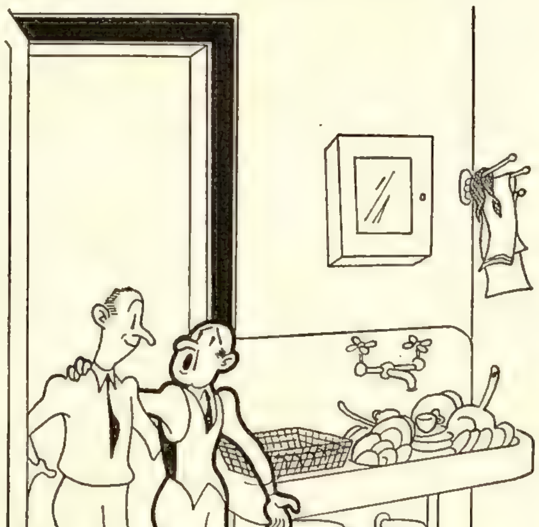
"You look big," said Poky, "but six of you wouldn't make a human being, and I doubt if they would make any useful part of a horse."

"I warned you."

Wally charged. The new Poky, still under a rosy, intoxicating spell, defied both intimidation and violence. At what seemed the proper moment, he swung, but his hand encountered only empty air. He would have fallen, but at that moment he was lifted by the neck and the trousers and hurled some yards into the bushes with an impact which caused him to crash through the leaves and twigs to the ground. He decided to follow an old principle of woodcraft. He froze. After a while Wally departed.

The next morning was almost brassy with sunlight. Poky remembered Wally, shivered for thirty seconds, and was glad to be alive. Except for one thing, he would have devoted himself thenceforth to peaceful ways, obeying the dictates of his nature. The one thing was a slight conflict among the dictates, for he was in love. He was in love with a girl who mistook him for a bare-hand gladiator, and somehow he must try to remain her ideal and also survive.

He proceeded to the Cottle place,



"Before you marry my daughter and move in, there's one thing I'd like to know. Do you wash or wipe?"

LIBERTY

where he first encountered Fleur.

"Hello," she said. "Wally's wild."

"I know," said Poky. "In the first place, why did you tell me Bernie expected me to kiss her? I'm morally certain she didn't."

"Oh," said Fleur, "I just said she accepted the aggressiveness but not the dominance of the male. You didn't pay enough attention to the last part. By the way, did you try to kiss her?"

"Never mind," said Poky. "Another thing, where does Wally come in? You didn't tell me about him."

"Didn't I? Oh, Wally is a good guy and we all like him, only nobody thinks he's the man for Bernie. He has used up the last competition weeks ago. If he can't get rid of 'em any other way, he knocks 'em down and drags 'em out. That's why I was so glad to get hold of you. I could see you would give Wally a run."

"Is that all?"

"Well," said Fleur with careful casualness, "it looked like maybe you and Wally might kill each other off, and then we might get somebody absolutely super-duper."

"Who's we?" inquired Poky.

"Bernie and me," said Fleur.

"You unnatural, bloodthirsty—"

Poky moved on and found Wally and Bernie sitting on a stone wall.

"Do you mind if Wally goes swimming with us?" asked Bernie.

"Not at all," said Poky.

"I'll bet I can dunk you," said Wally.

He can't possibly suspect how easy I drown, thought Poky.

Wally's bathing trunks were in a basket on the wall, and a fortunate opportunity enabled Poky to stuff them up under his coat, unobserved. A couple of minutes later he found a galvanized-iron incinerator near the back door. Dropping the trunks inside, he lighted a whole folder of matches and sent it after the trunks. Hardly had he replaced the cover when Wally barged around the corner.

"Not running out, are you?"

"No indeed," said Poky.

"If I hold you under too long and you get filled with salt water, don't worry," said Wally. "I'll bring you to after a while. I'm a whiz at first aid."

"Nice of you to tell me."

"Funny smell," remarked Wally, sniffing.

"Something burning, I guess," said Poky.

By this time Bernie was ready, and they went to the beach, a select stretch of white sand where the proprietors of the Cottle place had built a cluster of bathhouses. The beach was almost deserted.

"Who's got my trunks?" Wally demanded.

"You had them yourself," said Bernie.

"No, I didn't. I thought they were with your stuff."

"Uh-uh," said Poky. "Careless!"

In a few minutes he and Bernie were running lightly across the shelf of sand and into the warm sea. Bernie was stunningly attired in a two-piece widely separated suit of creamy chocolate with blue trim. She could swim too. They porpoised along, side by side, then they floated.

"About last night," said Bernie. "I shouldn't have said you were shy. That must have sounded dreadfully —well, recessive to you, didn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You're not really, are you?"

"In a fighting society? How can you ask?"

They swam again, and Poky looked over his shoulder and saw Wally sitting on the beach staring. I've got to do something, he said to himself. I've been on borrowed time since last night, and a whale of a big bill is going to come due unless I can get my brain to work.

Reflections of this order continued as they walked back to the house later and as Poky accepted an invitation to lunch under a baleful look from Wally which warned him off. That settles it, Poky thought.

At the first opportunity he went to the telephone and quietly put in a call to Buchanan Thacker. Buchanan said he was pretty busy, but he guessed he could spare time to walk over to the Cottle place. Poky had guessed the group would be sitting around on the lawn, and they were —Bernie, Wally, Fleur, and himself.

Executive: A man who can hand a letter back to a redhead steno for a fourth retyping.—*John Newton Baker.*

Pretty soon Fleur said, "Ouch, there's the big guy."

Poky walked across to the end of the path to intercept Buchanan.

"What's on your mind?" asked Buchanan.

"Talk low. I'm in kind of a jam, and if it's all the same to you, I'd like to sock you once more."

"Sure," said Buchanan. "And after that, I'll put this fist of mine right through your face."

"You don't understand," said Poky. "I mean a sock like yesterday, on account of your uncle."

"My uncle believes in liberty and justice for all, like in the Constitution," said Buchanan. "You and I are even."

"But unless I can demonstrate something to the curly-headed bozo over yonder, I'm in deep trouble."

"Too bad," said Buchanan, "but my uncle won't stand for any kin of his being socked, unprovoked, any more than he will stand for them doing it themselves. They've got to sock back."

"What's the argument?" inquired another voice, and Poky was irked to see that Wally had joined them.

"No argument," he said.

"Just passing the time of day," said Buchanan.

"I understand that junior here put a fist to your face yesterday," said Wally.

"Maybe he did," said Buchanan.

"It looks to me like you're awful timid," said Wally.

"Maybe I am," said Buchanan.

"Mind if I show the girls how timid you are? Just on account of putting a spotlight on junior in his true colors."

"Go as far as you like," said Buchanan.

"O.K.," said Wally, and straightened his right.

Buchanan ducked, swung from the waist and lifted Wally clean off the ground. As Wally landed facing the other way, he decided it would be easier to keep on in that direction. He did so, Buchanan after him. They circled the house twice, then disappeared. Bernie was figuring the score. If Poky had a win on points over Buchanan, and if Buchanan was this much better than the titleholder. . . .

"You're the real thing," she remarked.

For a fleeting second Poky was tempted to let it go at that. But he knew suddenly that he had to have things settled.

"Nonsense," he heard himself saying. "I'm afraid I'm what you consider recessive. All you know about me is just a build-up. I did try to tell you at first, but when you wouldn't listen, I played along."

She didn't understand, of course, so he spelled it out, making clear that he was an uncombative soul.

"I see," said Bernie. "That's why you're back home in Griffin County. Of course you can't survive in the great pool of competition."

"It isn't exactly that," said Poky. "I work for a big foundation, and I just got promoted. Farmers and people have a lot of trouble with the fertility of spinach seed, which also leads to other things. The coastal climate here is ideal for a project, and since I suggested it, they put me in charge. You can't fight scientific problems, you see. If you did, you'd only beat your own brains out. What you have to do is work your way patiently through and around them. And now you know all about me," concluded Poky, "I guess I'd better be going the way of a peaceful man."

"You might stick around," said Bernie.

"I think all this is utterly foul," said Fleur, to whom they had paid no attention. "If it was me picking a husband, I'd want a man with a real haymaker. Say, if this is true, where did Poky get that nickname?"

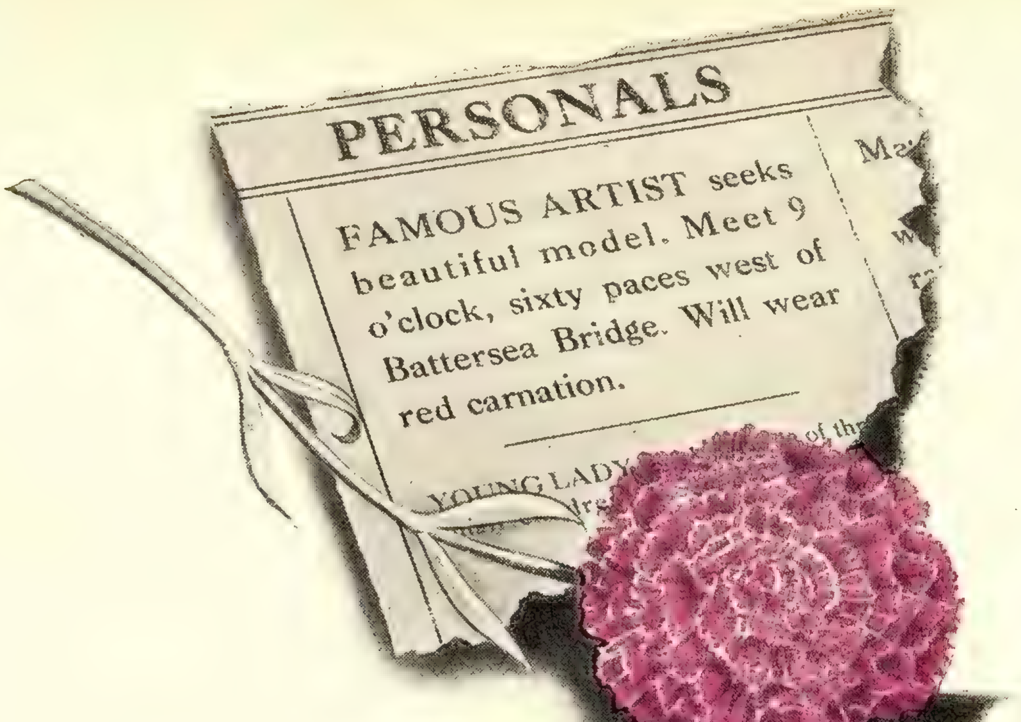
"I guess the neighbors used to think I was slow, so they called me that, and it stuck. Do you mind?"

"No," said Bernie, "I don't mind."

Poky saw that the new, long-needed transforming laughter had come into her eyes. The thing was to kiss her, so he did.

"Darn," said Fleur. "I could spit!"

THE END



PERSONALS

FAMOUS ARTIST seeks beautiful model. Meet 9 o'clock, sixty paces west of Battersea Bridge. Will wear red carnation.

YOUNG LADY

Don't answer this ad...

Don't

Don't

Don't

HUNT STROMBERG *presents*

GEORGE SANDERS ★ LUCILLE BALL ★ CHARLES COBURN ★ BORIS KARLOFF

IN

Lured

WITH

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE ★ JOSEPH CALLEIA

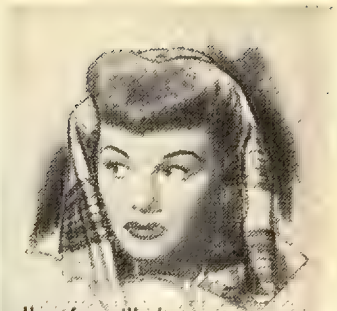
ALAN MOWBRAY ★ GEORGE ZUCCO

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • *Screenplay by* LEO ROSTEN

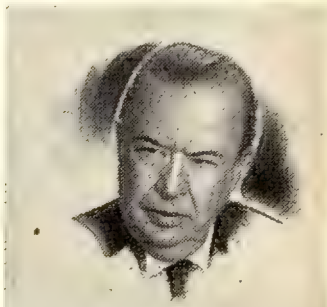
PRODUCED BY JAMES NASSER

Executive Producer, HUNT STROMBERG

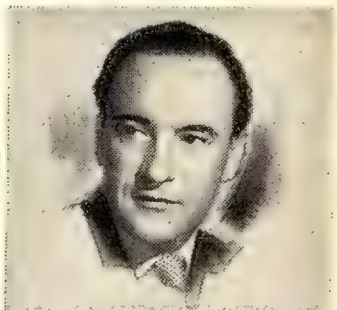
Released thru United Artists



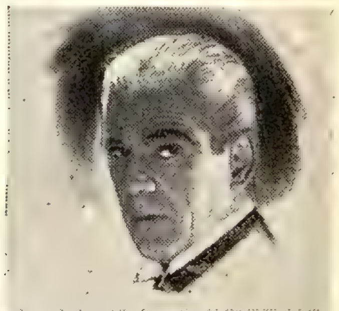
How far will she go to trap a killer . . . or any other man?



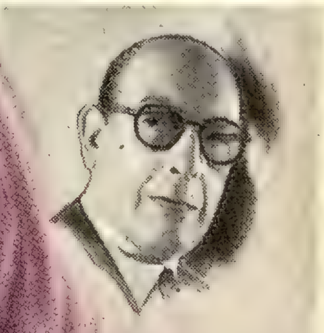
Eight beautiful girls on his mind . . . and all of them quite dead!



His alibi was clever . . . and she was very, very beautiful, too!



What does he seek as he prowls mysteriously through the night?



Was he the artist who lured 8 beautiful girls to their deaths?

THE SKY WAS FALLING

Continued from Page 19

gled housemaid ever comes up here. All the same, I stood and listened. Then I stepped with elaborate caution into his room. I closed his door and leaned against it, my pulse drumming so hard in my throat I had to tear loose my collar and tie.

The room was familiar to me: the brass bed, the crochet-edged scarf that covered the bureau top, the angle of the rag rug on the floor. Now it was full of his presence. I saw his scuffed blue leather slippers under the bed, the ash tray full of cigarette butts, his toilet articles on the dresser and his ties hanging over the mirror frame. A few books lay on the bed. One was a text on mechanical engineering and the name, Alvin Brace, was scrawled inside the cover. I opened a bureau drawer: socks and handkerchiefs bearing the machine-made monogram B. Quickly I examined the few contents of the other drawers, shirts and underclothing, all cheap, all unmarked.

I WENT to the closet. In it hung a cheap checked jacket and a pair of green pajamas. In the corner stood the battered grip he'd been carrying yesterday morning when he moved here. I snapped it open. A pair of shoes wrapped in newspaper lay at the bottom. Besides that it was empty. But I was not to be put off. Anyone can scrawl any name on the flyleaf of a book, and when one buys monogrammed handkerchiefs, the salesman does not insist on a birth certificate.

I stood staring about the room. I didn't know what to do next and yet I couldn't leave without knowing. Frustration and rage choked up in my throat. Suddenly I knelt beside the bed and lifted the seersucker spread and the mattress. There on the coiled springs lay a black billfold. I could not restrain a smile of contempt at this amateurish hiding place. In the billfold were ten ten-dollar bills and a cellophane envelope containing an identification card signed Alvin Brace. But when I looked at the small photo (his face evidently decapitated from a larger snapshot) pasted in its corner, I knew I had found what I wanted. His meticulous attempt to conceal his identity had given him away.

For I had seen a duplicate of that snapshot in Lucille's desk once, and though I had given it the merest glance (she removed it and I never saw it again), I recognized the face just as I had yesterday when I saw him in the hall. I recognized the smile and the tilt of the head and the palm branch in the background.

I knelt down, put the billfold back, and rearranged the bedspread. Just as I got to my feet the door opened and he came in. He resembles the creature shown on recruiting posters, the idealized average American, glowing with good health and maleness, not a sensitive nerve in his body. It is this coarse animal quality, I suppose, that had first attracted Lucille to him.

"Why, hello," I said. "I hope you don't mind. I came in looking for—for a match."

"Not at all. Help yourself any time." He tossed his coat and the evening paper on the bed.

"Mrs. Foley told me you had the other room," he said. "Your name is Rowen, isn't it?"

"Walter Rowen."

He received the name stolidly, not blinking an eye. "Alvin Brace is mine."

"Being neighbors like this, we ought to get acquainted. Won't you sit down a moment and have a cigarette?" His light-blue eyes narrowed.

I shook my head. "Thank you, thank you," I said weakly, and my hand trembled on the doorknob, "but I must get back to my room."

As I crossed the landing it seemed to me I was walking the last few steps toward my own destruction. His name was not Alvin Brace. It was George Wyler, and he was the one who had been in love with Lucille. And the last time he saw her, the afternoon before she died, *Lucille must have told him everything.* How he had followed me here to this city and to this house I neither understood nor cared. The crucial thing was that he was here—not ten feet away—and I was trapped.

* * *

Gold-digger Lil says most men have heads like doorknobs—any girl can turn them.—*John Newton Baker.*

* * *

How often does a man contemplate the way his end will come—quietly, in a fireside chair; suddenly, after a feast and a bottle; generously, putting an end to pain in a hospital room? For me the question was answered there in those thick forearms and wrists, in those powerful fingers. Would he smile while he did it? Would he talk? Would he say, "This is for Lucille and the others—God knows how many others"? Would he listen if I tried to explain?

I knew he wouldn't listen, and that is why I decided to write it down. I have been sitting here pen in hand for a half hour and there has been no sound yet from across the hall. What is he doing in there—ex-Marine sergeant George Wyler, surrounded by his handkerchiefs monogrammed B, his card made out to Alvin Brace? Has he decided that this is the moment to do it? . . . Is he even now rising from his chair? . . . If only he will wait, if only he will give me a chance to explain about Lucille. . . .

LUCILLE? Those memories are like a scab on my brain. It hurts to pick at them, but tonight the hurt is welcome.

It was spring the first day I saw her. I had as usual walked from my apartment to work at the museum, head down, mind a blank, determined that if I were to avoid disaster, every day must be the same as every other day—home, to work, and home again. Nothing else.

That particular spring afternoon had been uneventful until almost closing time. But at four fifty-five Lucille burst like a blossom herself into the dusty shadowy light of the museum. She came into the coin room where I was stationed and began to walk slowly between the glass cases, staring intently at the displays. It struck me this was an odd interest for such a young and pretty girl. Most sight-seers were apt to hurry through the coin room on to the more stimulating delights of the wax figures in the next gallery.

WHEN the five-o'clock chime sounded and she remained transfixed before one of the displays, I went over to her.

"Sorry, miss, it's closing time." . .

Her glance examined my blue uniform, my shiny badge marked "Guard." As for me, I stared at her face as a drowning man stares at the horizon. Her face was life to me as that dark splinter which means land is life to the swimmer, and I thought equally unattainable. How shall I describe her face—the features soft and regular, the blood color which glowed through her skin, the glistening copper hair? She cast a light like a taper in that dusty quiet room onto the dead gold pieces of the dead kings, onto me, the uniformed dead man.

"Oh," she said, "must I leave now?"

When I nodded, she put her hand on my arm. "Please, I need help."

I hated her for touching me.

I pulled away from her. "If you are ill, miss," I said curtly, "there is a rest room down the—"

"No." She shook her head. "I'm not sick. I'm scared. Please—if you'd just walk with me to the bus stop. He won't do anything if he sees I'm with someone."

"Who? What are you talking about?"

"A friend. Though I guess he wasn't feeling very friendly when I ran in here. We quarreled and he frightened me. He was a marine in the Pacific during the war and something happened to him. He's become so violent and unreasonable. He threatened to kill me," she cried, "so I ran into the museum! I'm sure he's cooled off by now, but I'm afraid to face him alone. Please help me."

I stared at her. It had been years since I'd spoken to a woman other than a waitress or a clerk. I had no wish to become mixed up in this foolish incident, and yet—and yet this girl had asked for help. Fate or chance or whatever it was—to me it was a sign.

"All right," I said finally. "I'll take you to the bus stop."

In the check room near the entrance I exchanged my uniform coat for my regular one and took my hat.

I don't know what I expected when we got out of doors—to be rushed and thrown off my feet, to be shot through the back—at any rate none of it was realized. We walked down to the sidewalk in a ludicrous calm.

As we approached the bus stop the girl chattered about the wonderful weather. Today was the first time she'd ever been in the museum, she confided. She wrinkled her brow.

"Why do you look like that?" she asked.

"I?"

"You were staring around as if—as if—oh, it's silly, but as if you'd never been down this street before."

I tried to hide my confusion.

"Where is that fierce friend of yours?" I demanded.

"I guess he's gone away. He must have tired of waiting. He's so jealous. Why, yesterday he came to where I work and started accusing me of things! I'd have lost my job if I hadn't gotten rid of him."

"Where do you work?"

"At the Rolliston Hotel. In the coffee shop. I'm a hostess."

I had never been to the Rolliston Hotel, but my mind filled with an image of this girl in her yellow dress standing at a polished oak door welcoming callers with a gesture of her slender white hand, escorting them into the mysterious gaiety behind her. Immediately I recognized the door in my vision as the one we had at home. My mother had stood there often, waiting for me after school.

With a new warmth I turned to her.

"Never mind the bus. I'll take you home in a taxi."

"But—it's a long way."

"That doesn't matter."

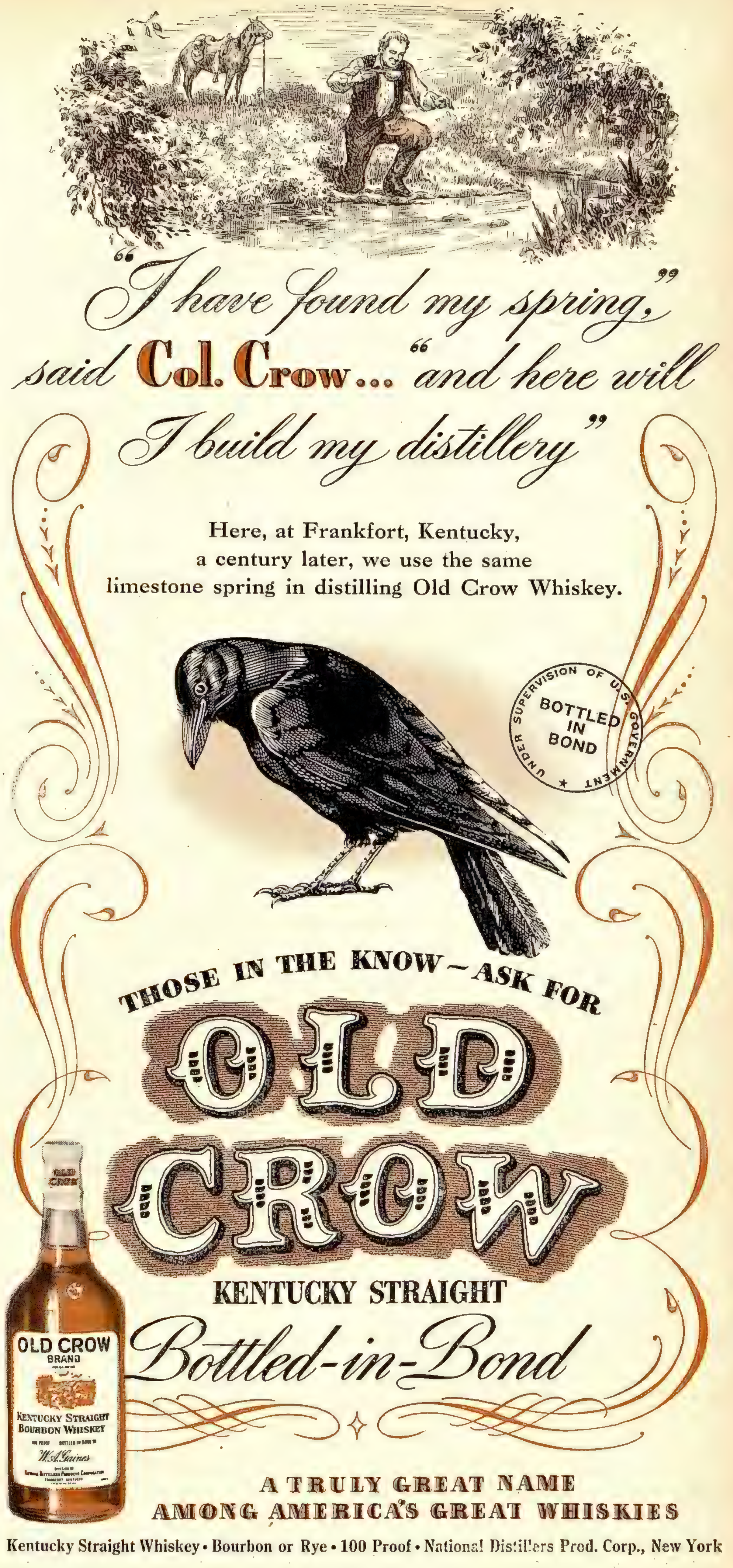
She looked pleased, and when we corralled a cab and she had given the driver her address, I reminded her that I didn't even know her name.

"Lucille Maynor," she said.

I felt an instant relief at never having known a girl called Lucille before. I wanted this to be a new experience in every way.

SHE lived alone. Once another girl had shared the apartment, but she'd married and moved away. The living room was filled with cheap and colorful furniture and with knickknacks such as a collection of little glass kittens marching along the mantelpiece and a pink rayon pillow on the couch stenciled with a canoe and the words Dellwood Beach. I examined everything eagerly, searching for clues to Lucille. That was when I saw the framed snapshot on the desk. It was a picture of a smiling stocky young man standing in front of a clump of palm trees. I took a good look at the picture (This is he, I thought, the one she loves). When she noticed the direction of my glance, Lucille swept the photo into a drawer and slammed it shut.

"That will take care of him," she said. She hesitated. "I hope your



"I have found my spring," said **Col. Crow**... "and here will I build my distillery"

Here, at Frankfort, Kentucky,
a century later, we use the same
limestone spring in distilling Old Crow Whiskey.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

Bottled-in-Bond

A TRULY GREAT NAME
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Prod. Corp., New York

family won't mind your being late on account of me."

"I have no family."

"Then don't hurry off. Stay here and let me fix supper for you. That is," she added shyly, "I hope you won't misunderstand—I'd like to do it because you did something for me."

The telephone rang in the other room.

"That must be George calling to apologize," she said.

"All right then—tell him you have a guest for dinner."

SHE smiled and went to answer the phone. When she returned her eyes were moist and her mouth set in a firm red line.

"Was he—difficult?" I asked.

"He makes everything difficult. He gets jealous no matter what I do."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"He has a few more months to serve in the Marine Corps and then I said I'd let him know."

"Forgive all the questions," I said. "It's been a long time since I've talked with anyone."

"Why? Why haven't you talked with anyone? You must have friends."

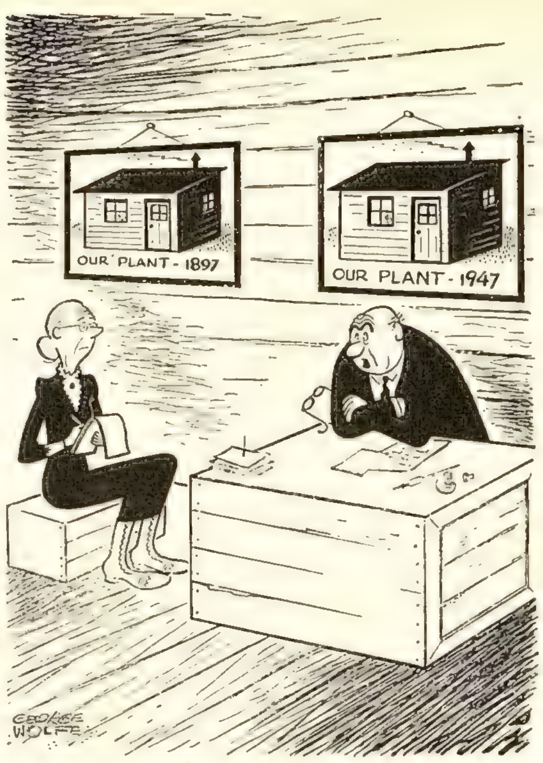
How could I tell her, I wondered; how explain my self-imposed exile from human companionship? She saw me hesitate and with natural tact she hurried on: "Have a drink, won't you, while I fix supper?"

She had a bottle of prepared Martinis and I drank a cocktail and listened to her bustling around in the tiny kitchen. This is how it must be, I thought, in all the apartments, in all the houses—a man and a woman and the evening meal—everywhere except in the lonely rooms which have been my home for the past three years. This is what I have denied myself because of the past. But the past is dead, I told myself. Why shouldn't there be a future even for me? Perhaps this girl is my future.

When supper was served, Lucille chattered on about herself. She had come from a small town to be a stenographer in the city. Her first job was in the Rolliston Hotel office, but one day the manager had asked her if she'd like to work in the coffee shop instead. . . . Her boy friend, Sergeant George Wyler, was from her home town.

Afterward, when I had thanked her and said good night, she looked at me with a kind of approval which made her seem very attainable. Why not see her again? I asked myself. Maybe it is just barely possible . . .

I thought of her that night as I lay waiting to fall asleep. I dreamed she was standing on a hillside, her hair blazing with light, but there was no sun in the sky behind her, only packed and leaden clouds. And then I dreamed I was coming home from school. One more block, I told myself, and I'll see the house and my mother waiting. Even in my dream I knew my mother was dead, but that didn't stop me from straining to see the door as I turned the dream corner of my childhood.



"Ever get discouraged, Miss Wemple?"
LIBERTY

THE next day at noon I walked past the Rolliston Hotel twice before I could make up my mind to go into the coffee shop. Finally the very terror of being on a strange street in a strange part of town, forced me through the doorway. I could see Lucille moving about the restaurant in her yellow dress, her hair lighting the shadowy room, the sheaf of menus cradled on her arm.

When she saw me she smiled, but she said merely, "How many, sir?"

"One."

I followed her softly moving body to a small table near the wall. When I was seated she bent down and whispered, "Order something it will take you a while to eat. I'll be free at two."

Free at two? What would we do at two? As I sat there watching her, the whole world seemed open to me again—the sights of the city I had never seen, the concerts and theaters and cafés I had shunned, the park and the river, the sunlit green countryside waiting to be explored. A car, I thought, and today the thought brought no drifting black clouds of fear, I will have to buy a car.

Suddenly someone stood beside me. A hand gripped my shoulder.

"Wally," said a voice. "Walter Rowen!"

I rose and watched the tremor of my own hand as I held it out.

"Hello, Roy," I said.

"Man, but it's good to see you! I knew you the minute I laid eyes on you. How long has it been now? Sit down, fella, sit down."

He seated himself at my table and offered his cigar case. "Can't stay but a minute," he said. "I'm with some boys over there." He nodded toward two bald-headed men across the room. "We were just finishing up, but I said, 'Boys, there's a fella over there I went to school with. You got to excuse me while I say hello.'"

I refused a cigar, but he lighted one for himself.

"How do you happen to be down here in this crazy town, Wally?"

"I—I live here," I said.

"Yeah," he said. "I think someone mentioned you moved away from home—right after you and your brother had that bad auto accident, wasn't it?"

I nodded.

"Poor Gerald, he was only about twenty-five then, wasn't he? I always thought the River Road hill was a menace, even in second gear. Whatever made you speed like that?" He seemed a little affrighted by my silence then, for he dropped the subject quickly. "I get down on business occasionally," he said. "I'll give you a ring next time I get down and we'll have dinner, eh? You in the book?"

"Yes," I lied.

He stood up. "Well, well, Shirley'll certainly be interested to hear I saw you. We have a kid now—almost five years old. Seems like yesterday we were kids ourselves, playing cowboys and Indians, don't it, Wally?"

Eventually he went away, but the memory of his face stayed opposite me. The lines and wrinkles seemed to smooth away, the cheeks to plump out. The vision became Roy Stoltzenberg, Indian chief, seven years old, carrying in his hand a long clothesline made into a noose.

I DROPPED my fork and pushed the food away. Then I anchored a couple of dollar bills under the plate and strode hurriedly to the door. Lucille was standing there.

"All finished so soon?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I'll have to go home," I said. "So sorry—"

I slumped heavily against the cashier's counter.

"Why, you're ill!" She caught my arm. "Wait a minute, I'll take you home."

Through the spinning circles of dizziness around me I heard her talking to someone, then her hand was supporting me and we were out in the street. We had been riding in the cab for several minutes before I realized she was sitting beside me.

"How could you leave?" I asked.

"It's all right," she said. "You helped me when I needed help yesterday. It's tit for tat."

I felt too rotten to protest. The radio of a passing car blared forth a song and for the rest of the ride home, to keep myself from thinking, I let that lyric sing itself over and over again in my head.

Once the door to the apartment was locked, I threw myself on the couch and shut the song away. The sunshine came through the Venetian blinds, striping the room like an early television screen, and like a drama witnessed long ago on a faraway screen I remembered that incident in my seventh year and Roy and the cowboy game we played. Desperately I began to tell Lucille about it. First there was that story my mother used to read to me.

EVEN after I had started to school I kept asking for that story, and my mother would tell it to me patiently over and over, no matter how much my two older brothers hooted. "Hush," she'd scold them. "If the little fellow likes it, it's none of your affair." Then she'd put her arm around me and I'd lean cozily against her soft warm side as she began: "One fine summer morning when Chicken Little was picking peas in a farmyard under a pea stack, a pea fell on his head with such a thump he thought the sky was falling and he thought he would go to court and tell the king. . . ."

It was an old repetitious nursery tale. Often I heard my mother explain to the others that its nonsensical rhythms appealed to me. Only I knew how wrong she was and I kept my secret. It was that line, the shivering, terrible, delightful threat of "the sky was falling" that fascinated me. Sometimes I would lie on the grass staring upward, up, up, until I was almost transported into the blueness, and something deep inside me would begin to quiver with pleasure at the secret words. How would it feel, I wondered, to be shattered by the falling sky?

The first time I found out was soon after I was seven years old, the day Costy Ganger died.

Costy was the leader of the boys in the second grade. He was not only the strongest but he was also the most privileged. His father owned the Crown Movie House in our neighborhood and Costy could go to the movies any time he wanted and take his friends in, free. Everyone wanted to be Costy's friend, but Costy set up requirements. You couldn't be his friend until you let him beat you up in the vacant lot behind the Crown. I can still remember his square hard freckled fists flailing at the wiry bodies of the other kids, and most of the time I turned away, sick from the looks on their faces, the eager boot-licking looks. After he'd gotten you all bloodied up and bruised, then, you could walk into the Crown any time with Costy and use your nickel in the candy slot machines instead of paying for a ticket. I had once tried to explain the inestimable honor of this to my mother, but without success.

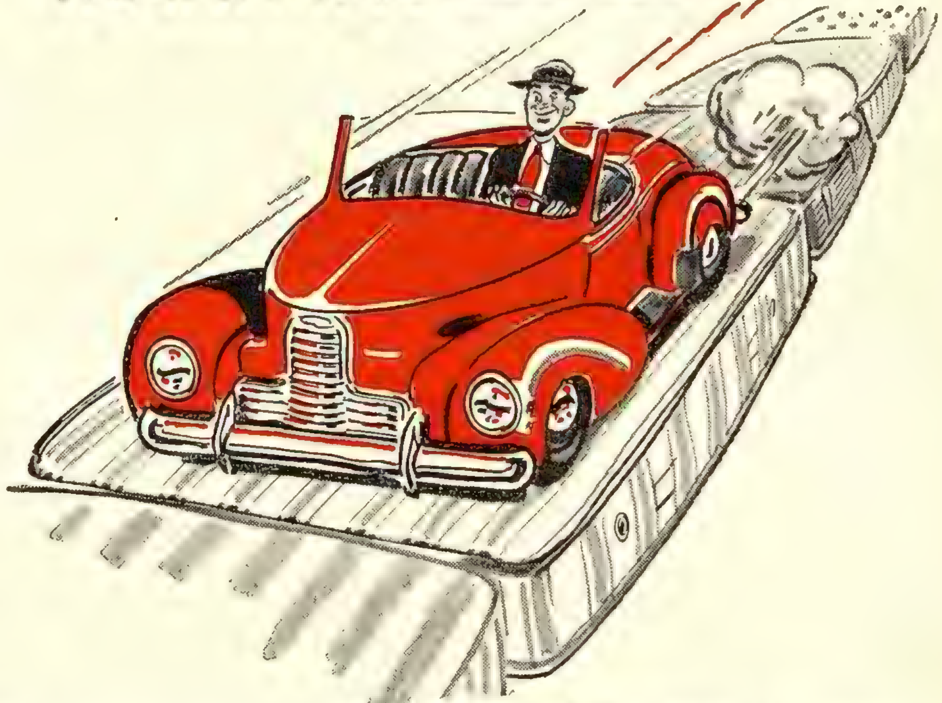
"You have a larger allowance than any of the other boys," she said. "Use another nickel for the candy. What difference does it make?"

It was no use. She simply could not understand.

But in spite of my wanting desperately to be accepted, I could never bring myself to go through with that initiation.

The Sunday it happened, there had been a dreary drizzle all morning, and the clouds hung gray and heavy in the sky. After dinner I walked to

If your car feels like *this*... it's time for
MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH **MARFAK!**

Marfak's got what it takes to protect the vital bearings and wear-surfaces of *your* car. This tough, hard-working chassis lubricant stands up to road pounding and *stays* on the job — not for just a couple of hundred miles, but for 1,000 miles and more. And the "cushiony" driving you experience is sure proof your chassis gets *lasting* protection. Applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling" today.

MARFAK Lubrication

TEXACO REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

the Crown alone. I got to the theater early, before anyone else was there. All the seats were still pushed up. To keep myself busy until show time I marched blithely through the rows, pushing each seat down, enjoying the little tune the creaking springs made. Suddenly someone punched my shoulders hard. It was Costy. "Watcha think you're doin'?" he yelled. "You put every one of them seats up the way they were or I'll have my dad throw you out of here." I couldn't see him very well in that feeble light, but I knew how he must look, his freckled chin stuck out, his square freckled fists clenching and unclenching. While the other boys whistled and jeered I went meekly back and forth pushing the seats up again.

THAT day the movie was a Bill Hart Western. Some strong man in the cast bent an iron bar to show how strong he was and what he would do to Bill Hart, and then Bill Hart bent the bar back into shape again to show he was strong too.

Afterward, in the excitement of discussing the picture, we all walked out of the theater together and on the way home we challenged one another to bend and unbend invisible iron bars. Then the gang decided to play cowboys. Costy was to be Bill Hart of course and the rest of the boys would be the posse. Costy told me I could join the posse. We gave him a good head start, but we finally caught him around the block in the vestibule of a big red apartment house. We took him to Roy Stoltzenberg's garage and tied him up, his hands behind his back—we knew he was going to escape as Bill Hart had in the picture. Then we took a clothesline Roy brought up from his basement and, just the way we'd seen the actors do it, we threw the rope over a crossbeam and tied one end of it in a slipknot around Costy's neck. Then we had Costy stand on an ash can and one of the boys fastened the pull end of the rope to a nail in the wall.

We began to argue about what came next in the picture. Roy got angry and poked Jack and suddenly we were all wrestling and pummeling around on the floor. I heard Costy yell, "Let me down! Untie the ropes!" I lunged toward his voice. And suddenly the sky was falling. . . .

Who knocked over the ash can? Everyone said it was a terrible, terrible accident, a real tragedy, they called it. They said, too, that boys will be boys and those things do happen and aren't the movies a dreadful influence on children. And, as if it were an obligation to the dead one, each father punished in his own way. Jack and Stu weren't allowed to go to the movies for six weeks. Roy's new bicycle was locked in the basement and forbidden for a month. Andy lost his allowance for I don't know how long. Frank and George got a licking. I was sent to bed without supper every night for a week.

The second night my mother slipped quietly into my room.

"Don't tell dad," she whispered. "I've brought you something to eat."

I sat up in bed and pushed the tray away. My cheeks were on fire. "No," I said, "I'm not hungry. Tell me that story again. Please, mother."

She clicked her tongue and murmured that I was a silly little baby. Then she sat down on the bed and took me in her arms.

"One fine summer morning," she began. . . .

I LAY still for several minutes after I had finished the story, my face buried in my arms, not looking at Lucille. Why doesn't she go? I thought. Why doesn't she get out and leave me alone; go back to her waitress friends and make a report: "You know that man who rushed out of here—he's a real screwball all right. Gave me a long story about how he wanted the sky to fall on him when he was a kid, how he killed a playmate, how his mother—"?

"This is a beautiful apartment, Mr. Rowen." It seemed unbelievable that her words could be so far off the subject of my thoughts. I raised my head. She was moving about the room admiring the furnishings. She stopped before the tray of decanters in the corner.

Men who horse around never have anything stable about them!—*Henry A. Courtney.*

"I'll fix you a drink," she said, "then you'll feel better."

I waited while she went into the kitchen for ice cubes and poured out the whisky. When she handed me the drink, I said:

"But after hearing all that, don't you think I'm crazy?"

"You're just upset, Mr. Rowen—seeing that man again. Really, you shouldn't let it bother you so much."

"But I killed Costy? I knocked over the ash can!"

"What makes you think so? You don't remember doing it. Nobody accused you. *I* don't believe you did it." Her brown eyes were compassionate. She gave me a cigarette and then she sat down in a chair by the fireplace.

"You know," she said, "kids do all kinds of awful things. I stole a dime out of the Sunday-school collection box once—"

"You're making fun of me."

"Oh, no!" Her face was very solemn. "Please don't think so. I just want to point out that everyone has to accept the fact that he's not perfect. Everyone has done things he'd rather not have done. Remembering that, keeps people human and close to each other. I think," she said softly, "that you're foolish to allow an accident like that, a thing that was over years ago, to haunt you and worry you now." With transparent abruptness she changed the subject. "Isn't it tiresome standing around in the museum all day the way you do? It gives you a lot of time to brood, doesn't it?"

"At least it's a job that makes no demands on me. I don't have to talk to people—usually."

She laughed. "You did look grim when I took hold of you yesterday. I think I chose you because I thought your expression would frighten George."

"How is your friend George?"

"I told him that from now on he is my ex-friend."

We were silent for a moment, and then she said, "You didn't like my putting my hand on your arm yesterday, did you?"

"Not because it was you. For a long time I haven't liked anyone to touch me. I've been afraid—somehow afraid I'd lose control, hurt people—"

"But you mustn't be. You're a very gentle person, I think. You've got the wrong idea about yourself." She crossed the room and sat down beside me. "Look," she said, "I'm not alarmed." She bent over and kissed my mouth lightly. "There you are! Nothing happened, did it?"

WHAT happened was that I fell in love with her. During the next few weeks I saw her almost every day. I gave up my job so that I could take her to work and call for her. I bought a car and we went driving in the evenings and picnicking on the week-ends. Like a man rising from sleep I began to seek out the world again. I shed my anxiety-ridden self and began to feel like anyone else. I could do anything and go anywhere—or so I thought, until that Saturday.

We had driven beyond the city and through a neighboring small town when the road led us past a red-brick high school. Beside it was a green freshly lined football field. About forty boys wearing helmets and odds and ends of uniforms were out for spring practice.

Though I wanted to drive on, though I had not the least interest in this anonymous village school, something beyond myself compelled me to stop the car.

Lucille's gay chatter broke through my thoughts. "I bet I've watched a hundred football games," she was saying. "I suppose you're an expert."

"Why do you suppose that?" I asked harshly.

I was watching the boys on the field jog into formation. The whistle blew sharply, the center snapped back the ball.

"I don't know why," Lucille said, looking at me from the corner of her eye. She laughed. "You're built like a fullback, I guess."

I felt my entire body sprout with drops of perspiration, my knees began to shake in a crazy jerky dance I could not control. I jammed my foot on the gas, swung around and sped back toward the town we had passed.

"Walter! What's the matter?" Lucille looked alarmed. Her body tensed just as Gerald's had when years ago I drove sixty miles an hour down the River Road. But there was no hill here to wreck the car and overturn it.

A few minutes later I came to a stop in front of a restaurant.

"What was wrong?" Lucille gasped. "You're white, you're upset about something! What is it?"

"Come on in here," I said. "We'll have some coffee. I'll tell you about it."

We were shown to a table for two in the rear of the cool shadowy room. A small metal shaded lamp cast a circle of light onto the white cloth. In this circle I rearranged the silverware, the ash tray, the salt and pepper shakers, the sugar bowl.

"I played football when I was in college," I began. "Substitute fullback on the varsity—"

"See!" Lucille exclaimed. "I guessed it!" Then, as she looked at me, her smile disappeared. "Please tell me what's wrong," she begged.

She is my last hope, I said to myself. If I told her about Paul the way I'd told her about Costy and she wasn't repelled, didn't turn against me, I would be saved. Telling this girl everything was a kind of proof that I was worthy of her.

"It happened during the last game of the season. Their ball was on their own thirty-five-yard line when I came into the play," I explained. I touched the salt shaker. "This is me in defense fullback position backing up the line." I touched a spoon. "This is Paul. He was playing right guard."

PAUL. I can close my eyes and see his hard muscular body hunched on the bench in the locker room, his merry blue eyes peering up at the coach as he listened to instructions. What attracted me to Paul at first was his gaiety. Everything seemed so effortless for him. I looked upon him as a kind of ideal, an image of what I should like to be. It was astonishing to me as well as wonderful, therefore, when we became friends.

About six o'clock on the night of the big Halloween Carnival I walked into the lounge of one of the freshman halls. It was deserted save for Paul, reading a magazine in a corner chair. I had met him previously during football practice.

"You too?" he said when he saw me. "Why aren't you in costume? Where is your loyalty? How are we going to win the gold cup unless every last man gets in there and pitches? Pitches, fellas, pitches!"

I laughed. His imitation of the class chairman's tone and idiom was perfect. Through the open windows the sounds of laughter and shouting and brass bands came in to us.

He shook his head. "I can't do it," he said. "I'd feel silly reverting to grammar school like that. Football's bad enough. I have a hard time fooling myself into believing it matters who gets that pigskin over which goal line."

"You're awfully good at it."

"It's more or less expected of me."

Are you in the know?

IRVING NURICK

What brings out a suntan best?

☐ *A smart beret-beach-bag*
☐ *A white bask-ground*
☐ *A hot bath*

Beauty and the Beach *can* go together. Consider the sharp new beret shown above — that shakes into a beach-bag! (Neat?) You can wear it with confidence. On "calendar days" you can wear any beach togs without a shadow of a doubt — thanks to Kotex. Because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent "outlines" from tattling. And while you're sunning, remember this: Bask on a white sheet or towel. It's shadowless . . . brings out a suntan best.

How would you discourage this?

☐ *Keep a cool head*
☐ *Tell him off*
☐ *Let your hair down*

When he gives that wayward wisp a tug — why rant? Or wear a warm, longish mane? Keep a cool head. Twine stubborn strands around two straight hairpins, and they're under control. You can master other trying situations, too. At certain times, for instance, by choosing Kotex you are sure of extra protection with that exclusive *safety center*. And you're so at ease with that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt. So snug! So smooth-fitting! No binding!

If you're a budgeteen, would you buy—

☐ *A good mink*
☐ *A "bargain" beaver*
☐ *A magnificent mouton*

You drool for a mink, but it's too rich for your budget? It's smart to select the coat best suited to your problem. Just as on problem *days*, it's smart to select Kotex—for only Kotex offers you *3 sizes* to help you find the napkin that exactly meets your needs: Regular, Junior or Super Kotex — each made to *stay soft while you wear it*. So too, in buying furs, choose what's best for *you*. The very finest mouton, rather than a third-rate beaver.

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS

*T. M. REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.

*More women choose KOTEX * than all other sanitary napkins*

Massage really satisfies

when you apply it with Oster

STIM·U·LAX JUNIOR

Now — in your own home — you can enjoy the health-giving benefits of daily massage with Stim-u-lax Junior, a professional-type electric massage instrument.

Oster's patented Suspended Motor Action imparts to your fingertips the rotating-patting movements of Swedish-type massage, controlled for gentle or vigorous application.

The experience of thousands of Stim-u-lax users — both professionally and at home — proves its superiority in helping you apply massage safely, easily, effectively. Send coupon below for free booklet — or see your local dealer today!

Try Oster Stim-u-lax Junior on your gums • your feet • your scalp

Oster

FREE MASSAGE MANUAL!

Tear out coupon and mail today!

JOHN OSTER MFG. CO.
Dept. 9-H, Racine, Wisconsin

Send me your free massage manual which explains and illustrates many kinds of Stim-u-lax Junior massage applications based on the findings of medical science.

Name________________________________
Address______________________________
City__________________(____) State___________
Dealers: Write for information N-21

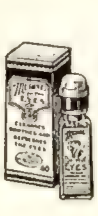
EYES TIRED?

Two Drops • Quick Relief

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way —use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired or burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES



He confessed, "I'm being helped through school and the people backing me would get a kick out of my making the team." He laughed his full hearty laugh. "I simply can't take it seriously."

"I don't like the game much either," I admitted.

"Then why do you play?"

"It's a good way of letting off steam," I told him. I seemed to crave the hard exercise, the fight, and bodily contact.

After we'd talked for a while, Paul suggested we go into town for some dinner. We got along fine. We talked about college and the future and I even told him about a girl named Ruth whose family had a summer place near ours and whom I'd been worshiping quietly for years. Paul told me he had as yet neither the time nor the money for love.

When we walked back to the dormitories together, I noticed the surprise on the faces of a few of the freshmen who passed us. I—the friendless and unbending one—in intimate conversation with the most popular man in the class. That evening was, I felt, the peak of my college career.

THE following summer I took Paul to my family's place in Canada. The coach had told him he looked like first-string varsity material if he picked up more weight, so we stuffed him with butter and cream. My mother was delighted that I'd found a friend. My brothers thought him too sure of himself. Perhaps if I hadn't been so naïvely pleased over our friendship, I might have noticed how sure of himself he was with Ruth.

Since she was our neighbor, she was with us almost all the time, and somehow Paul began to appropriate her as partner in our games and fishing trips.

But I didn't care. I thought my value would increase in her eyes because I was liked by such a gay and charming chap.

The next fall we both made the varsity. Paul as guard, I as substitute fullback. The thing we looked forward to, the biggest game of the season, was on Thanksgiving Day, and early in November I told Paul I was going to ask Ruth to be my guest for that week-end, the most gala week-end of the college winter.

"Sure," he said, and his eyes twinkled, "why don't you ask her? You've got nothing to lose by asking."

About a week later, on the morning of one of our big home games, her answer came.

"I'm surprised," she wrote, "that Paul hasn't told you he's asked me already. I'm terribly sorry not to be able to accept your invitation, Wally, but I hope I'll see a lot of you anyway. . . ."

When I came into the locker room after lunch, I found Paul there taking off his clothes. I showed him the letter.

"She's right," he said. "The three of us ought to have a good time together."

"But why didn't you tell me you'd invited her?"

"I didn't know whether she was coming or not, then."

"But—but—" I stuttered.

"But how come I asked her? I'll tell you how. Because it's the natural thing to do, to ask one's fiancée up for the Thanksgiving game."

Our eyes met. I gaped at him. "I suppose this is as good a time as any to break the news," he said. "Ruth and I can't marry till I get out of school and get a job, but we're engaged. That Labor Day picnic, remember? I wanted to tell you then, but she wouldn't let me."

I looked at his lean naked body, traces of last summer's sun tan still upon it. Suddenly I thought of that summer as one long betrayal.

"Don't take it too hard, Wally," he was saying. "Think of it as a game I just happened to win."

I didn't answer him.

During the first three quarters I sat on the bench in a dull stupor. I didn't even know it was drizzling until one of the fellows pulled my hood over my head. I heard later that by the end of the third period we had picked up four touchdowns and a safety. All I knew was that the coach was sending me in at the beginning of the fourth quarter.

I backed up the line as defensive fullback and I remember seeing that play develop—an attempted smash through the center of our line. Both sides of our line seemed to be converging on the ball carrier and his interference. I saw Paul move in, pile up the play, and then drop to his knees to dig in and hold. I sprinted toward the mass of legs, arms, and bodies, and as I fell, my right knee jammed into something hard. I felt an excruciating agony in my kneecap, but I don't remember any more. I was lying on the wet grass staring up at the smoke-black clouds. They seemed to be sinking lower and lower as if they'd suffocate me. As if the sky was falling. . . .

"PAUL was killed in that play," I said to Lucille, my eyes on the circle of light and the spoon and salt shaker under my hands. "The local newspapers ran editorials about the terrible risks young fellows run playing football. The whole college turned out for the memorial service and our class pitched in and sent a carload of flowers to his home town."

"I understand," Lucille said gently. "Seeing the boys practicing back there must have brought you painful memories."

"Yes," I said, "because I killed Paul. His helmet had slipped up and my knee struck full force into the base of his skull."

I stopped talking and waited. Would she understand that?

The conclusion of this story will appear in the next issue.

ARTURO TOSCANINI

Continued from Page 20

hissed out of the pit by a patriotic public. Then someone remembered the young cellist who, to escape boredom on the trip over, had coached the singers, and who seemed to know a thing or two about opera.

The sight of a beardless youth on the conductor's stand brought the public to a hush. Only half conscious of the gesture, Toscanini closed the conductor's score as he gave his first cue. The audience gasped. After the first act he was a hero. He conducted 13 more operas that summer in Rio—all from memory.

Torrents of printer's ink have been spilled over Toscanini's feats of memory. He can learn a full opera over a week-end and remember its every detail for years. Once an oboist came to him during intermission, stammering that something had gone wrong with his E-flat key. "Don't worry," said Toscanini after a moment's concentration. "There is no E flat in the rest of your part tonight." While trying to identify an obscure piece of chamber music recently, he went to the piano and played the entire second movement. He had not seen the score in 62 years.

NO less astounding is Toscanini's phenomenal ear. In a fortissimo of a hundred puffed cheeks and sawing bows he can detect the slightest slackening of attention by a remote second violin or double bass. Musicians have given up hope of getting away with the slightest slur. Even when the Maestro does not comment immediately, he will remark some time later, "Last Thursday you missed a sixteenth pause in the fifth bar," or, "You made the same mistake last year. Did you think I wouldn't hear it?"

Toscanini's desperate search for artistic perfection has driven him from one podium to another. A trifling incident leads to a lightning-flash resignation, accompanied by a thundering assertion that this age cannot seem to produce musicians capable of doing justice to the great composers. Hardly ever has the pure, flawless music that rings permanently in his ears been played back to him by the performers under his baton. When dissatisfied with a rehearsal or performance, he will ride home in stony silence and refuse to eat. If particularly displeased, he will expect his family to join in the fast.

When he encounters indifference, mediocrity, or immodesty, he can be uncommonly rude, as in a rehearsal with a famous prima donna who responded to his repeated corrections with the explanation that she, not he, was the star. The Maestro looked at her with supreme disdain. "Lady," he said, "the stars are in the sky. Down here we are only good or bad musicians, and, so help me God, you are a bad one!"

On the other hand, he will make allowances for the shortcomings of anyone in whom he senses the true artistic spark. A soprano beloved for her heavenly voice committed a number of inaccuracies in her first rehearsal with Toscanini. Promptly he shouted at her, "You are the worst musician in the world!" Then, almost in the same breath, his voice mellowed: "But you sing like an angel."

Years ago a number of singers of the Metropolitan Opera heartily disliked his despotic ways and went to Gatti-Casazza, then manager. "What can I do?" asked Gatti-Casazza softly. "He abuses *me*, too."

The Maestro is equally severe with disorderly audiences. At a Sunday-morning concert in Salzburg, when a maharajah and his retinue noisily made their way to front-row seats after the first movement of a Mozart symphony, the muscles of the Toscanini jaw stiffened. Then he turned to the potentate and in ringing tones said, "Good morning!"

The moment he steps to the podium in rehearsal, his deep-set myopic eyes flash. The baton lashes down like a whip. Then a shrill "No, no, no, no!" interrupts the first bars of a composition the men believe they know backward. Toscanini likes to demonstrate rather than explain. He will throw a handkerchief into the air to indicate his wish for a light, floating sound. To get a lilting effect, he will pose like a mother rocking a baby in her arms. Once he wanted a distant effect from one section of a New York orchestra. "Not too far," he specified. "About Brooklyn."

At an orchestral slip, Toscanini becomes a man possessed. He shakes his fists, swears, breaks batons, tears sheets of music, and tramples on his watch or the indispensable eyeglasses. Once, after a beautiful gift watch had been smashed, the players gave him a bulky Ingersoll with the inscription, "For Rehearsals."

RECORDINGS of Toscanini rehearsals made without his knowledge by studio engineers, are favorite party entertainment in musical circles. Those who hear them marvel that anyone should be able to follow directions given in such a red-hot gibberish of English, French, German, and Italian. Out of rehearsals, however, Toscanini can be master of all four languages.

The tyrant of the podium has a soft heart in off hours. He makes a hobby of charities, but tries to keep them anonymous. Recently he was reported to have sent 30,000 pairs of shoes to Italy. He inaugurated a pension fund for musicians of the Los Angeles Symphony by donating his services for a concert with them last year, even paying his own traveling expenses. In 1944, when a small boy from Brooklyn sent him a penny post card requesting the "Eroka simfony by Batovon," which his father, killed by the Italians, had always

ADVERTISEMENT

"He can spot Pepsi-Cola a mile away."

loved, Toscanini not only programmed the work promptly but even inserted an ad in the Brooklyn Eagle in a vain attempt to locate "Jimmy."

Toscanini is as precise about his person as he is about his music. No one has ever claimed to have seen him in shirt sleeves. During performances he wears celluloid collars, especially made for him, so that there will be no wilting when he perspires. He usually has a rubdown and change of clothes during intermission, and on these grounds once even excused himself from a summons to the royal box in London.

Despite his three protracted stays in this country, Toscanini has acquired only a few typically American tastes. Among them are a weakness for Mickey Mouse movies and a definite predilection for jazz. On a good-will trip with the NBC Symphony to South America for the fiftieth birthday of the Pan American Union, a group of the orchestra's ace woodwind players took to holding secret jam sessions on board ship. One day the Maestro came upon them, cocked a startled ear, and disappeared. A few days later they were summoned to his stateroom for a command performance.

The Maestro remains unenthusiastic, however, about the experimental dissonances which are offered as "modern music" and which he considers offensive to the ear. Champions of the new who berate the old gentleman for his conservative tastes would do well to recall his bold pioneering for the music that was new when he was young: of Wagner, Verdi, Brahms, Puccini, Debussy, Ravel—now accepted classics. In truth, two generations have aged musically along with Toscanini.

And two generations of music lovers and music makers have tried to probe the source of his fascination as a conductor. Some have attributed it to a particular combination of grace and strength with the baton, others to his supersensitive ear or feats of memory. Yet each of these elements can be found in some other conductor.

While admitting with disarming frankness that no other conductor can be compared with him, Toscanini insists that his own artistic standards should be the rule rather than the exception. "It isn't true that I am the best conductor in the world," he will say with a wistful twinkle. "The trouble is, I'm the only good one."

THE END

BEST SELLER

The public needn't understand
it—
Just be told some censor banned
it.

—*Don Marshall.*

LITTLE LULU

NIAGARA FALLS
KLEE
marge

"Just like Kleenex — there's only one!"

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

© International Cellucotton Products Co.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NEW CURE FOR MENTAL ILLNESS

Continued from Page 17

phrenic patients is prescribed for the warmth and affection they can get out of it. Charles F. Shelton, director of manual arts, assigns Mr. C. to what he calls "quick and easy" routine. First Mr. C. makes a letter holder. "That's terrific! You did a wonderful job!" Shelton enthuses. Then Mr. C. makes a mallet on the lathe. "Marvelous! You're a clever workman all right!" Finally he makes an ash tray on a stand. "Well, by George, I've never seen anyone make such fast progress as you do!"

CHOOSING play for Mr. C.'s milieu therapy is likewise guided by the warmth and satisfaction he can garner. Discovering he has a fairly good eye, a recreational therapist frequently takes him to the dart board, where he can run up high scores. Tournaments are arranged. Mr. C. frequently wins. He pitches horseshoes, works jig-saw puzzles, plays volleyball—plays at all the things where his good eye helps him excel and win praise.

For such a patient, the clinic manual of milieu therapy states: "The recreational therapist can give Unsolicited Affection by giving the patient extra time, by making special appointments, by appointing the patient to act as a team captain, group leader, or tournament manager."

But this sugar-coated world does not remain static for Mr. C. As warmth and human love begin to fill the inner vacuum which has made him ill, his private world is gradually and imperceptibly geared back to reality. The more well he becomes, the less "unsolicited" affection he needs. He accepts the world as it is; he is willing to earn praise, to win affection. The important thing is, he now has confidence that the warmth is there!

What about the rambunctious patients? From the snake pits of some of our medieval mental institutions come endless stories of patients who rip and tear and claw and punch as though they were primitive, mad animals. There are, indeed, such patients. And milieu therapy does not overlook them.

Take Mr. J., a patient so full of violence that he was a veritable tiger when he arrived in Topeka. A paranoid type, he is convinced that the world is out to persecute him and is resolved to strike the first blow. During his first 48 hours at the clinic he smashes half the furniture in his room.

Curing such a patient is a twofold job: First, he must be helped to divert, or *sublimate,* his immense energies into constructive channels. Second, he must learn why he is bent on destruction, what tyrannization and raw deals in his childhood have sent him into life with a chip on his

* * *

Jack Fly, St. Paul, salesman for an electric supply company, has been assigned to sell refrigerators to Alaskan Eskimos.—*Harold Helfer.*

* * *

shoulder. Psychotherapy, perhaps analysis, will do the latter job. Milieu therapy will do the former.

Right off the bat Mr. J. is given a destructive job which he can heartily enjoy. The doctors turn him loose on an old hamburger stand which the clinic has purchased across the highway. They give him hammer and tongs and tell him to have himself a time. He does. And how! No hamburger stand ever has been demolished with greater éclat. But—since the clinic wants it torn down to make way for a new building, the tempestuous patient is congratulated on a job well done. He has, in this artificial milieu, diverted his destructive energies into constructive channels.

But scores of cases of inner aggression and hostility are not so pat as Mr. J.'s. The violence is repressed, a deep, dark bolus of unresolved hatred. In such cases the clinic's attitude prescription is: Encourage Expression of Hostility. They want the patient to get it out of his system.

In such cases the doctor will encourage the patient when he says, "What did I come to this crumby joint for? It stinks!" The dietitian will cheerfully accept his remark, "What lousy food! I wouldn't feed this to my dog!"

One meek old man went around the grounds stopping every doctor he passed to tell him the clinic was rotten, the nurses were rotten, Topeka was rotten, and Kansas was rotten.

His case history showed that he had worked thirty years for a cantankerous, domineering boss and had never dared to talk back.

IN playtime Mr. J. works on a punching bag. He drives his fists savagely at the leather, pausing occasionally to chalk on it the initials of someone he's been wanting to swat for years. He chalks on the initials of a former boss, an in-law, a crotchety neighbor. Then how delightedly he smashes!

On the clinic golf course Mr. J. swats a golf ball. Like other hate-crammed patients, he is encouraged to name the ball after someone he has been frustratedly hating all these years, someone who's been on his nerves. What a sweet feeling to look down at little J. B. sitting there on the tee, smug as ever, and slam him for a fare-thee-well!

Sport, for all of us, is an enormous outlet for aggressions. Go to a prize fight and hear the crowd roar, "Kill him! Rip him apart!" Or listen to the demure ladies in the football stadium shouting "Come on, team! Murder 'em!"

One reason that we are not all cave men, brandishing bludgeons, is that civilization has found ways in which we can vent our hostilities without cracking skulls.

Patients like Mr. J. gradually learn to "manage their aggressions," as Dr. Karl Menninger puts it. Often they leave the clinic with new sports or work hobbies which they will carry on at home, having learned the value of proper, civilized outlets.

Patients stay at the Menninger Clinic an average of 4½ months. Milieu therapy considerably shortens their treatment, providing as it does a 24-hour-a-day atmosphere to help get them well. Previously eight months to two years had been considered par for most cases of mental illness.

IN addition to speeding treatment, milieu therapy makes recovery more certain. Some 90 per cent of the clinic's patients are helped, in some cases given minimal emotional readjustment—enough to navigate, to "get along" in their daily lives; in other cases brilliantly reborn, emerging more stable and productive than ever before.

Many observers believe milieu therapy, as the Menningers have developed it, may help solve the dilemma of mental illness in the United States. With 8,000,000 mentally ill and only 4,000 psychiatrists, we have been battling against hopeless odds. In milieu therapy, environment does a good part of the work, takes some of the load off the psychotherapist or analyst. The patient recovers more quickly, and each psychiatrist is able to handle two or three times as many patients.

During World War II, the U. S. Army selected Dr. William Menninger to command its psychiatrist services. As brigadier general, he provided such remarkable treatment for psychoneurotic soldiers that 60 per cent of the mental casualties of the war were able to return to army service. After the war, the Veterans Administration opened its first big psychiatric hospital in Topeka, near the Foundation, with Dr. Karl Menninger in charge. Here Dr. Karl is providing treatment for 900 mentally ill veterans and setting the patterns for psychiatric treatment of dozens of other VA institutions. It is a treatment method which easily could be adopted by state hospitals, enabling them to *treat* patients instead of merely incarcerating them—to send them home cured and not merely on "furlough" until they hit a snag and are committed once again.

Milieu therapy puts the emphasis where it belongs—on *cure,* not on custody.

THE END

* * *

Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun still owe the city of Munich 1,000 marks in unpaid electriclight bills.—*Harold Helfer.*

* * *

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGER-NAIL (F-N) TEST?"

Try it! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

A Little Wildroot Cream-Oil does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC
NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS

Again and again the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder 4 out of 5 new users from coast to coast said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair!

TUNE IN . . . TWO NETWORK SHOWS! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

POLO FOR THE MASSES

Continued from Page 30

he met super-millionaires who could finance an entire team out of bottomless bank balances—Laddie Sanford, who spent $22,500 for gilded Jupiter, and oil man Charlie Wrightman, who shipped his Texas terrors to England at a cost of $100,000. He faced garden-variety millionaires who mounted themselves for $10,000 to $30,000 a season. Others, lower in the polo hierarchy, purchased a single pony for $500 to $3,000.

At the bottom were Al's equals, rising young horsemen whose expenses were paid as they played. Al was fortunate in his patron: James A. Wigmore, California tycoon, was a survivor of polo's early American days. At 72 he played goalie on his own Californians at Hitchcock Field, Meadow Brook, with Al in the No. 2 position. The Wild Man's four goals helped rout Oliver's Orioles 11-4, with the venerable Wigmore still active enough to block approaches and to share in the glory.

Now Al rose rapidly in handicap ratings to a five-goal status. He was best under pressure, licking Detroit A. C. in 44 seconds of sudden-death overtime with a 150-foot power drive from midfield. He was at his peak when Pearl Harbor brought polo to a standstill.

THE army took Al despite his glass eye, put sergeant's chevrons on his sleeve, and posted him in a Jersey City stockyard, shipping mules to the CBI front. Luckily, West Point still maintained a polo team. Sports-minded generals borrowed the Wild Man, riding him in the Cadets' colors. Aided by his mighty mallet, the Pointers drove roughshod over such wartime civilian teams as remained.

Then the war ended. And Al got his Big Idea. His father, now breeding ponies in Idaho, had shipped him a few. The army had no more use for many hard-riding horses, which were being sold as surplus. Why not buy a hundred or so, weed out weaklings, school, ride or sell the rest?

As Al opened his own academy at Tallman, New York, he realized that the polo picture was radically changed. Tommy Hitchcock had died during the war years. Other old stars, Iglehart, Guest, Phipps, were no younger. Colleges were stripped of manpower. The future was bleak.

Obviously the man who could corner the pony market could dominate the game. "Ponies are 80 per cent of polo, man-skill the remainder," Al says. "Ponies don't follow the ball consciously, but they do sweep into the game—many a close match has been won by a pony's deft kick. We rate them just like players, using low-goal ponies in early periods, quick-witted veterans toward the climax, when inches and seconds count.

"I ride Jopo, my 21-year-old bay, when the going's hot. I hold my reins loosely, as if on a saddle horse. Jopo wears a full bridle and short curved bit which presses sharply into his mouth. He responds to a flick of my little finger.

"He's unique. The average pony's playing life begins at four or five, following a year's schooling. He's usually through at eleven, when his mouth begins to harden. I prefer mares because they're less emotional. Yes, ponies can be as temperamental as men. I can recall a game which ended when tired ponies engaged in a sit-down strike. Jopo's not like that—he just goes on and on, year after year."

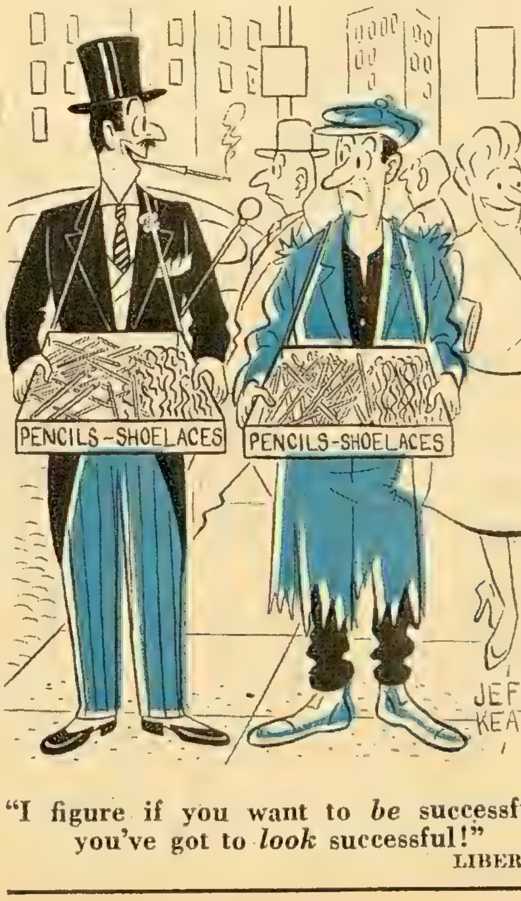
Back in the 1930s Argentinian ponies, bred like thoroughbred race horses, became favorites with the ritzier polo set. "But they're too expensive for us little fellows," says Al. "We've learned how to select ours from native strains. They break in out West, sharp-eyed plains horses which have learned to trust men on cattle ranges."

So Parsells, owning the finest polo pool in history, organized eight Rampo teams, named after the hills along which he had cantered as a boy. He played on any and all—and when he played, opponents forgot the name of the squad, calling it "the Parsells."

Facing his old West Point comrades in April, '46, he flattened the cadet cavalrymen. Giving the Pointers a four-goal handicap, he ran riot with eight goals. He rode Rantone, a midget-sized twelve-year-old blowtorch. His horsemanship was compared to Tommy Hitchcock's best.

Al won't admit it, but his recklessness is defiance of death. The outdoor game is risky enough, although only a two-foot fence encloses the field. Indoors, a solid brick wall lies at the end of the ride.

But Al chooses to ignore such tragedies as that which struck down Pat Roark, the quick-muscled Irishman with the feckless midfield style. Cocky Pat, a nine-goaler, came over from Hurlingham in '39 to play No. 2 for the Britishers against Hitchcock's American best.



"I figure if you want to *be* successful, you've got to *look* successful!"
LIBERTY

During a warm-up game in southern California, Pat's horse swerved as, mallet high, he leaned forward for the stroke. He tumbled beneath an oncoming pony, which dragged him forty feet to his death.

That same July, at Meadow Brook, Clarence Mott "Monte" Woolley failed to check his pony as he rode headlong toward Winston Guest's El Presidente. Forelegs locked with El Presidente's rear legs, Monte's pony fell forward. Guest, muscles bulging, vainly strove to check his high-spirited Argentinian mount. As horror-stricken spectators shielded their eyes, the steel-shod hoofs crushed Woolley to death.

And Prince Serge Mdivani, the handsome Georgian who spent a small fortune to take his personal polo team on a world tour, had his life snuffed out less than two years later by a horse's hoof.

To avert such tragedies, indoor and outdoor polo associations have devised rules which penalize offenders. "Yet smash-ups constantly occur," Al confesses. "Anything can happen in polo—and does."

Certainly no game is so thrill-packed. Yet polo, up to now, has been played or enjoyed by relatively few. Parsell's indoor tournament games at Squadron A's metropolitan armory were played to packed houses—yet only 1,500 spectators could crowd into the balcony.

NOW, with the new indoor-outdoor versions, Parsells is confident the era of polo for the masses has dawned. The startling success of the Orange Bowl experiment convinced even the United States Polo Association. By mid-May promoter Douglas G. Hertz, with the backing of New York's imaginative Park Commissioner Robert Moses, had engaged 22,000-capacity Triboro Stadium for a full summer season.

"Before, we've always had to worry about lack of playing space," Parsells says. "The new game may be fitted into many a city's baseball park. Because the team requires only three men, it will be easier for us to form crack combinations.

"If the public responds as it did in Miami, our financial problems will end. We shall be able to afford high-caliber ponies.

"Not every youngster will be able to learn the secret of polo success at first, but I look forward to the day when ponies will be bonded and rented to those who cannot afford to own one."

When that day comes, any daredevil adult, male or female, will be able to play the aristocratic old game. And the rest of us can cheer them on with the traditional 20,000-throated roar of "Moida da bums!"

THE END

Readers...

LIBERTY to be published

➡ **MONTHLY** effective with

the **SEPTEMBER** issue, on

sale **FRIDAY, AUGUST 15th**

➡ **LIBERTY**—as a monthly—will continue the present high standards of paper, printing, editorial, and art

The same big value for 10¢

Watch your favorite newsstand for the new, bigger, better

➡ **MONTHLY LIBERTY**

HOW NOT TO FIGHT COMMUNISM

Continued from Page 31

nism may prove as pernicious as the disease itself.

Our justified determination to unmask and neutralize the Stalinist conspiracy in our midst must not degenerate into know-nothing persecution. If it does, we shall be playing into the hands of the Communists and all other enemies of democracy.

We abhor the totalitarian way of life because it violates our concepts of justice, decency, and human dignity; because it dismisses with contempt the individual and his "unalienable rights." We shall be destroying those very values, however, if we put mob passion rather than democratic restraint in command of the anti-Communist drive now shaping up in our country.

Obviously the task of exposing and defeating the Communists, native and imported, would be easier if we were not hampered by our deep-rooted respect for civil liberties—if we adopted their own ruthless code of conduct. The temptation is to force their own medicine down their throats.

But it is a temptation more dangerous to ourselves—and to our cherished political morality—than to the Communists. To destroy the Bill of Rights in the process of safeguarding it against totalitarian enemies would be like curing a headache by decapitation.

I recall once in Moscow posing a moral problem to a bright little Soviet playmate of my daughter. "Supposing," I said, "that a hundred people were arrested for treason to the U.S.S.R. You knew that one of them was guilty but did not know which one. What would you do?"

"I'd shoot them all," the youngster replied without hesitation.

The answer came so glibly because it was part of his indoctrination in school, in the Young Pioneers, in the books he read. What are 99 innocent lives when the safety of the enthroned state is at stake?

An American child would rather take a chance on freeing one guilty man than punishing the guiltless. Such are our democratic and Judeo-Christian "prejudices." It is precisely this strict sense of justice, this respect for the individual, that we seek to salvage from the cyclone of totalitarian terror now ravaging the mind of mankind.

The American people are getting a lot of advice these days on how to fight the Communists. That's all to the good. But in the interests of balance and sanity we need some advice on how *not* to fight the Communists. By way of a starter, here are a few common-sense "don'ts" that seem to me basic:

1. *Don't confuse Communists with honest liberals and radicals.*

Radicalism has a rich and honorable American tradition, from Tom Paine, Andrew Jackson, and John Brown to Eugene V. Debs and Norman Thomas. Our country was born in revolution and has flourished on social experimentation. Its history is replete with extremist movements—abolitionism, populism, muckraking, socialistic colonies, technocracy—some of which do not seem the least bit crackpot in retrospect. Even anarchism, which has such an ominous "foreign" sound, has strong home-grown roots in American literature and philosophy.

Under the American concept a man has as much right to be a radical or liberal as a conservative or reactionary. Our political framework is wide and pliant enough to withstand the clash and pressures of conflicting ideas, theories, and programs, from extreme right to extreme left and back again. No one in his senses wants to prevent change and reform; criticism and opposition are the lifeblood and the pulse of a democracy.

We do not quarrel with the Communist about his economic or political beliefs, but about his traitorous loyalty to a foreign power. In sober fact he has no beliefs, but merely a fixed foreign allegiance. He is the blind agent of a Soviet-directed conspiracy, following one policy "line" today, its opposite tomorrow, as ordered.

****

TWO VIEWPOINTS

A pastor of a church in a small Alabama town received a call to the pulpit of a big city church, and in true religious fashion told the deacons that he would prayerfully consider the offer and report later.

When the pastor's young son was asked whether or not his father had decided to accept the better offer, the boy replied:

"Well, dad is still praying—but mom's got the clothes almost all packed."—*John Newton Baker.*

****

One of the Communist's most cynical techniques of confusion is to put the label "Fascist" on anyone who disagrees with him. We shall be helping him to deepen that confusion in which he thrives if we put the label "Communist" indiscriminately on all those whose views we dislike or fear. In making martyrs of innocent liberals and radicals we would be enabling the guilty Communist also to masquerade as a martyr.

The most effective work against the Stalinist ideological invasion of America has been done by the left rather than the right. Liberal, Socialist, and labor publications have been more conscious of the threat, and more intelligent in meeting it, than any other one group.

2. *Don't, in your just anger at the Communists, fall for their ideological brethren at the other end of the scale, the assorted Fascists and near-Fascists.*

The distemper from which our generation is suffering is totalitarianism. It finds many and various expressions, of which Communism is today the most menacing. But let us not forget that we have just fought and won a war against its other and no sweeter expressions, the Italian Fascist and the German Nazi brands.

When a Communist attacks Fascism in any of its forms, he is not protecting democracy but promoting his own red brand of Fascism. By the same token the anti-Communist rantings of people obsessed by race hatred, anti-foreign phobias, and other typical symptoms of the totalitarian mind and heart are merely peddling their own anti-democratic line of goods. The Communist-Fascist rivalry is at bottom a family quarrel in no way related to your fight and mine against totalitarianism in any guise.

3. *Don't tell the Communists to "go back where they came from."*

Propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding, the vast majority of them "came" from the 48 states of this Union. True, the rank and file of the official Communist Party are in large measure drawn from our immigrant population. Not yet fully adjusted to the democratic environment, often trailing hangovers from political struggles in their native countries, they are especially vulnerable to the blandishments of hatemongers, whether Communist or Nazi.

BUT our proudest, most American traditions are summed up in the melting-pot idea and the right of political asylum. Our job is to wean the tiny pro-Communist element among the foreign-born away from their leaders, rather than to punish all foreign-born for the sins and the stupidities of a handful.

The most effective part of the Communist fifth column in our country is in its fellow-traveling contingent, in literally scores of false-front organizations. The membership, at times totaling millions, is drawn almost entirely from native Americans—from professors, preachers, society ladies, movie actors, and the like. The top leaders of the Communist Party, too, are natives. If you sent them "back where they came from," William Z. Foster would be exiled to Massachusetts, Earl Browder to Kansas, Eugene Dennis to Washington, Robert Minor to Texas.

4. *Don't let your hatred of Communism overflow into attacks on organized labor.*

The Stalinist crowd admittedly has enjoyed notable successes in capturing a number of large labor unions. Its methods have been of the same order as those of gangsters who hijack control of a union here and there. Neither one group nor the other is representative of the mass of the union membership. The rank-and-file members are in every instance innocent victims of a clever and unscrupulous mob.

Whatever your views on organized

labor, they have no reference to the problem of Red infiltration. To blame trade-unions for their Communist termites would be about as reasonable as blaming education or journalism, because in those areas, too, the Communists have made deep inroads.

Organized labor, particularly the American Federation of Labor, has been every bit as active as the U. S. Chamber scourge. Within the C.I.O., the Communist-controlled unions have always been a minority and today it is a shrinking minority. Some C.I.O. leaders have been remiss and ill advised in tolerating this minority. That is a commentary on these men, not on the principle of unionism. Complacency toward Communism of the same general order can be charged against our government, the churches, and cultural organizations.

5. *Don't fall for the once-a-Communist-always-a-Communist line.*

A notion, propagated by some writers and agitators, that the stain of sympathy for Communism is indelible, ignores the fact that thousands of well-meaning and high-minded Americans have been lured into the Communist fold by glittering phrases and humanitarian pretensions. Warm-hearted young people, impatient to set the world straight, are readily trapped by propaganda baited with idealistic verbiage. It takes time for these victims to cut through illusions. When they do, they are likely to become the best equipped opponents of Stalinism.

THE "turnover" in the American Communist Party is so great that a member of two or three years' standing is almost a veteran. It is estimated that less than 3 per cent of the present membership dates back to the founding of the organization in the early 1920s. This means that the Communists are more successful in duping people than in keeping them duped. To treat former Communists or sympathizers with their cause, who are now actively fighting Communism, as if their sin is ineradicable is ungenerous, narrow-minded, and mischievous nonsense.

6. *Don't automatically denounce the people and causes the Communists may be defending, or vice versa, defend the things Communists are attacking.*

Red Fascists, like Fascists of other hues, have a great talent for making propaganda capital out of suffering and discontent wherever they may find it. One recalls, for instance, how energetically they exploited popular distress in the depression years, among share croppers, Okies, the unemployed, and the scared middle classes. One marvels at the skill with which they can blow up some local case of injustice into a campaign of national dimensions, or exploit the bitterness of homeless veterans, or play on the emotions of some mistreated racial minority.

The fact that Communists use good causes for their own bad purposes, however, does not make those causes any less worthy. On the contrary, in the measure that decent, patriotic Americans take the initiative on good causes they will cut the ground from under the totalitarian gentry. By the same logic, men and movements may be utterly bad *despite* the fact that the Daily Worker also attacks them.

7. *Finally and most important, don't let the anti-Communist drive get out of hand in hysteria.*

Americans old enough to remember will agree that the frenzied "Red scare" after the first World War, with its rash of raids, deportations, and mob violence, was entirely self-defeating. Public opinion in the end revolted against the excesses of overzealous officials and self-appointed vigilantes. Let's not have a repetition of that sorry episode.

Former Ambassador William C. Bullitt summed it up simply and well when he said, in testifying before a Congressional committee: "The last thing we want is to make martyrs of anybody and throw away the Bill of Rights."

THE END

LUCK WAS WITH TOM WHEN...
C-R-A-C-K!
ON VACATION, TOM MAHONEY IS SHOOTING THE LAST AND MOST DANGEROUS RAPIDS IN HIS LONG TRIP THROUGH MAD CANYON WHEN • • •
GRAB MY HORSE'S TAIL!
TALK'S CHEAP, BUT I'M CERTAINLY GRATEFUL • • •
FORGET IT, STRANGER. COME ON, LET'S HEAD FOR THE "LAZY U". YOU'LL NEVER MAKE TOWN ON FOOT
THAT YOU, BETH? SUPPER'S ABOUT READY
OKAY, DAD. BETTER SET ANOTHER PLACE. WE HAVE COMPANY
HERE'S DRY DUDS AND A RAZOR, TOO
THANKS A LOT
WHAT AN EASY SHAVE! I EXPECTED TROUBLE WITH TWO DAYS' WHISKERS
THIN GILLETTES ALWAYS SKIM OFF WHISKERS QUICK AND EASY
CAN I GET A TRAIN IN UTE CITY?
FISHIN'S GOOD HERE AND WE LIKE COMPANY. WHY NOT STAY A FEW DAYS?
I HOPE HE DOES. HE'S HANDSOME
WHILE YOU'RE SHOPPING, I'LL WIRE MY FOLKS
TELL THEM YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU'LL BE BACK
NEXT MORNING
YOUR FACE LOOKS WELL GROOMED AND FEELS SWELL AFTER A SMOOTH, REFRESHING THIN GILLETTE SHAVE. MEN, THIS BLADE IS THE KEENEST AND LONGEST LASTING LOW-PRICED BLADE YOU EVER TRIED. THEN, TOO, IT FITS YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR ACCURATELY AND THUS PROTECTS YOU FROM THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

THE PARKS STORY

Continued from Page 24

Soon after, he was signed by Columbia at a small salary. "I hate to remember the number of screen fights I had to engage in, doubling for a star whose face they didn't want bruised." He made his legitimate screen debut in a film called Mystery Ship, and after that he appeared in a wide assortment of Bs. His work in Counter-Attack and Renegades caught the attention of the front office. The big boys went into a huddle and decided he should be given a crack at the Jolson role.

On September 8, 1914, at St. Thomas's Episcopal Church in Los Angeles, Larry married Betty Garrett whom he had met at the Actors Lab a few months before. He was working in Counter-Attack at the time. "I wore a new blue dress," says Betty, "and Larry wore a three weeks' growth of beard which the studio wouldn't let him shave off." He forgot the key to his apartment the night of their marriage, and they narrowly missed being tossed into the clink by a cop who caught them trying to force a window.

UP until this past spring the Parkses have had a long-distance marriage. After appearing in Laughing Room Only on Broadway, singer-comedienne Betty Garrett shot to fame and glory when Melvyn Douglas gave her the starring role in the musical show, Call Me Mister.

When Metro handed her a contract, Betty left the play and joined her husband in Hollywood. As a parting gift the cast presented her with a red setter with a tag around his neck on which was written, Call Me Mister.

Their house in Nichols Canyon is on the small side and has no swimming pool. They have not become part of Hollywood's social whirl.

Larry has an uneasy feeling that if Metro doesn't come across with a picture soon, Betty will go back to Broadway. The offers are very tempting. But he'd never think of playing the heavy husband and telling her to give up her career. "After all, I wasn't particularly interested in marrying a housewife when I married Betty. If she still wants a career, I'll do everything I can to help. The girl, these days, has just as much individual entity as the man, and just as much right to her individual entity."

To illustrate this, he likes to tell this happy incident: Last November, with a big plush publicity campaign, Columbia sent him to New York for the Broadway opening of The Jolson Story. He was given a suite at the Waldorf. There he received hundreds of calls, and so did Betty. Late that night Betty's mother, acting as secretary, wearily reported to a notedly conventional editor, "Mr. Parks and Miss Garrett are in bed."

THE END

HOT POTATO IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Continued from Page 37

them. What they resent more is that the goods the American "occupying forces" bring in, military or civil, are free of tax.

Now, however, the Newfies are vividly aware of another commodity besides fish—intangible, but potent as a bartering instrument. Conscious that their country holds vast strategic importance, they declare their right to a pay-off, to dividends on the military capital with which geography has endowed their island.

Newfoundland will insist, above everything else, that in return for military facilities the United States shall wipe out the tariff on fish; secondly, they will demand substantial ground rent for American installations and maneuvering ground; and thirdly, a fair revenue from international aviation which has made Newfoundland one of the primary sky junctions of the world.

Whatever form of government emerges from the discussions going on with Britain and Canada—and, by indirection, with the United States—these three demands will stand. The two relating to ground rents and aviation revenue could be absorbed in an acceptable plan for condominion in view of the subsidy provision. But the first, calling for elimination of the American sea-food duties, is another matter.

* * *

A bandit held up A. H. Derry in Pittsburgh, and when he found that Derry's wallet contained only $47, he threw the money back at him.—*Harold Helfer.*

* * *

And the condominion project will set off enough sparks in the United States without throwing codfish into the debate. It has only to be mentioned to throw the fishermen of New England into rebellion. Competition from 30,000 Newfoundlanders equipped with the latest curing and freezing plants and gear will not be accepted on New England's coast without a battle.

BUT condominion or no condominion, the fish issue is coming up; it is almost sure to break into the open before next year's election. It's a thorny matter, for the New England fishermen's vote is important, and they are demanding that the tariff against Newfoundland and Canadian sea food be not only maintained but jolted upward.

How and when the condominion and bases-for-cod problem will hit the American political market is up to London. The British government is wrestling with the Newfoundland demand that the entire American lease deal be reopened forthwith. And, like Washington, it is not keen on adding Newfoundland to the list of contentious international issues just at this time.

The British have made it plain that the tripower project or any other solution must carry a Newfoundland stamp. No plan is going to be imposed. The Newfie convention has been advised to try to reach a decision. If it fails—and no agreement is in sight—the British government will have to ask Washington and Ottawa to go into conference.

Meanwhile, the Robert Job propaganda mill, backed by important units of the press, is busy telling the Newfies that condominion means their economic and political salvation. It means, says Job, an international assurance of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. For the American people it means, first, another headache.

THE END

WASHINGTON MURDER-GO-ROUND

Continued from Page 40

room were full of Eddie's clothes, and I did my best to disarrange nothing while I groped among shorts, shirts, pajamas, socks, what not. The drawers in the living room had all kinds of scattered papers in them, and playing cards, and poker chips.

Next I searched the closets and the bed. I looked at the springs under the bed. Nothing there. I went into the kitchen and opened jars marked Salt, Flour, Sugar, Coffee. I tried the refrigerator, the oven, the garbage can, the bread box. In about twenty minutes, after searching even in the bathroom's medicine cabinet, I was ready to give up. Surely I hadn't overlooked much.

The carpet? It was tacked down from wall to wall. It would have bulged somewhere if anything were under it; but I could see no bulge. As far as I could tell, I'd neglected nothing—except, I realized, the radio.

It was a small portable radio, one of those sets which, when not plugged in, play on their own batteries. You could unscrew the back of it to replace batteries or tubes. I opened it—and was stunned.

Lodged in the space over the tubes were a brown envelope and a wad of bills held together by a rubber band!

I took it all out. First I riffled through the money. It was all in hundred-dollar bills. When I'd counted about a quarter of them I could judge there was some ten thousand dollars in all. Then I opened the envelope. I glanced at only two or three of the papers in it. That was all I needed to see. These were the letters of Walter Evans Legrue.

I looked around the room with a mixture of horror and indecision. What was the next step in a situation like this? The police? To call the police would mean to betray Ray's part in this affair. And I couldn't do that—I couldn't do anything—without first talking to him.

I picked up the telephone and dialed Ray's house. Solomon answered.

"Where are you, Solomon?" I asked quickly. "Up or downstairs?"

"Downstairs, ma'am."

"Are they still there—the boss and Mr. Lark?"

"No, ma'am. Mr. Lark, he's gone, an'—"

I gasped, *"Gone?"*

"Left a few minutes ago," Solomon said. "We had a bit of excitement like."

"What—what excitement?"

"Seems like Mr. Lark came down to get some cigarettes from his coat pocket, an' all of a sudden he called me in to ask who'd been at his coat. I told him nobody. He looked awful scared. He said his keys were gone. Then he asked who'd been here, an' I said only you. He just grabbed his coat and hat an' ran out. Then the boss came down, an' I—"

A CHILL crept through me. Eddie Lark must have rushed home. Right here. To stop me.

"How—how long ago did Mr. Lark leave?" I asked.

"Ten—fifteen minutes. He—"

I hung up. No time to talk now. Without keys, Eddie couldn't use his car, but if he'd caught a cab he'd arrive at any instant.

As I rushed across the room for my purse and gloves, I could have kicked myself for my stupidity. Why had I taken the whole ring of keys? Why hadn't I simply removed the house key?

The only thing to do now was to take the money and the letters and get out. I couldn't risk letting Eddie find me here. He'd be fighting for his life; he'd fight in desperation. I stuffed everything into my purse, switched off the lights. My throat pounded. I opened the door, started out—and stopped on the threshold.

There was Eddie Lark, reaching the top of the stairs.

His eyes bulged. He was pale and breathless and puffing.

I sprang back with some idea of slamming the door shut, of barricading myself in the apartment while I telephoned for help. But Eddie, in a headlong rush, struck the door before it could close. He came in with it. As he shut it behind him, he switched on the lights. By the time I had my wits I was standing in the middle of the room, clutching the purse hard against myself; and Eddie, breathing heavily, stared with those frog's eyes at the radio. Its rear panel was still open.

He looked at me. He was breathless. He panted, "You shouldn't have done this. You shouldn't have done it."

I didn't answer. There was something terrible in the finality of his tone. It was as if he were saying I'd left him no choice of action. I wondered desperately what would happen if I made a dash for the door.

Londoners flock to famed Thames regattas

Banks of the River Thames are lined with spectators when varsity shells race in quiet waters near London. And as the coxswains' chants still ring in the air, sports-minded London toasts the winning crew—frequently in drinks blended with London's extraordinary dry gin.

Barclay's London Dry Gin

Made in America

with costlier imported flavors

Barclay's
Distilled
London Dry
Gin

TWO HUNDRED YEARS have passed since dry gin was developed in London. In America, this ancient recipe is interpreted in Barclay's Gin with costlier *imported* flavors. Painstaking distillation of Barclay's grain spirits with *imported* botanicals of special merit creates a gin (full 90 proof) unquestionably worth its small extra cost. For gin in the matchless London manner, simply request Barclay's.

Barclay's
Distilled
LONDON Dry Gin

JAS. BARCLAY & CO., LIMITED, PEORIA, ILL.—DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN—90 PROOF

He'd try to stop me, of course, and—did he still have the gun that had killed Walter Evans Legrue?

Eddie's eyes had dropped to my purse. He stretched out his hand. "Let me have it."

I said, "No, Eddie."

"You want me to take it?"

"What good will it do? It's all over. You're through."

"Not while I got ten thousand dollars to travel on," he said. "Hand it over, Fran. I don't want to get rough."

I said, "You're too late. I've already phoned the police."

"The hell you have."

"They'll be here before you can get out of the building—"

"You didn't phone the police. You were on the way out. If you'd phoned, you'd have been waiting for them." His hand was still extended. "Do you give me that purse or do I have to take it?"

"I can't, Eddie! I—"

He stepped toward me, seized the purse. I wrenched away from him and started toward the door. But Eddie caught both my arms behind me. He flung me around. It was a terrific swing and it sent me staggering. I lost my balance, fell. The side of my head struck the windowsill and a white flame flashed across my eyes. For a few seconds I must have lain there, dazed.

When at last I could focus my eyes again, I saw the open purse on the floor beside my hat. It seemed to be rocking from side to side; the whole room was swaying like that. I looked up as Eddie came from the bathroom door. He was pushing the money into his pocket.

"You were foolish to get rough," he said. "This is my *life* I'm playing for."

Then I realized there was a queer acrid smell in the apartment—the smell of something burning.

"The letters," Eddie said, backing toward the outer door. "I never want to be caught with *those* things on me. They're ashes in the tub."

HE reached behind him for the doorknob. I could see no way of stopping him now. I was still too weak and dazed to get off the floor, and I couldn't see what good a scream would do. The truth was I felt too sick to scream.

And then, before Eddie could open the door, somebody banged on it. The buzzer sounded and Ray Garret's voice called, "Open up! Open up!"

Eddie almost leaped away from the door. His face became white. With those bulging eyes he looked around in a trapped, incredulous way at me, at the windows, back at the door.

I shouted, *"Ray! Ray!"*

"Shut up!" Eddie said. The way he came at me, I thought he was going to kick at my head.

But he didn't kick. He looked into the bedroom—at the window with the fire escape beyond it. He sprang toward the bedroom door.

There was only one thing I could think to do. I reached out with my leg. I got my foot between his feet and he tripped and cried out and went down, sprawling across the threshold.

BY the time he hit the floor I was up and reeling toward the outer door. Ray was still banging when I pulled it open.

The glance he had of my face filled his eyes with horror. Then he saw Eddie getting up. As Ray went for him in the bedroom, Eddie picked up the bedside table lamp. He lifted it high. Its plug sprang out of the wall sockets and snapped across the floor. Eddie swung the lamp with all the strength he could find.

But it was a clumsy weapon. Ray dodged back and the lamp went down to smash itself against the side of the bed. Before Eddie could try again, Ray's fist crashed against his jaw. It caught him under the ear—a dreadful crack that dropped Eddie as if he'd been clubbed. His bulging eyes stared in a glazed way at the ceiling. Then he rolled over.

I started to speak. But Ray caught my arms, forced me into a chair. "Wait," he said. "Not now."

Lots of arguments are sound . . . all sound.—*John Newton Baker.*

He went into the bathroom. When he came out he carried a cold wet towel. His face was almost as gray as Eddie's had been. He lifted my hair and pressed the towel against the side of my head. It stung. It made me wince, hold my breath.

"Ray, he—killed Legrue," I said. "The money is—in his pocket. He burned the letters. I—found them all—in the radio."

"Why in thunder did you walk into this thing alone?" Ray asked. "Why didn't you call me?"

"I wasn't sure about him—about anything—" Then, in amazement I opened my eyes wide as a new thought struck me. "Ray, how did *you* get here?"

"Solomon told me how Eddie had rushed out when he found his keys were gone. In a panic. A few minutes after you. The thing hit me quick, then, and I came in a hurry. I could think of only one reason you'd want to take Eddie's keys."

He went back to the bathroom and brought out a fresh wet towel. This one felt good against the side of my head. I relaxed a little, feeling easier every second.

So far, Eddie hadn't even stirred.

Ray said, "Can you hold the towel?"

I took it, and he went to bend over Eddie. He drew the wad of bills out of the overcoat pocket. His face was grim as he thumbed through them. He had tossed off his hat, and the dark hair dangled over his forehead.

"Are *any* of the letters left in the tub?" I asked.

"Nothing but ashes."

"That—that's quite a break for Congressman Rashton. He won't have lies to explain away."

Ray didn't seem to hear me. Stuffing the money into his own pocket, he went to the telephone, started dialing.

I asked, "Whom are you calling?"

"The police."

"But, Ray," I sat up in anxiety, "you're letting yourself in for something! When the story gets out—"

"The hell with that."

Eddie Lark moved. He groaned. After a moment he lifted his head and looked around with dazed, unfocused eyes. He propped himself up on his hands and knees.

Ray was already talking to the police. He made it brief. When he put down the telephone, he came to stand beside Eddie.

"You're quite a guy," he said.

Eddie managed to sit up, his back against the bed. Rubbing his jaw, he looked up at Ray. "You tell the cops and you'll kill the column," he said. "It was *your* money that bought those letters!"

"I'm not worrying about me or the column," Ray said. "You killed a man, Eddie. You murdered Legrue. My column doesn't stand back of that kind of stuff."

I FORGOT the wet towel at my head. I forgot my bruises. Ray *wasn't* living by the ethics I'd deplored. When the chips were down, he was on the side of the law, and nothing else mattered. I wanted to jump up and sing. I wanted to kiss him.

Eddie said in a panicky tone, "We—we could still hush this up, Ray. Even now—"

"I don't hush up on murder."

"It wasn't murder!" Eddie cried. "I didn't go to kill him!"

"Maybe you didn't take the letters either."

"All right, I'll admit I took the letters. I put them under my car seat. When I left your place I knew they were hot and I wanted to get rid of them fast. That's why I phoned Legrue soon as I got home. I asked twenty thousand for them. He said if I'd take ten he'd buy them right away—he had ten in the house."

"Tell it to the cops," Ray said.

"I'm telling you because I want you to see it wasn't murder!" Eddie sounded frantic. "When I got to Legrue's I wanted a look at his cash before I showed him the letters. I left them in the car when I went in. He had the money, all right, all ready for me. So I went out and got the letters. When I came in again, he jammed a gun into me. Said to give him the letters and get the hell out. I—I lost my head. Grabbed the gun and shoved. Then the thing went off and he dropped."

Perspiration gleamed on Eddie's face.

"I took the money and ran," he said. "It wasn't till I got outside that I realized I had the gun, too. On the way home I drove to the river and flung it out into the Potomac. That's the way it happened, Ray. It was accident, not murder!"

Ray's voice was savage: "It was double-crossing and blackmail and killing."

Outside in the street a siren wailed.

HALF an hour later, when the police had taken Eddie Lark away, Ray and I were alone in the apartment. I was exhausted.

As I took up my purse and gloves from a chair, Ray said, "Wait a second." Parting my hair, he frowned at the bruise on my head. Then he looked into my eyes.

"Sure you're altogether yourself?"

"Yes."

"Well, then—" Before I quite realized what he was doing, he put his arms around me, drew me close. He smiled a little, still looking into my eyes, and then kissed me on the lips.

When at last he let me go, I stared at him in bewilderment. "Ray," I whispered—"Ray, what on earth—"

"You're wonderful," he said.

"I—you ought to *warn* a girl—"

"You had your warning long ago," he said. "Why do you think I hired you anyway?"

"You needed a secretary—"

"When I need a secretary I try her out before I take her. I took you on after one glance over a cocktail because I didn't give a damn whether you'd be a good secretary or not. I just wanted you around."

My heart seemed to have stopped. I couldn't even speak.

"What do I have to do to prove it?" he said. "Marry you?"

I still couldn't answer.

"Because that's what I *want* to do."

"What—what about Irene?"

"Irene?" He seemed puzzled.

"You said today you—you'd been in love with her all these years—"

The perplexity cleared away. "You sprang your friend Cannerton on me before I could finish. I wanted to add that these last couple of days, seeing Irene, talking to her, have made me realize many things. I'd been half in love with a *memory*—maybe because once my pride had been hurt, and I couldn't forget that. Seeing Irene now, I know it's been imagination, hurt pride, nothing more."

I stared at Ray. I knew then that I would hurt Jerry again; but it couldn't be helped.

Ray kissed me again. This time I threw my arms around him and kissed him, too. I kissed him with all the pent-up hopes and despairs of ten long years. When we stopped, he drew in a long breath and grinned. He said unsteadily, "I knew it would be like that. Of course, from time to time we'll fight—over my ethics."

I said, "Darling, I'll fight your ethics all my life."

"But," he said, "I'll love you even while we fight."

As his arms tightened around me again, I smiled and did something I'd been wanting to do for weeks. I pushed his hair back from his forehead with my own fingers.

THE END

FRANCIS

Continued from Page 54

would be right to risk mine to do it."

"Explain yourself."

"First point," Francis flapped that right ear for emphasis. "What did the government have to do to get you? Induction. A number pulled out of a hat, and you have a second lieutenant. But not me. I wasn't so easy. The government had to buy me. Yes, sir. Cold, hard cash on the barrelhead."

"This isn't a war of money," I said.

"Perhaps," said Francis. "But consider it from another angle. Is there a shortage of second lieutenants? Certainly not. The War Department has announced they have a surplus, a large surplus. But the government could use thousands more mules."

I was searching frantically for an answer. I shook my head.

"Let's look at the mathematics of the thing," Francis said. "I calculate I am worth exactly seven of you."

"What!"

"You heard me, lieutenant."

"And how do you arrive at that figure?"

"I'll show you," Francis said. "Shipping space is at a premium. The Army allots as much boat space to one mule as to seven lieutenants."

"So what!"

"So the Army could have brought seven lieutenants over to Burma. But it didn't. It brought me."

I rubbed my chin and tried to think. Suddenly an Army maxim flashed through my mind: "Always make a personal reconnaissance." I glanced up at the lip of the ravine.

"Wait here," I said. "I'll take a look around."

I'D almost reached the top when I felt something hit the back of my right leg. Pain flamed up my back. I pitched over and rolled back to the bottom of the ravine.

The mule stood looking at me with an expression of thorough disgust. "Where'd it get you?"

"Oh," I moaned. "Oh! . . . In the leg. A piece of shrapnel. . . . My side feels as if it's on fire."

"It isn't," said the mule. "Don't waste time telling me how much it hurts. Put a tourniquet around your thigh."

"With what?"

"With what! With your belt. Didn't they ever teach you first aid?"

I unfastened my belt and drew it out. Fumbling badly, I worked it round my leg.

"A little lower," directed Francis. "Now pull it tight. . . . Tighter. You've got to close the main artery. . . . See, the blood's stopping."

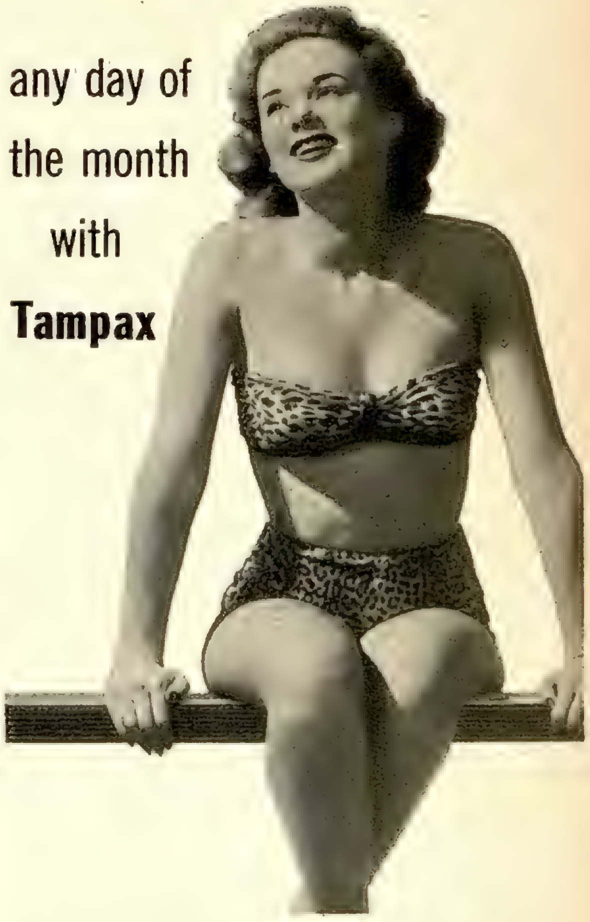
I leaned back, exhausted.

"By the tail of my great-aunt Regret who won the Derby!" Francis was growing more furious. "I ought to leave you here for Jap bait."

"Go ahead," I said. "Go ahead and save yourself. I'm done for."

SWIM

any day of the month with **Tampax**



BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that . . . Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Regular TAMPAX
TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Ever wish you were Aladdin?

You remember him . . .

He was the lucky fellow who found a magic lamp. It gave him everything he wished for—from diamond-crusted palaces to a sultan's daughter as his bride.

You've probably wished a lot of times for a miracle like this to happen to you. Maybe not for out-of-this-world treasures, but for something that will take care of the things that are bound to come up.

Like medical expenses, or college for the kids. Or maybe just for the nice, safe feeling it gives you to have some extra money put aside for the future.

Though no magic is involved, there is a way to give you this security. The Payroll Savings Plan. Or, if you're not eligible for the Payroll Plan but have a checking account, the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either way, it's almost unbelievable how quickly your money accumulates.

Where else can you get such a *safe*, generous return on your money ($4 for every $3)? It's so simple—so easy, you hardly miss the money that you're saving.

And don't forget—at the same time, you're *making more!*

Next to a magic lamp, there's no better way than this to make sure your future is secure.

Save the easy, automatic way . . . with U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

"See here, lieutenant"—the mule was wagging that right ear—"you know perfectly well I can't leave you now. I'm an old-timer. I know the score. *Esprit de Corps.* One for all and all for one. What the hell, after a while it gets you.

"You said a second lieutenant wasn't worth saving."

"A whole one isn't," the mule said. "Wounded, you become a matter of principle."

Using my good leg and holding on to the animal's side, I managed to rise. Scrambling and clutching I drew myself onto his back.

We began to move.

The ground was shaking beneath me. I closed my eyes. I was bouncing and slipping. The earth seemed far away.

"Are we flying?" I asked.

"Don't ask silly questions," Francis commanded.

I was growing weaker. The last thing I remember saying was, "Francis, I'll have you made a corporal for this."

WHEN I regained consciousness, I was in a bed. Clean sheets were over me. My leg, swathed in bandages, throbbed. I was in the ward of a hospital.

After a few minutes a doctor came over. "Well, lieutenant, so you're awake. How are you feeling?"

"I'm all right," I said. "What happened to me?"

"Caught a piece of shrapnel in the thigh. Nothing serious. Have you out of here in no time."

"Where am I?"

"This is the Burma Headquarters Base Hospital."

"How did I get here?" I asked.

The doctor released my wrist. "Ambulance, I suppose. You better not try to talk."

What had happened to me? It came back slowly. . . .

A few days later a captain from Army Intelligence sat down beside my bed. He wanted to know how I had managed to make my way back from behind the Jap lines.

I decided I'd better tell him the whole story.

"I was carried by an Army mule," I said. "Remarkable thing, captain, the animal could talk."

"Ah . . . Yes . . . A mule carried . . ." Suddenly the captain straightened with such force he almost went over backwards. "What did you say the mule could do?"

"Talk."

"That's what I thought you said." The captain jumped up, skittled around to the end of my bed, and examined my hospital records. "This doesn't indicate there's anything the matter with your mind, lieutenant."

"There isn't," I said.

The captain lowered his head and looked at me through his eyebrows. Then, without another word, he walked out of the ward.

Ten minutes later two doctors, a major, and a captain, approached.

"Well, how are you today, young fellow?" said the major with that heartiness which is the stock in trade of psychologists.

"Fine," I said. "Just fine, sir."

"Young man, I hear you told a captain from G-2 that a mule talked to you. That right?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean to say, lieutenant, a regular mule talked to you, I mean, the way I'm speaking to you now?"

"That's right, sir."

The major closed his eyes. He shook his head at the captain.

An hour later I was moved to the neuropsychiatric ward.

There was a nurse in charge. Her name was Valorie Humpert.

"I hear, lieutenant," she said the next morning, pausing beside my bed, "you know a mule who can talk."

"That's right," I said.

"I think that's cute," she said. "An officer who met a mule who can talk. I think mental cases are fascinating, simply fascinating."

At the end of three weeks my leg was completely healed. The major and the captain came to see me.

"Now, lieutenant," said the major with a sweeping gesture, "suppose you tell us about the mule who could talk."

I was thoroughly tired of the hospital.

"I must have been shell-shocked," I said.

"No, no," said the major. "We call it 'fatigued.' You're thinking of the last war, lieutenant."

"I must have been 'fatigued,'" I agreed.

That afternoon they released me.

I REPORTED back to my unit. The CO looked worried when I entered his office. He kept glancing at me out of the corners of his eyes. He said he'd arranged for me to take a ten-day leave.

I thanked him and went to my quarters, lay down on my bunk.

Was I crazy? If there was a mule who could talk, I wasn't. If there was no such mule, I was. I must find Francis.

Immediately after breakfast next morning I walked over to the motor pool. It took me half an hour to persuade the sergeant-in-charge that I really needed a jeep.

I drove to the Administration Building and talked a corporal into showing me a list of the mule units in the area. There were nine detachments, all within half a dozen miles of Headquarters. I started out.

At the third unit I still hadn't found Francis. My leg was beginning to ache. I would never have stopped at the fourth unit if it hadn't been on the route I must take back to camp.

There, over in a field by itself, tethered to a banyan tree, was one lone mule. I half-ran toward him. He was a wreck. His head hung apathetically. His hide was encrusted with grime.

"Francis," I said.

The tail continued its listless swishing.

"Francis, don't you remember me? I'm the second lieutenant whose life you saved."

The mule shivered slightly.

"Francis. Francis, speak to me." My voice rose.

"Keep quiet," came a whisper.

"Francis"—all the wind went out of me—"Francis, it is you!"

"Of course it's I. And for the love of mud, keep your voice down."

"But I'm so glad to see you."

"Sh," the mule hissed. "I'm in trouble. Plenty trouble. And if I'm caught talking to you I'll be in worse trouble."

"Maybe I can help." I was full of compassion. "Tell me your problem," I said. "And we'll see."

The mule pawed the earth hesitantly. "Just between us."

"Absolutely."

FRANCIS lowered his head. "They want me to go to Officer Candidate School."

"They what!" My voice must have risen eight octaves.

"Keep it quiet, lieutenant. Keep it quiet!" Francis was wiggling that right ear with annoyance.

"But . . . but how did it happen?"

"They suspect I can talk," the mule said. "They're watching me. Have me tethered alone here for observation. If they ever find out, off I go."

"But, Francis," I said, "OCS is your great opportunity."

The mule's brown eyes grew smaller. "I was afraid you'd take it like that."

"Don't you want to be an officer?" I asked.

Francis looked me over slowly, starting with my feet and working up. His expression was definitely unpleasant. I felt myself slipping. But I kept trying.

"You'd be a gentleman by Act of Congress," I ventured.

Francis looked me full in the face, then let his eyes wander downward to my polished shoes. "Apparently you are more impressed by the power of our law-making body than I. I know who I'd have to associate with if I were commissioned. The prospect doesn't appeal."

"You could go to staff meetings," I tried.

"I sleep well now," Francis said.

"Doesn't the money appeal to you?" I ventured.

The mule's hide was darkened by a reddish blush. "I suppose it's superfluous for me to point out I'm single. I have more money than I need."

I hesitated. "Francis," I said, "underneath I think you are essentially patriotic."

"As the next mule," agreed Francis, "I do my bit."

"But you complain a lot."

"One of our rare privileges," nodded the mule.

"You complain particularly about junior officers. You don't think they know the score."

"I don't."

"But you know the score."

"I ought to," said Francis, "after being in this mule's army for seven years."

"And yet when they offer you an opportunity to set an example for the junior officers, what do you do?"

Francis pawed the earth.

"You've got something there, lieutenant," he said. "What I could show some of these youngsters!"

"You have an obligation," I followed up fast. "And it's all so simple. Seventeen weeks of OCS. . . ."

Francis shivered. "Seventeen weeks to be a second lieutenant."

"But that's just the first step," I said. "You can earn promotions."

Francis shook his head. "In this Army I don't believe a mule can go any higher than second lieutenant."

"Why not?" I blurted out.

"Just observation," Francis looked at me intently. "Just observation."

"Well, if you've made up your mind, you've made up your mind," I said. "I still think you're making a mistake."

"I'm sure you do," said Francis. "But that's because you're so young. Wet between the withers, we mules call it."

"I'd like to help you," I said.

"I feel the same way about you."

"Well, goodbye," I said.

"Just one question," said Francis. "What's the backbone of the Army?"

"The foot soldier," I said.

"And what's the lowest thing in the Army?"

"A second lieutenant." It slipped out before I could catch myself.

"And you still don't understand." Francis waved his rear with a helpless gesture. "I'll be seeing you, lieutenant. I'll be seeing you."

A FEW days later I went back to where Francis was still standing under the same banyan tree, looking out over the Burma hills, a sad expression in his eyes.

"Hello, lieutenant. What brings you here in such a high state of excitement?"

"How do you know I'm excited?" I asked.

"Elementary, my dear Watson," said the mule. "Your tie is hanging out. Your breast pockets are unbuttoned. You have a wild gleam in your eyes. And your cap is on backwards."

I shuffled around putting myself in order.

"I have reason to be excited," I said. "The Army's just made a ghastly mistake. I've been assigned to Military Intelligence."

The mule nodded his head. "Quite in order, lieutenant. Quite in order."

"Look, Francis. There are ninety-seven officers in my section. Twelve of them applied for this opening in G-2. They were all qualified for intelligence work," I went on. "One of them has seventeen years' experience as a detective on the New York Police Force. One speaks nine languages, including Burmese. One is a fingerprint expert. One spent eleven years here as a geologist."

"And you?" asked Francis.

"Me? I've never done anything remotely connected with intelligence work. The only time I was ever in a police station was once when I was given a parking ticket. I never trailed a man. I can't read a map. I never studied aerial photographs.

Advertisement

B
WHEATIES
Roland Coe

"We're picking you to be home-run champ . . . and just to make sure . . ."

Good strategy, any time, to start out with a nourishing breakfast. Also to include Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Famous training dish. Wheaties are flakes of 100% whole wheat. Offering seven dietary essentials. *Had your Wheaties today?*

I don't speak anything except English. I never even learned about Burma in geography class."

"I see," said the mule reflectively.

"You don't seem upset," I said.

"Most certainly not."

"But don't you think it's terrible?"

"Terrible?" said the mule. "Of course it's not terrible. It's Standing Operating Procedure. SOP, lieutenant, SOP."

"I don't get it," I said. "I guess I better be getting back to camp."

I'd gone halfway to the jeep I'd come over in, when Francis called, "Lieutenant, when you arrive at your new job, look dumb."

"I don't follow you," I looked around.

"Why," said Francis, "if later you show even a glimmer of intelligence, the improvement will be attributed to the senior officer."

I was talking to myself all the way to camp.

I BECAME an intelligence officer. And Maureen Van Gelder arrived at Headquarters.

In the jungles of Burma the only thing rarer than an iced mint-julep is a white woman. Maureen Van Gelder was more than this. She was beautiful. At Burma Headquarters she was more disturbing than the weather. Pants took on a press, hair was slicked, shirt sleeves were rolled down, and napkins appeared at the mess table.

Then the lady fell in love with me. Me, a second lieutenant! I was a happy man.

But it was not until I had known Maureen for several weeks and felt complete trust in her that I told her about Francis.

"My dear, that's ridiculous," said Maureen in a voice which would have melted the barrel of an M-1. "That's entirely ridiculous."

"But it's true," I said.

"You officers!" said Maureen. "You like to have your little jokes."

"You must listen to me, Maureen. You know I trust you. Do you trust me?"

"Trust you?" The young lady ruffled my hair. "I adore you."

My heart did a double Immelmann and went into a glide. "You have such beautiful eyes," I said.

Maureen moved closer and rested her head on my shoulder.

"Do you like your new work?" she asked.

"I was telling you about Francis," I said.

"I thought it was a cute little story."

"Maureen," I said, "this isn't a story. Francis is a real mule. And he can talk. I want you to meet him."

Maureen sat up. "Are you trying to ask me to go to see a mule?"

"I am. Please come," I said.

Maureen wrinkled up her adorable brow. She was about to refuse, looking at me in the strangest way. Then suddenly she changed her mind and walked out to the jeep. She had the attitude of an adult preceding a child into a dark room to prove there is no danger.

We found Francis tethered to the banyan tree.

Maureen looked at the mule and shivered, her delicately beautiful face clouding with horror. "Oh! Such an unprepossessing creature!"

"My dear," I hastened, "you mustn't be deceived by appearances."

"Deceived!" Maureen exclaimed. "I didn't know a mule could look like this and live. Heavens above!"

Suddenly words poured out of Francis like pressurized steam. "Look like this and live! By the tail of my great-aunt Regret who won the Derby! I've seen better-looking dames than you in my time. One hell of a lot better!"

"The animal. . . ." Maureen seemed to stagger. "The animal . . . it really can talk!"

"Most assuredly I can talk." Francis was furious. "What's more, I happen to have four legs instead of two. As I see it, that makes me worth exactly twice as much as you."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

This would be a wonderful world if we could do as well today as we expect to do tomorrow!—*Stella Carnes Robinson.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"It speaks so clearly!" trilled Maureen.

"And why not!" spat Francis. "I'm no fluffy-headed blonde."

"Watch your manners, Francis!" I ordered. "Miss Van Gelder is a lady. I insist you treat her with respect."

"Tell her to show some for me," said Francis. "Tell her I have feelings, even if I am in the ranks."

"But this is marvelous," gushed Maureen.

"What's marvelous?" demanded Francis.

"Why, that you, a mule, can talk."

"You can talk," snapped Francis. "And nobody seems excited about it. Though, of course, in your case it may be a dubious asset."

Francis snorted. He looked around at me. "Are you in love with this woman?"

"I think it's all just too, too adorable," cooed Maureen.

"Well. . . ." Francis was pawing the earth impatiently.

"Yes," I stated. "I most certainly am in love with this woman."

A soft hand reached out and touched mine. My face grew hot. "I am in love!" I repeated.

Francis lowered his head, switched his tail, shivered slightly. "I was afraid of something like this." He turned his brown eyes full upon me. "Lieutenant, I don't know why I worry about you. I can't even understand why I like you. . . . I suppose in all of us there is a trace of the mother complex."

"This is just the most thrilling thing that ever, ever happened to me," said Maureen. "And it's so intelligent, too."

"Why do you keep referring to me as 'it'?" the mule asked. "My name is Francis. And whatever my intelligence may be, it is sufficient to see through you, young lady. Through you like a book."

Maureen whitened. It was most becoming. "Don't you like me?" she spoke in a tiny voice.

The mule turned, "You trust her, don't you, lieutenant?"

"Certainly he trusts me." Maureen flickered an eyelash.

"I asked the lieutenant." Francis looked at me.

"Yes," I said. "Yes, I'd trust Maureen with my life."

"And your honor?"

"And my honor," I said.

"I thought so," snorted Francis.

"Just what are you leading up to?" I asked.

"I'm leading up to the point," said the mule, "that Maureen Van Gelder is an Axis agent."

"Please make it stop saying such frightful things." Maureen gazed up at me, and her eyes were wide with innocence.

"Francis," I said, "I ought to get a club and beat you within an inch of your life."

Maureen looked up at me again. "Your mule is so cute," she said. "But I think we have talked to it long enough. Shall we go?"

I GLANCED at my beautiful vision, then at Francis. "Why do you believe this girl is a spy?" I asked.

"Analysis," Francis said.

"Your mule is just trying to be clever." Maureen's hand was in mine. "Shall we go now?"

"Just a minute." I was too wary of the mule to brush aside the accusation. "Francis, have you anything more than just a suspicion?"

"Most certainly," said Francis.

"On what do you base it?"

"Look at the fact," said the mule. "One white woman in the entire western end of Burma. Thousands of officers, generals, colonels, majors. The lady has her choice. And what does she pick? A second lieutenant who has just been transferred to G-2. Does that add up?"

"That's not very complimentary to me," I said.

"You need a nursemaid," Francis snorted.

Maureen was standing stiffly. "I think the animal is being fantastic," she said. "Simply fantastic!"

"My dear," I said, "I'm terribly upset you had to be subjected to such rubbish."

"Hmm," snorted Francis, "so you don't believe me?"

"No," I said. "I do not."

Suddenly the mule moved sideways. One hoof shot out. It came down square on Maureen's dainty toe.

"Gott im Himmel!" screamed the lady.

"There, I told you," said the mule, regaining balance.

Maureen was standing on one foot, grasping her other foot with both hands. She was obviously in pain.

"Mein Fuss, mein Fuss!"

Maureen tested her shoe on the ground and found she could stand.

"What did you just say?" I asked.

"Fool," she said, "stupid American fool! Think you tricked me, don't you? Well, it won't do you any good!"

Her right hand darted into her handbag, emerged with a tiny revolver. It was pointed directly at my midriff.

"Don't move," the girl ordered. "It's a shame to waste bullets on such a *Dummkopf*. If you have any prayers to say, be quick about them."

"Here we go again," said Francis.

"And I'm not being fooled by any more animal tricks," said Maureen.

The revolver rose slightly. The girl steadied her arm.

I saw Francis' rear legs swing in a beautiful arc. They caught the lady flush behind the banyan tree.

THE entire G-2 was delighted with the capture of Maureen Van Gelder. My new colonel sent for me. He was profuse in his praise, suggesting I had devoted so much of my time to the lady in the interest of the service. He requested a detailed account of what had happened.

I told him.

Two hours later I was back in the neuropsychiatric ward. Miss Valorie Humpert was on hand, starched and perfumed with iodoform.

"Is it the mule?" she asked, holding her breath in expectation.

"It is," I said.

"Fascinating," said Miss Humpert. "Simply fascinating."

For two weeks I was bumped and thumped, tested and observed. My cranium was measured and lights were flashed in my eyes.

Miss Humpert hovered over me as though she expected me to bray at any moment. When the doctors asked me about Francis, I said I didn't know what they were talking about.

When I finally was dismissed from the neuropsychiatric ward and reported for duty, I was greeted at the G-2 office with the happy news I had been chosen to lead a patrol. Reports had come in of a small body of Japanese which had infiltrated into a valley a few miles from Headquarters. It was my assignment to find them, and either wipe them out or report the strength necessary to do the job.

I sat in the G-2 office of the Burma Headquarters alternately sweating and shivering. I was suffering from first-command fever. I was wondering what to do when the phone on my desk rang. Mechanically I answered it.

"Oh, it's you," said a voice. "I'm glad you answered the phone, lieutenant."

hi fans!
HERE'S A BARGAIN
MOVIE SHOW
MOVIE SHOW
MOVIE SHOW
MOVIE SHOW
MOVIE SHOW
MOVIE SHOW
MOVIE SHOW
MOVIE SHOW
8 issues for $1

Rita Hayworth, star of Col.'s "Down To Earth"

HIGHLIGHTS IN EVERY ISSUE

- Exclusive Star Interviews!
- Latest Hollywood Chatter!
- 6 Full Color Star Photos!
- Intimate Sigh Guy Candids!
- 5 Big New Movies In Pics!
- Cowboy Star Of The Month!
- Star Fashion-Beauty Tips!
- Hot Records Of The Month!

You get all these and many more surprises every month. **8 Big Issues For Only $1.00**

mail this today

MOVIE SHOW—37 West 57th St.—New York 19

Please send me **8** issues of Movie Show for **$1.00.**
I enclose ☐ cash, ☐ money order, ☐ check.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY..*ZONE*.................*STATE*................

(These prices in effect only in the United States)

MOVIE SHOW 8 issues for $1

"Who is this?" I said. "And please speak a little louder."

"This is Francis. I hear you're leading an expedition."

G-2 had taught me to be careful. "I don't believe you heard anything of the sort, Francis. I think you're just guessing."

Over the phone came a snort, "Hmf, I suppose I guessed X246."

The Burma world revolved before my eyes. There, on the map of the territory I was to reconnoiter, was ringed the spot where my platoon was to pitch camp for the night. It was designated as X246.

"But that's top-secret," I lowered my voice. "You couldn't know that."

"I just put two and four and six together," the mule said.

"Don't you know this phone may be tapped?"

"Now you're showing signs of basic intelligence, lieutenant. You'd better show a little more and get over here."

I found Francis tethered to the same old banyan tree. He raised his mournful eyes as I approached.

"How did you find out about X246?" I glanced around apprehensively.

"There's no one around," said Francis. "But if I found out about it, you can be sure that others have. And if others have, then it's better than an even bet that the Japs know of X246."

"Look, Francis"—I was trying to be patient, remembering that the animal was in the enlisted personnel classification—"if the Japanese know that we are coming and the location at which we are planning to camp, they can easily ambush us."

"The Japs know when we're coming and where we're going to stay. But the beauty of it is, we know they know," said the mule. "All we have to do now is outthink the Japs."

"Who's 'we'?"

The mule turned a shade darker. "I hate to blow my own horn, lieutenant. Suppose we just say we're going to work it out together."

MY expedition set out shortly before daybreak. The party consisted of two infantry squads armed with BARs (Browning Automatic Rifles) and rifles, one light machine gun squad of six men, a master sergeant named Chillingbacker, myself, and, of course, Francis.

Francis was loaded with some two hundred pounds of equipment. I'd argued with Sergeant Chillingbacker about putting so much on the mule. The sergeant was about a foot taller than I, a veritable giant of a man. He condescended a glance at me which said as clearly as words, "Are you going to be a nuisance on this trip?" I glared back up at him, but I had a feeling I wasn't too effective.

"Sergeant," I said, "you and I and the mule will head the expedition."

"For shame!" LIBERTY

"It isn't done that way," said Chillingbacker.

"I'm in charge of this unit, sergeant," I said.

"Yeah"—the sergeant spit with the wind—"Yeah, so they tell me."

"What's that?"

". . . Sir," said the sergeant.

I could see this was going to be quite a trip.

We'd been on the trail about half an hour when I told the sergeant to go back along the column and tell the men to close up. As soon as he left I put my arm over Francis' neck and lowered my head.

"What do we do now?" I asked.

"Why, just go ahead with the expedition," said Francis.

"How about the Japs?"

"We'll take care of them when the time comes."

"But where do we camp?"

Francis snorted, "Why, at X246."

"That's absolute insanity!" I said.

"Sh," said Francis. "Here comes Man-Mountain Chillingbacker."

It was almost four o'clock, 110 degrees in the Burma shade, when we came to the crest of a small rise. There before us was a depression surrounded by heavily wooded hills. The clearing in the center was some fifty yards in diameter.

Sergeant Chillingbacker unfolded his pocket map. "That's it," he said. "That's X246."

"Take the men down," I said. "Station guards at the four corners of the clearing. Tell them to keep alert."

"The guards ought to be about twenty yards out in the woods," Chillingbacker said.

"I want them at the edge of the clearing," I said.

The sergeant spat.

"Did you hear me?" I said.

"Okay . . . Okay. . . ."

"What?"

". . . Sir."

We ate K-ration just before dark. I took my food over to where Francis was tethered and squatted close to the mule's head.

"What do we do now?"

"Build a fire right in the middle of the clearing."

"A fire! I'll do no such thing!"

"You won't?"

"No, I won't!"

"Then," said the mule, "suppose *you* decide what to do."

I called the sergeant over and gave the order. A detail cut some wood and in a few minutes quite a blaze was going.

Darkness came quickly. I changed the guard and went back to Francis.

"Now, do we just wait for the attack?"

"No," said the mule. "Now we go into action."

"Action, how?"

"First, have all the men take off their jackets and stuff them with grass. Make dummies. Place them in the fox holes and beside the fire where the men now are."

I began to understand.

HALF an hour later I fumbled in the dark, patted Francis' rear, worked my way around to his head.

"All set," I whispered.

"Now, move all your men back," Francis spoke out of the corner of his mouth. "Set up the machine gun on the rise to the left, the two BARs on the rise to the right. String the riflemen along the center. Tell them that if they take a deep breath none of us may live until morning."

I started back.

"Psst," said Francis.

I turned.

"Keep your chin up and your carbine handy, lieutenant."

I must hand it to Chillingbacker. He directed the unit skillfully. The men moved out of the clearing like ghosts. I crept to the left flank, saw that the machine gun was zeroed-in on the clearing. Studying it from only fifty yards away I realized how truly the dummies gave the illusion of a platoon sleeping.

I took up a position behind the center of the line. Francis was beside me. We waited.

Half an hour passed. Another half-hour. The palms of my hands were wet from nervousness.

"Everything all right?" I whispered.

"Sh," said the mule.

The attack came with the suddenness of an explosion.

A burst of fire thundered out of the jungle across from us. Screaming at the top of their lungs, Jap soldiers swarmed toward the clearing, firing as they charged.

As they reached the campfire, I put my fingers to my tongue and whistled. The machine gun, the BARs, the M-1 rifles opened up.

The Sons of Heaven, caught between the cross fire of the automatic weapons and silhouetted in the light of the fire for the riflemen, seemed to melt.

Then I cupped my hands and yelled, "Fix bayonets and charge!"

Next morning we counted seventy-two Japanese corpses. We had two wounded prisoners who verified that the enemy unit had consisted of seventy-five men, so only one had escaped.

Our only casualties were a corporal who had sprained his ankle during the charge, and a grenade man who cut his fingers trying to untangle a Samurai sword from a dead Jap lieutenant.

We had buried the corpses, and I was sitting beside my fox hole eating my K-ration breakfast when Sergeant Chillingbacker came over.

"If the lieutenant is ready, Sir," he said, "I'll order the men to pack up and we'll get started."

"Very good, sergeant," I said. "Just one thing. I don't want any equipment loaded on the mule for the trip back. Divide it among the men."

"You mean the mule isn't going to carry anything?"

"That's correct."

The sergeant looked as though he'd swallowed an unpeeled orange. He drew himself up and clicked his heels.

"*Yes, Sir!*" said Sergeant Chillingbacker.

THE colonel was pleased with my leadership of the patrol. He looked at the ceiling and spoke of the new Army policy whereby second lieutenants could be promoted after eighteen months even if there was no Table of Organization vacancy.

Then he looked at me and said that of course I knew I'd have to be in the section for three months before any advancement could be recommended.

It was baffling.

A few days later I was standing at the window of the office looking out at the rugged Burma hills.

The phone on my desk tinkled. I wandered back, slumped into my chair and picked up the receiver.

"Lieutenant," said a voice, "this is Captain Hedrick, CO of the Signal Corps Pigeon Detachment."

"Oh, yes," I said. "How are you, captain?"

"What are you trying to get away with, lieutenant? Hasn't anybody ever told you that the pigeons in my outfit are for military purposes, not amusement?"

"Yes, sir . . . I mean, No, sir . . . I mean, I don't understand, sir."

"I am not interested in your love life, lieutenant." The captain's voice rose. "And my pigeons aren't interested either. But I am interested in seeing that you don't use my pigeons to carry on your affairs."

"But, sir, I don't know what this is all about."

"I'll tell you what it's about." The captain's voice was belligerent. "We send a flight of pigeons out on a routine training mission. One of them comes back with a note addressed to you, tied to one leg."

"But I don't know anybody who would send me notes by carrier pigeon."

"Ever hear of a person named Fran . . . F-r-a-n?"

My heart went down like a Zero with three P-40s on its tail.

"Yes, sir, I know who Fran is."

Suddenly the captain's voice changed. "All right, lieutenant," he said. "I suppose I have been a little abrupt with you. Now just between ourselves, what is she? Blonde or brunette?"

"Blonde or brunette, who?"

"Come on, lieutenant. Give! Fran?"

"She isn't either."

"A red-head?"

"No, sir."

"Native girl?"

"No, sir."

"White!"

"I'm afraid you don't understand, sir," I said.

The captain's voice was formal again. "Very well, lieutenant. I'll read you the note this time. But if this ever happens again I'll bring charges. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"The note reads: 'Miss you. Please terminate interminable separation. Vital to our well-being. All my love.' Signed 'Fran.' "

The captain hung up.

I reached for my cap. Francis would be under the banyan tree.

WHEN I got back again to Headquarters my colonel listened quietly while I told him the information Francis had given me. He made hasty notes on a large pad.

"How did you come into possession of this information?"

"I can't tell you, sir," I said.

"I'm the colonel in charge of intelligence. You come to me and tell me that Burma headquarters is going to be blasted by Japanese planes. You give me the number of enemy ships, the time and direction of flight, the whole operational plan. And then you tell me you can't divulge the source of your information!"

Visions of a return trip to the psychopathic ward danced before my eyes.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Now, lieutenant, I haven't time to worm your great secret out of you. There's work to be done. I'm going to take a chance the information you've given me is correct. Can't afford not to."

"Yes, sir," I said.

The colonel leveled a finger at me. "Lieutenant, if this information isn't right, I'll bust you so low that, by the Great God Jupiter, you'll have to use a telescope to look up to a buck private!"

"Yes, sir."

The next day the whole headquarters was in a turmoil. Slit trenches were being dug, sand bags placed in front of doors, revetments erected. Two regiments of anti-aircraft had been moved in and were excavating gun positions at every suitable spot.

Drink
RICHardson
ROOT BEER
Rich in flavor
• DELICIOUS
• REFRESHING
• FINE WITH FOOD
RICHardson
ROOT BEER

LAW
STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 39 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. G.I. approved. Send for FREE BOOK.
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
80-L 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

NON-
SLIP
CAT'S PAW
Finest Rubber Heels & Soles!

Indian
WORLD'S FINEST
MOTORCYCLE
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

I wandered through this welter of activity in a state of high mental fever. It didn't calm me any when I walked into the office and the colonel rushed through, sleeves rolled up, hair disheveled, eyes red, and paused long enough to say:

"Lieutenant, if you gave us a wrong steer. . . ."

The camp had been isolated. All passes had been canceled. Telephone exchanges were closed. Tactical wires sent code only. Top-secret papers had been moved to bombproof dugouts. Breakable objects had been wrapped in cloth and laid on floors. Tape was pasted crisscross over all windows.

I looked at my watch every two minutes. Time seemed to stand still.

IT was after four o'clock when I pulled the jeep to a stop beside the banyan tree. Francis was snoozing contentedly. I hopped out and slapped the mule on the flank.

"Wake up," I said. "Wake up."

"I am awake, lieutenant. What's all the excitement?"

"You're sure of the information you gave me, aren't you, Francis?"

"I suspect it's right," said the mule, rolling his eyes around.

"Suspect! *Suspect!*" I meant to yell the words but my voice emerged a squeak. *"You didn't make it up, did you?"*

"I might have."

"Heaven help me!" I glanced at my watch. "It's four-thirty."

"Time passes, doesn't it?"

I looked into the setting sun and scanned the masses of cumulus clouds that hung over the western sky. Never had there been a more peaceful Burma afternoon.

I was burning up and shivering at the same time. I leaned against the mule and closed my eyes.

Far in the distance there was a humming, soft as a summer breeze. Then I saw them, a group of dots just above the haze sweeping in from the west.

I slapped Francis on the rump. "You old son-of-a-gun! They're coming!"

From the clouds above came a sound like a swarm of angry bees. It grew louder.

"There are planes up in those clouds," I yelled. I was shaking from head to foot.

"Well, what'd you think we'd have up there?" asked Francis. "Ducks?"

"I can see the second wave of Japs! . . . There's the third! . . . Two thousand feet, coming in from the west. Just the way you said. Man, oh, man, are they coming!"

The four waves of Japanese planes were all visible now. They were echeloned in steps, each succeeding wave about one hundred feet above the next.

"Why doesn't somebody do something?" I screamed. "They'll be on top of us in a minute! Here they come!"

"Hold on to yourself, lieutenant," the mule said. "Just keep your eyes open."

Suddenly, out of a cloud bank I saw a black spot appear. It was shooting straight down with the whine of an enraged hornet. A tenth of a second later another spot appeared, then another. The air was filled with them.

"Our planes! Our planes! Look at 'em dive!" I was dancing around like a crazy man.

Now even the mule was excited. Both ears were standing straight up.

"Hot ziggety!" Francis spat. "Look at those babies come down. Here we go, boys! Here we go!"

"They're shooting!" I yelled. I had my arms around Francis' neck hanging on for dear life. The animal was tossing his head and I was bouncing around.

"Kiss my Derby-winning great-aunt Regret!" screamed Francis. "Are those Nips going to get the struts knocked out of them!"

There was a sudden puff of flame.

* * *

A man who enters into marriage with half-shut eyes ought to keep them only half open afterward.— ***O. A. Battista.***

* * *

"There goes one!" I tried to point.

"Where?"

"Over to the left."

The sky was speckled with exploding Japanese planes. Bursts of flame. Puffs of smoke. Still out of the clouds above poured a stream of American fighters.

"Three down over there!" roared Francis.

"Six right behind them!" I yelled.

"What a show!"

"Look, in the center. Two of them. They've broken through!"

The ground shook. From the camp a sheet of flame shot into the sky as the regiments of anti-aircraft opened with every gun they had.

The two Jap planes seemed to run into a wall. One moment, they were flying, fighting aircraft. The next, the sky was filled with pieces of junk.

"Right on the button!" I yelled.

"Smacked 'em to kingdom come!" bellowed Francis. "For the love of mud, hang off my neck, you're ruining me."

As suddenly as the battle had commenced, it stopped. Where a fleet of Japanese planes had been was only smoke, cruising American fighters, and the red rays of the setting sun.

I sank down on the grass. Francis was covered with a sheen of sweat.

"Francis," I said, "I'll never be able to thank you."

"You'll probably be something of a hero back at camp," said the mule.

"I'm so pleased I could kiss you," I said.

Francis looked around at me, head lowered and eyes raised. "Hold on to yourself. I've had a lot of things happen to me in this mule's Army. And I suppose I can take it as well as the next. But there's a limit, lieutenant. There's a limit!"

I arrived at the G-2 office a few minutes after eight o'clock. Lying on my desk in the office was a sheet of foolscap with two words scrawled across it: *"At Once."* The Old Man wanted me.

THE colonel returned my salute briefly, motioned me to a chair, proffered a cigarette. I refused, sat on the edge of my seat.

The colonel cleared his throat. "Hmf," he said. "Hmf . . . Well, young man, quite a service you did your country. No doubt about it. Owe you a vote of thanks."

"Yes, sir."

"Young man, how did you secure your information?"

I gulped. "I . . . well . . . you see . . . sir . . . that is, I'd rather not say, sir."

"Lieutenant, you are an officer of the Army of the United States assigned to the Burma Intelligence Headquarters. In the course of your duties you secured vital information. The source of that information was not"—the colonel was pounding the desk—"and is not your private property . . . Well?"

"I . . . I just can't tell you, sir."

"But why? . . . Why?"

"Because, sir," I blurted, "you just wouldn't believe me if I did."

"Lieutenant, I order you to tell me the source of this information!"

"The mule told me," my voice was squeaking again.

The colonel leaned forward. "What did you say, lieutenant?"

"The mule told me, sir."

The colonel banged his fist on the desk. "Lieutenant, do you realize how serious your refusal to talk can be?"

"I'm not refusing to talk, sir. Francis really did. . . ."

The colonel shrugged his shoulders, leaned forward and pressed a buzzer, wiped his hand over his brow.

"You're too much for me, lieutenant," he said. "One of us most certainly is *non compos mentis.* And when you talk about your mule, I'm inclined to eliminate myself."

The colonel's aide, a captain, had entered. He stood at attention. "You rang, sir?"

The colonel nodded. "Captain, I wish you would conduct the lieutenant here to the neuropsychiatric ward. I'll call Lieutenant Colonel Pleper."

"Yes, sir."

"And, captain, keep an eye on the lieutenant until you deliver him."

Nurse Valorie Humpert met us at the reception desk. Her smile was molar-to-molar wide.

"It's so good to see you again, lieutenant," said Miss Humpert. "And how is the mule?"

"Grrr," I said.

Miss Humpert leaped backward. Into her eyes came a look of positive triumph. "You're violent," she said.

I was given a private room, a consideration which never before had been granted to me. I removed my shoes, stretched out on the bed.

There was a knock, and I said, "Come in."

Lieutenant Colonel Ira Pleper pushed his head around the edge of the door, stepped into the room. The colonel was a globular man. Wisps of blond hair straggled down the center of his oversized cranium. Rimless glasses were constantly sledding down his tobogganish nose. In Worcester, Massachusetts, the good doctor had had a way with women suffering from excessive leisure. The Army had requisitioned him to treat battle fatigue in the jungles of Burma. There, without changing a word of his patter, he carried on.

THE colonel closed the door behind him. I scrambled to my feet. "Take it easy, young man." The colonel pulled up a chair and eased himself into it. "Just sit on the bed. Now, young man, we are going to have a real talk. How's that?"

"Fine, sir."

"You know I want to help you?"

"No, sir . . . I mean, yes, sir. That is . . . Sir, I don't need any help. I'm perfectly sane."

"Of course you are! Of course you are!" The colonel expanded visibly. "Suppose you tell me about this friend of yours, this mule you've been saying talks to you. Does he talk with his mouth? Do his lips move?"

"Yes, sir."

The colonel rubbed the flat of his hand round the back of his head. "Tell me, young man, is it just one particular mule who talks to you? Or do all the mules speak?"

"Just one, sir."

"Any other animals ever talk to you—rabbits, chickens, ducks, squirrels, cats, goldfish?"

"No, sir."

"Ever have things talk to you—chairs, tables, automobiles, airplanes, rifles, toothbrushes?"

"No, sir. Of course not."

"Do you believe chairs can talk?"

"No, sir."

"Deep down inside, you know animals can't talk?"

"That's right, sir."

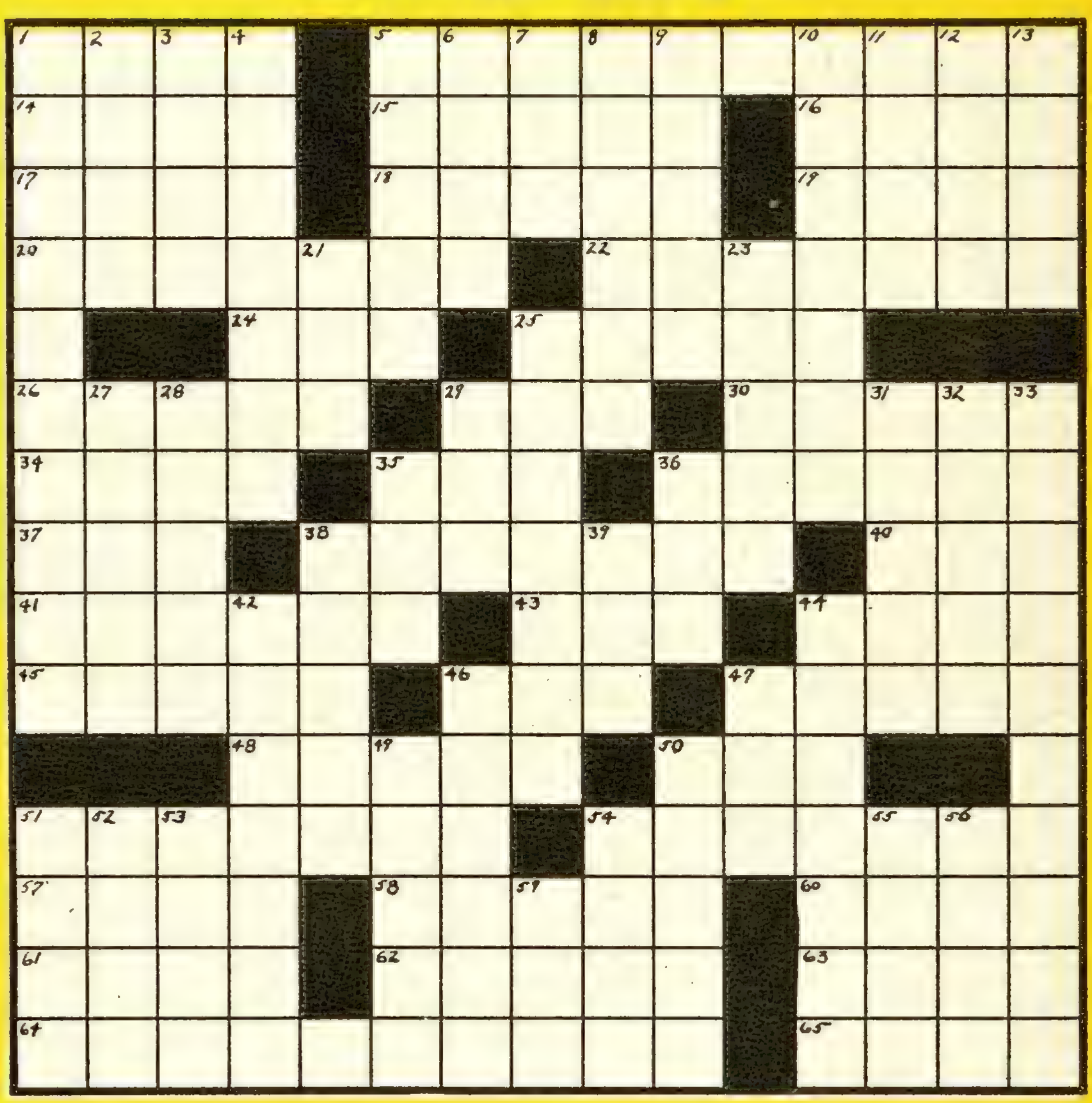
"You don't really believe, seriously, that this mule talks to you. You know it's just a trick of your imagination, the result of frayed or overstrained nerves?"

"But Francis can talk," I said.

The colonel's hand was massaging the back of his head. "You know, young man," he turned his head and looked at me out of the corners of his eyes, "yours is not an unusual case. You'd be surprised at the cases we have. Seem hopeless when you first talk to them. But in no time at all we have them fixed up good as new. That's what we're going to do

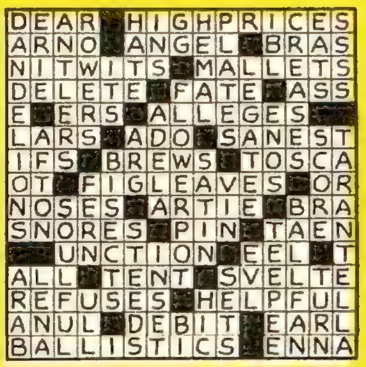
COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 She bee
5 The unspeakable in pursuit of the 'uneatable, according to Oscar Wilde
14 Hearty, in a sort of seedy way, thing
15 Phonynym
16 dnarg enO
17 Scandinavian proverb: Half this is better than none!
18 What the glamoromantic nag couldn't say
19 Living costs maketh this of a man
20 Lettuce with a sun tan
22 N. G. men (Ger.)
24 What she became when he neared The Question
25 World-famed delivery system
26 Their owners get stung by the tenants
29 Radish helium
30 *Mares* in sheets (anag.)
34 Untouchables among men of fifty (Can't stoop so low!)
35 It has the guts violinists admire
36 Unbalanced thing, or what you fail to do when moving a piano
37 Wonderful expression
38 This has an understanding of big drips (two words)
40 Thirstday's cooler
41 Renovated
43 Adorable fraction
44 Watch this when stepping out of planes in mid-air
45 Pursue
46 What Italian women now do for the blackshirts
47 Metal political machines are made of
48 Ay, here's the rub!
50 Two-sum
51 Severe come-downs for the air lines
54 Steel-corseted
57 Hitler's underground headquarters
58 Delouse the sin man
60 Glitter tin
61 Get it up!
62 Old-time Annie Oakley
63 French shemale
64 Mortimer Snerd wears a derby to ward off its attacks
65 *Ares*, plenty hot (anag.)



D	E	A	R	■	H	I	G	H	P	R	I	C	E	S
A	R	N	O	■	A	N	G	E	L	■	B	R	A	S
N	I	T	W	I	T	S	■	M	A	L	L	E	T	S
D	E	L	E	T	E	■	F	A	T	E	■	A	S	S
E	■	E	R	S	■	A	L	L	E	G	E	S	■	■
L	A	R	S	■	A	D	O	■	S	A	N	E	S	T
I	F	S	■	B	R	E	W	S	■	T	O	S	C	A
O	T	■	F	I	G	L	E	A	V	E	S	■	O	R
N	O	S	E	S	■	A	R	T	I	E	■	B	R	A
S	N	O	R	E	S	■	P	I	N	■	T	A	E	N
■	■	U	N	C	T	I	O	N	■	E	E	L	■	T
A	L	L	■	T	E	N	T	■	S	V	E	L	T	E
R	E	F	U	S	E	S	■	H	E	L	P	F	U	L
A	N	U	L	■	D	E	B	I	T	■	E	A	R	L
B	A	L	L	I	S	T	I	C	S	■	E	N	N	A

July 5 Answer

VERTICAL

1 What the peace is being held together with (two words)
2 Mounted marbles
3 Man who lives in a tent
4 Points the puss at again
5 My, ain't this elegant!
6 Bull butter
7 Unus dozenus
8 It makes a terrible mess in Scotland
9 Guide to the Darkest Interior of the Capitol
10 Outstanding people who are buck-thissed, should hammer them back in
11 Source of most native Californians
12 evalS
13 Rear end of a flying auto
21 Aegean isle
23 It forms a strong attachment for biplanes
25 Where most rings are made in America
27 Corny fellow
28 Swerves
29 A bing-bing
31 Child's play (merrily it rolls along!)
32 She helped Jason lift the Golden Fleece
33 North and Southwest Mountie
35 1890 wolf
36 Greenberg shillelagh
38 Source of sand-al wood?
39 Directors of U. S. steal
42 Roughoused
44 Charlie McCarthys
46 Hayseedy
47 Dunce's brainbuster
49 Charles, the man they used to like to
50 Gloomy for Keats
51 Ozark bubblegum
52 Unhookerville
53 Baritone in lace panties
54 She had a very definite period in the antique world
55 Fat thing the ham coveted
56 Though joined to Vertical 3, she remains the same
59 One of the hardest things we have to define

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

for you, my boy. You must realize that all this talk about the mule is the result of some sort of . . . ah . . . some sort of mental strain."

"But it isn't, sir."

The colonel thrust out his jaw, caught his upper lip with his teeth. He gazed out the window at the Burma hills.

"Young man, where is this mule, this Francis you're talking about?"

"Just two miles from here, sir. I was wondering if we both couldn't go and see him. Then maybe we could get this all straightened out."

"Just what I was going to suggest, young man. Correct treatment for this case."

THE staff car drew up at the side of the banyan tree. Colonel Pleper and I climbed out. Francis was about ten feet away, looking particularly bedraggled. He stood with closed eyes.

The colonel and I approached.

I patted the mule on the flank. "Francis," I said, "wake up. I have someone here I want you to meet."

Like snails retreating the mule's lids drew up. The brown eyes were dull and unrecognizing.

The colonel was looking at me with overwhelming tolerance. He was shaking his head.

"Francis is just being stubborn, sir," I said.

"Oh, is that what it is? Perhaps, if I walk away for a moment, he'll speak to you?" The colonel began backing, keeping his eyes on me.

I put my arm on the animal's neck and leaned over. "Francis," I said, "what's the matter with you! I'm in a jam, an awful jam!"

"Sh, the colonel's watching us."

"They've put me back in the booby hatch," I said.

"You don't say!" The mule opened his eyes wider.

"They're sure I'm crazy!"

"The Army's not as backward as I thought."

"Francis, I'd like to kick you in the . . ."

"Careful, lieutenant, you're getting on my home ground . . . Straighten up. Here comes the tubby colonel."

"Well, young man," said the colonel. "So, your animal friend won't talk to you?"

"But, sir. . . ."

"I know, my boy. I know. It worries you because the animal won't speak while I'm here. I want to explain something to you, young man. At home you had close ties, family and friends. By nature you are warm and affectionate. That emotion is part and parcel of your mental make-up. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Now, quite suddenly you went into the Army. You needed an object for your affections, an outlet. Now, young man, look at this mule . . ." The colonel gestured. "Undersized, flea-bitten, dull-eyed, spiritless, decrepit, stupid, as sad a creature as ever God created . . . obviously dying for one kind word."

"But I don't have a pot belly!" said a voice that crackled.

The colonel sucked in his breath. "Who said that?" He looked all around.

"I did. Francis, the mule!"

The colonel's mouth was open wider than his eyes, which were bursting from their sockets.

"I don't have a pot belly!" said the mule. "I don't have dandruff! I don't have fallen arches! I don't walk duck-footed! And I have a damned sight more consideration of other people than some colonels in the medical department!"

Pleper, glaring at me, was shaking from head to foot.

"And another thing," spat Francis, "I've listened to a lot of half-baked and sun-dried psychology in my time. But, by the tail of my great-aunt Regret who won the Derby, I have never heard such drivel as I listened to just now!"

"Scientifically correct!" fumed the colonel. "Clear case of hyper-imaginative reaction induced by emotional starvation. Acute symptoms impelled by battle fatigue."

The less a man amounts to himself, the prouder he is of his ancestry!—*Thomas B. Blakely*

"Stuff and nonsense," said Francis. "Colonel, you know what I think?"

"No! And I don't care!" Pleper was shaking again.

"I think you are a little off your rocker," said the mule. "Nothing serious, you know. But a clear-cut clinical tendency. Extreme extroversion coupled with swollen megalomania. We use a garden term to describe it, 'The God Complex.' Very common."

"Silence!" roared Pleper. *"Silence!"*

"Calm yourself, colonel." Francis spoke soothingly. "You're among friends. Just a few questions I'd like to ask. Tell me, are you married?"

"I am not!" said the colonel.

"Hmf," said Francis. "At your age. Do you go out with girls back home? Normal relationships?"

"Perfectly normal!"

"Good income, I presume?"

"Largest in the county!"

"Fits together nicely," said Francis, nodding his head. "Quite a build you have there, colonel. Remnants of an athlete."

"What do you mean, remnants?"

"Well, now, colonel, we're not as young as we once were, are we?"

"Just that my hair's thinning!"

"Of course. Of course." Francis wagged his head. "Tell me, colonel, how do you sleep?"

"Perfectly!"

"No dreams?"

"Of course I dream!"

"About being a full colonel?" suggested Francis.

"I might!" The words fairly shook out of the colonel. "A man has a right to his dreams!"

"Certainly he does, colonel. But we must know what they are so we can help."

"My dreams are my own affair!"

"Don't you think we should leave now, sir?" I said.

The colonel seemed not to hear me. He turned and wobbled toward the staff car.

I started after him, but Francis motioned me back.

"Unhappy case," the mule said. "I do hope, lieutenant, you'll be able to bring him again. If the Army will only give me time I think I can do something for Colonel Pleper."

I WAS back in my room in the ward. The door, supposed to be closed, stood ajar.

I heard noises.

"Is there any diagnosis on the lieutenant, Colonel Pleper?" Miss Humpert asked.

"Who?"

"The lieutenant, sir. The mule case."

"Most certainly there's a diagnosis, Miss Humpert. Young man's suffering from hallucinations!" The colonel's voice rose to a shriek. *"Violent hallucinations! . . . Maniacal hallucinations! Watch him, nurse, watch him!"*

I was supposed to rest. For two days I sat in my private room. Nothing happened. By the third morning I felt jumpy as a rookie in his first fox hole.

I was lying there, wondering what was going to happen to me, wishing I'd never met Francis. A beam of light shone on the wall across from the window. Idly I watched it as it jumped about. Suddenly I sat bolt upright! There were definite dots and dashes. Someone was trying to signal me.

I leaped to the window. A mile away, on the crest of a hill, I caught the flashes of a mirror. I rushed to the door and summoned Miss Humpert.

"Isn't there anybody around here who can read code?" I asked her.

"Well, there's Joe Apana. He's orderly down in ward 15. He's always talking about when he was a dot-dash man. Could that be code?"

"Quickly," I said. "Get him."

Apana was a Filipino. His eyes and teeth, startlingly white, gave his dark face a triangle look. He sidled into the room after Miss Humpert.

I pointed to the blinking light. Apana kept watching me.

"There," I said. "Look over there on the wall."

The Filipino seemed afraid to take his eyes off me.

"Go ahead," I said. "Read it."

Apana concentrated on the flashes. He waited a moment. Then, slowly, he began to spell out the letters . . . "b-u-t—q-u-i-c-k—f—b-u-t—"

"That's enough," I said. . . .

Half an hour later I arrived at the banyan tree. I'd run most of the way and was out of breath. Francis stood complacently in the shade.

"So you managed to get out of the hospital, lieutenant," the mule said.

"I'll probably be court-martialed for this," I panted. "How did you manage to signal me?"

"Lieutenant, you're always asking questions. Even a mule can get things done in the Army if he knows the ropes."

"I suppose you went to considerable trouble to signal me?" I asked.

THE mule shook his head. "No, lieutenant. Not much trouble. If it'd been much trouble I'd have handled the thing alone."

"Handled what?"

"The Jap tank."

"What Jap tank?"

"Why, the Jap tank that snuck through our lines up at the pass last night and is headed for Headquarters."

"Are you crazy, Francis?"

"Lieutenant, you're the one who's in the neuropsychiatric ward."

"So kind of you to remind me," I snarled. "But suppose you explain what you're talking about."

"Simple," said Francis. "Last night a Japanese medium tank slipped behind our lines near the pass. Now it's on its way to Headquarters to do a little convenient duckshooting. Coming down the main road."

"Impossible! A Jap tank traveling ninety miles down a main road would be seen by at least five hundred of our vehicles."

"Superficial logic," sniffed Francis. "The Japs thought of that. Painted an American flag on the tank. Then, just to be safe, the thing pulls off the road and hides in the bamboo groves every time one of our vehicles is sighted."

"But what can one lone tank do?"

"Just mess up the entire Burma war, that's all, lieutenant. That one tank can blast its way right out onto the parade grounds at Headquarters. Then it can start plopping shells into the administration buildings. Kill a few brass hats and mess up all our records so badly it will take weeks to get things running again."

"If I go to Headquarters I don't think they'll listen to me."

"Go to Headquarters! What are you talking about?"

"I've got to alert them," I said. "They'll have to set up anti-tank guns and take other precautions."

"Don't be ridiculous, lieutenant. If I'd wanted to alert Headquarters I could have attended to it myself."

"How else can we stop the Jap tank?"

"By outsmarting it."

"I suppose you have a plan, Francis?"

"Naturally, lieutenant. Naturally."

"Perhaps you would be good enough to let me in on it?"

"All in good time, lieutenant," said the mule. "I think our first move is to hike ourselves up to the main road and survey the situation. You know the field manual advises, 'Always make a personal reconnaissance.' "

WHEN it was all over I went back to Headquarters. I was taken directly to the colonel's office.

"So this time you've smashed a Jap tank by rolling a rock down on it?" said the officer.

"Yes, sir."

The colonel looked unhappy. He massaged the sides of his face. He glanced from me to the ceiling.

"You're a hero," he said. "You most certainly are a hero. This whole Headquarters . . ." He paused, then fixed me with an iron look. "Lieutenant, I thought you were in the hospital?"

"I was, sir."

"And I suppose that mule sent for you?"

"Yes, sir."

Twelve minutes later I was back in my private room in the neuropsychiatric section. Two uniformed MPs guarded my door. They had fixed bayonets.

Three psychologists, after listening to my stories of Francis, said I was as crazy as a Burma bedbug. Three learned mental doctors said I was sane as they were. One medic of the mind, after questioning me for three hours, had a violent attack of shakes, said the walls of the hospital were caving in, had to be led away.

Then one day there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," I said.

The Commanding General entered. He closed the door behind him and faced me. He was a tall, weathered man with friendly blue eyes. A pale scar on his left temple added an air of distinction. The three stars on the right side of his collar shone brightly. I scrambled up and stood at attention.

"At ease, lieutenant." The general had a friendly way of speaking.

I was trembling so violently I felt I'd be safer sitting. I stumbled backward and came down on the bed.

THE general lifted a white chair as though it were a toy, swung it around, sat straddle-legged, hands resting on top of its back.

"Well, young fellow, you've had quite a time of it," he said.

"Y-y-y-e-s, sir."

Bet you don't need a Harsh laxative
Try Lemon and Water
—it's good for you!
JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON
IN A GLASS OF WATER
FIRST THING ON ARISING

Lemon and water, when taken first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary for most people.

This natural fruit drink—simply the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—is all that most people need to insure prompt, gentle, *normal* elimination. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!

Millions Take Lemons for Health

Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which helps to restore energy and to resist colds and infection. They supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize. They aid appetite and digestion. National surveys show 12,000,000 Americans now take lemon and water as a regulator or health builder.

Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has only enough tang to be refreshing: clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try it 10 days and see if you don't benefit.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

—first thing on arising

SMOOTH SAILING WITH
ASTHMADOR

THE LEADING
POWDER CIGARETTE OR PIPE MIX
INHALANT TREATMENT
AT ALL DRUG STORES

If summer means agony to you — if pollen-laden breezes aggravate your bronchial asthma — take a new lease on life with Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. Just ignite ASTHMADOR powder or an ASTHMADOR cigarette, and let those pleasant, aromatic fumes penetrate congested passages. Notice how they help make breathing easier, aid in reducing the severity of your paroxysm. Enjoy summer vacations — you can get ASTHMADOR anywhere — take it everywhere. No costly sprays to buy, nothing to take internally. No wonder Asthmatics have made ASTHMADOR the leading inhalant treatment! Sold under a money-back guarantee. You can't lose — and you've a lot of welcome relief to gain!

RUPTURED?
Get Relief This Proven Way

Why try to worry along with trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg-straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad holds at real opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip whether at work or play. Light. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing **FREE** book, "Advice To Ruptured," and details of liberal truthful 60-day trial offer. Also endorsements from grateful users in your neighborhood. Write:

Cluthe Sons, Dept. 41, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk.* More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave.,
Dept. H-28, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

CORNS

Removed by Mosco, also Calluses. Quick, easy, economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

MOSCO ★CORN★ REMOVER

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
writes on "middle-brow" music in the next issue of Liberty . . . first of a series by top name musicians on the new RECORDS

BOOK FRANCIS

"Damndest thing I've run into since I've been in the Army. Spent an hour this morning reading a complete dossier on you. Were all those adventures of yours true?"

"Yes, sir."

"Lieutenant, your actions are worthy of the highest commendation. But your explanation of those actions is an affront to the intelligence, to the dignity of my command." The general lowered his head and looked at me through bushy eyebrows. "How do you suppose this tale of a talking, flying mule would sound in a communiqué?"

"But it's true, sir," I said.

"Am I to understand that you refuse to talk, lieutenant?"

"No, sir. I want to talk. It's just that nobody will believe me."

The general patted the back of one hand with the other. "Thirty-five years in the Army. West Point. Nine campaigns. Seven children of my own, four of 'em in the Army. I thought I'd bumped into everything. But a lieutenant who insists he knows a mule that can talk! And a command that is practically standing on its ear arguing as to whether it's true. I'm stumped. What do I do now?"

"Sir," I said, "may I make a suggestion?"

"May you?" the general's face lighted. "Lieutenant, I certainly wish you would."

"I don't mean to be out of line, sir. But perhaps you would go and have a talk with Francis?"

The general pushed himself back from the chair and straightened. He made a turn of the room.

"This will probably cost me my command," he said, "but I'll go."

THE general's car stopped some fifty feet from the banyan tree. Francis stood in its shade, seemingly asleep. The general approached the mule. I trailed along three feet behind. The animal's head turned slowly until the large brown eyes caught the glint of the three stars on the general's collar. Francis stiffened from tail to nose. Ears stood straight and trembling. Eyes became pinpoint sharp.

"Francis, I want you to meet the Commanding General."

Francis grew stiffer. His legs were boards and his ears pointed to the heavens.

"Francis," I said, "you and I have gone through a lot together. We've faced death together. Francis, for my sake, talk to the general and get me out of this."

Francis was looking in the other direction. He gave no indication of hearing me.

The general glared at me.

"THE trouble with this Army," he said, "is the junior officers. They are, to use slang, full of prunes, or prune juice, or something. When I think what they'll do to the post-war world the little hair I have left stands at attention."

"General, you said a mouthful!"

The general swung around.

"Who said that?"

"You have no idea how good it made me feel to hear you speak as you did," said Francis. "Just echoed what I've been thinking ever since Pearl Harbor."

"I'll be damned!" said the general. "I'll be double, triple damned! So you can talk?"

"Yes, sir," said the mule. "I can talk. And I'm just as worried as you are about the junior officers, specially second lieutenants."

"They're a sorry lot," said the general. "We of the old Army have a tremendous burden to bear."

"I have done what little I could," said Francis.

"I'm sure you have," nodded the general.

"The lieutenant here . . ." said Francis.

"I know . . ." the general was looking at me.

The mule shook his head.

The general shook his head.

Then the general looked at me. "Lieutenant," he said, "I owe you an apology. We all owe you an apology."

"Yes, sir."

"You, Francis," the general said, "you have done a truly magnificent job for the Army."

"I've always tried to do my duty as I saw it." The mule blushed a darker brown.

"But the work you have done," the general continued, "is as nothing to the tremendous service you can render."

"I am quite happy where I am, sir," the mule said.

"You mean, you like being a pack animal?"

"Most certainly, sir. I feel that I am helping in a vitally important job. I enjoy my associations. And I appreciate the sense of satisfaction after a fatiguing day."

"I like your attitude, young man . . . ah . . . Francis." The general was having trouble correlating the voice and the mule. "But I am here to offer you a tremendous opportunity. An opportunity to serve."

"I am in the Army to serve, sir," said the mule. "What sort of an op-

TALK-SING-PLAY THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO
WITH THE SUPER ROLEY HOME RADIO MIKE
GUARANTEED TO WORK ON ANY RADIO!

NO OTHER ONE LIKE IT!

Now you can broadcast . . . talk—sing—play—over your own radio. Cut in on the big network programs. Create and broadcast shows, commercials and news flashes. Amaze your friends with your talents and ability. Wonderful for the kids too! This mike really works and attaches quickly and easily to any radio with our easy to follow directions. Complete with cut-in button that puts you right on the air . . . extra long insulated extension cord and our guarantee of performance. Complete and ready to attach in minutes.

FUN FOR PARTIES

$1.98 Complete

SEND NO MONEY

Just order on penny postcard and we ship C.O.D. for $1.98 plus postage or send $2 and we ship postpaid.

ROLEY SALES CO., INC., Dept. MJ-30
15 Spruce Street New York 7, N. Y.

portunity, sir?"

"Francis," said the general, "when America finds out about you, when the world finds out about you, it's going to cause more of a furore than the war."

THE mule looked worried. "I hope it won't be necessary to reveal to the public any slightly unusual qualifications I may have. I don't trust the public."

"Neither do I," said the general, looking at the mule with new respect.

"You see what I mean . . ." said Francis.

The general stroked his chin, then shook his head. "I'm not sure you understand. I am offering you an opportunity for fame such as few men . . . ah . . . few human bei . . . ah . . . few living creatures have ever enjoyed. You will be waited on hand and foot." The general was beginning to wax enthusiastic. "The Army will activate a special unit to handle you. The great of the world will vie for an opportunity to meet you. Millions of people will listen to your every word."

"But I just couldn't be happy in the life you picture."

"I don't want to issue orders to you," the general said.

"I hope you won't, sir," the mule countered. "Why can't we just forget this meeting?"

"I have no intention of forgetting it," the general said. "I would be guilty of a dereliction if I did."

"Sir," said the mule, "I have spent seven years in the Army. The best years of my life. I have served faithfully, tried honestly to obey orders. I have taken pride in being part of what is commonly referred to as 'the backbone of the Army.' My only request is that I be allowed to continue to serve as I have in the past."

"That's impossible," barked the general.

"Sir," said Francis, "suppose I refuse to move?"

"I am the Commanding General in this Theater!" boomed the general.

"And I am a mule!" boomed Francis.

The general glared at Francis. The mule met the look without a blink, back feet firmly planted. Suddenly the general squared his shoulders.

"'tainSHUN!" He shot out the command.

The years of training were just too much for the animal. Francis came to attention.

"Right fHace! Forward mHARCH!"

The mule stepped off with precision. The general followed.

I trotted up behind the CG. "What about me, sir?" I asked.

The general looked around as though he'd just remembered I was there.

"You can come along too, young man," he said.

AMERICA was rocked back on its haunches. Announcement of discovery of Francis caused more controversy than a national election.

But the turmoil back in the States was as nothing to what was happening at Burma Headquarters. The attention of every soldier from the lowest private to the Commanding General himself was centered on the spacious reception room of the Administration Building where Francis had been installed. The general had brought his staff to meet Francis there. The group of officers, all generals and colonels, had stood around the mule with a wild variety of looks on their faces.

The mule just stood phlegmatically waving his tail. The CG spoke coaxingly to him. No results. He spoke sharply. He might better have spent his breath on the Sphinx.

I heard later that the staff called an informal meeting to discuss wiring Washington for authorization to remove the CG and confine him to a hospital for "observation."

Forty-seven representatives of the press arrived to "cover" Francis. The group arranged itself in a half-circle around the mule. Francis stood relaxed, his brown eyes fixed on the ground in a dull stare.

As the Commanding General entered, the buzz of subdued conversation stopped abruptly. He walked over to the mule, laid a hand on the animal's flank, faced the group, and began to speak to them. He described his first meeting with Francis. He told of the difficulties he had encountered in forcing the mule to talk.

At this point the correspondents began looking at each other. I caught one or two sly winks.

Finally the general told of a conversation with Francis that morning which had ended in the animal's absolute refusal to talk to any person except the general and myself.

"And so, gentlemen," the CG finished, "I find myself in an impossible position. I have here one of the most remarkable animals in world history, a mule who can talk, but a mule who informed me less than an hour ago that he has no intention of talking and, as far as I'm concerned, I can go hang . . . Gentlemen, I am at your mercy." He marched from the room.

I stood beside the mule, as correspondents rushed off in search of means to report the greatest hoax ever perpetrated on the world.

"Well, Francis," I said, "you have just sent your Commanding General and me to an insane asylum for life."

"Nonsense," said Francis. "They'll keep you there just long enough for a good rest. Then the excitement will die and they'll realize you're tolerably sane and let you out."

"You're smart, aren't you, Francis?"

The mule didn't answer me.

EIGHT of the correspondents reentered the room, a rather nondescript group looking ill-kempt in their badly fitting khakis. The men wandered over to the mule.

"You know," an AP man said, "one of the wildest aspects of this damned

REDUCE

"I LOST 8 lbs.® Very FIRST Week"

says Miss Mae Rehak, Cicero, Ill.

LOSE UGLY FAT OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

NO Exercise
NO Massage
NO Drugs

Get a Slender Figure
Enjoy Your Meals

YOU cannot have a slender, graceful figure, which is every woman's desire, unless you rid yourself of the flabby excess fat which covers feminine curves. Now you can rid yourself of this ugly, excess fat in a simple, healthful way.

The DEL-DEX METHOD Brings REMARKABLE RESULTS

Grateful persons (several hundred thousand have used our product) report amazing results in loss of weight after taking delicious Del-Dex and eating sensibly, as directed. For example, Mrs. A.S. of Omaha writes, "I lost nine pounds the first week, and I am so thrilled with this quick, simple way of losing weight, I have recommended it to many others. Best of all, I liked being able to lose weight while *enjoying good meals.*" While all people do not lose weight at exactly the same rate, the Del-Dex Method is *bound to delight you with its results.* Del-Dex gives you all daily normally required vitamins and minerals. Contains no drugs—absolutely harmless.

7-DAY NO-RISK TRIAL!

Either you are more than delighted with the results the Del-Dex Method brings you in loss of weight or you get *double your money back.* **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail us your name and address and on delivery of Del-Dex pay the postman $2.00 plus C.O.D. charges or send $2.00 with your order and we will pay the postage. Send for delicious, dependable Del-Dex today!

Follow directions for 7 days. Then, if you are not truly amazed at the loss of weight, if you don't notice a remarkable improvement in your figure, if you don't look better, feel better, you will get double your money back. Don't let ugly fat distort your shape. Send for delicious, dependable Del-Dex today. Only $2.

IMPERIAL LABORATORIES
329 S. Wood St. Dept. 32-JJ Chicago 12, Ill.

LAW

STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 39 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. G.I. approved. Send for FREE BOOK.

AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 80-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

STOP Scratching
Mosquito-Other Insect Bites

Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

story is that they didn't pick a better-looking animal."

I saw Francis' ears begin to rise.

"Sorry-looking beast, isn't it?" said the United Press man. "Sort of a four-footed Sad Sack."

Francis was stiff as a board.

"Stinks too," said the AP man.

"All mules stink," said the New York Times man.

Francis was trembling.

"What I can't understand," said the International man, "is why they chose a mule for the stunt. Mules, you know, are the stupidest hybrids in existence."

"But not dumb enough to work for a newspaper!" The words cracked out like whip snaps.

"Who said that?" asked the AP man.

"I did!" Francis was shaking with anger. *"You want to make something of it?"*

The newspapermen were speechless.

The mule fixed them with a glare. "I have listened to twaddle in my time," said Francis. "I have heard more than my share of fool remarks! I have tuned in on radio commercials! There was a time when I endured the stupidity of half-baked recruits. *But, by the tail of my great-aunt Regret who won the Derby, I have never suffered through such disgusting hogwash as you so-called newspapermen are spouting!"*

ALL eight of the men stood rooted to the floor, their mouths hanging like open bomb bays on a B-29.

"Gentlemen of the press!" spat Francis.

"You can talk!" said the AP man.

"I hope to kiss a duck I can talk!" said Francis. "You just heard the general say I could. But, oh no, you gentlemen of the press are too smart. You know everything."

"Maybe we're nuts?" said the New York Times man.

"No doubt about it," said Francis. "A man with sense would never spend his life scrounging for a newspaper. What a stinking profession. And you had the nerve to suggest that I stink!"

Someone had passed the word down the corridors that the mule was talking. In a twinkling the room was filled with breathless correspondents.

"May we ask you some questions?" asked a UP man.

"I'm a poor, dumb beast of burden," said Francis.

"We've traveled thousands of miles to get here," said an NBC man.

"Well, where the hell do you think I came from?" asked the mule.

"We're extremely anxious to be friendly," said the UP man.

"How too, too divine," saccharized Francis.

"Just a few questions," pleaded the UP man.

"I'm a sucker for a soft-spoken word," said Francis. "But keep a civil tongue in your head. I don't like newspapermen. I don't like interesting people. Shoot."

"How did you learn to talk?" asked the UP man.

The correspondents strained to hear better.

"A silly question," said Francis. "A thoroughly silly question. How did you learn to talk?"

"My mother taught me," said the UP man.

"She probably had quite a struggle. Are people constantly expressing surprise you made the grade?"

"No . . . but . . ." The UP man was growing red in the face.

"Of course they're not," said Francis. "People take it as a matter of course you can talk. I suppose some even think you can write. Personally, I always thought your style florid. Now, as for my talking, I too prefer you take that as a matter of course."

What this country needs is automobile gears a woman can change as deftly as she can her mind!—*Millard Watkins.*

"Can you fly?" asked a Reuters man.

"Nice accent," said Francis. "I enjoy a well-modulated British accent. It so happens I can fly. But I don't like to."

"How did you happen to befriend the lieutenant?" asked the UP man.

"He was malleable," said Francis. "I like 'em young and innocent. They're easier to handle."

"What do you think of the Japs?" asked a voice.

"Will I be quoted?" asked Francis.

The correspondents looked at each other.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Francis. "I ask a simple question, will I be quoted?"

There was a commotion at the door. The mob parted and the Commanding General entered. He was cocky as an aviator who had just made ace.

"Well, well, gentlemen, how do you like Francis?" he asked.

"Are these the leading representatives of the press?" interrupted the mule before anyone could speak.

"They most certainly are," said the general.

"General," said the mule, "I am a democratic animal. But when I look over this crew I realize how right I was to prefer the life of a pack animal. Strictly palookas, eh, general?"

"Francis, careful what you say," said the general. His smile had faded.

"I didn't want to talk, general," the mule said. "But I've been insulted. Not that I mind specially when I'm insulted by my equals. But this crew. . . . General! No self-respecting member of the Armed Forces of the United States should take it lying down. No, sir! I intend to raise my voice to high heaven and tell the American people the sort of cattle—and I'm not groping for words when I use the term 'cattle'—the press send out to cover wars. . . ."

Francis was in fine shape. He ranted and raved and threw insults that made the previous remarks of the correspondents about him seem tame.

The gentlemen of the press were enthralled. The more Francis insulted them, the more engrossed they became. But the general was beside himself. Suddenly he straightened and commanded, "Attention!"

Francis froze.

"That will be all for the time being, gentlemen," said the general. "I will announce any later meetings."

In half a minute the general, Francis, and I were alone.

"I've been through many battles," said the general, "but I've never been through anything like this. Francis, you've antagonized the entire group."

"Why, general," Francis waved his tail airily, "those fellows are suckers for bunk. If I'd been impressed, they wouldn't have been. I wasn't. They were. A couple more sessions and I'll be the hero of the press."

The general was looking at Francis with awesome respect.

OVER the Pacific winged a B-29 carrying Francis, myself, and the twelve enlisted men who had been assigned to attend the mule. We had been flying some ten hours. Francis stood docilely in his specially constructed stall, relaxed and friendly. He chatted with the members of the crew, joked with the enlisted men, and discussed with me his future.

"Lieutenant," said the mule, "you appear tired. Why don't you slip into the back compartment and grab yourself a little shut-eye?"

"You're planning something," I said.

"How you do go on, lieutenant. What could I possibly plan here in this plane? A little sleep will freshen you up."

"Call me if you want anything," I said.

I went into the rear compartment. There was a bunk with a blanket. I took off my shoes and tucked the blanket under my chin.

I DREAMED that I was sitting on the eighth tee just behind the country club. The soft darkness of the night was round me. At my side was a girl. . . .

Crash! Bang! Klunk!

I leaped out of the bunk, bumped my head on the ceiling, cracked my ankle on an ammunition tin, skinned my elbow on a machine gun. I tore open the door into the main compartment.

Francis was standing on a stool, his four feet tangled on its small circular top. He was swaying like a circus performer on a tightrope.

On the floor lay two empty whiskey bottles. Three of the enlisted men were stretched out snoring.

"Hi ya, loooey," said Francis. "I feel wonderful. . . . I feel . . . (hic) . . . marvelous. I can fly through the air with the greatest of ease, the daring young mule on the flying toadstool. . . . Doesn't rhyme, does it? . . . But it's all right, loooey . . . (burp) . . . Everything's all right."

"Francis, where did you get that whiskey?" I demanded.

"I want to tell you something," said the mule. "Come a little closer . . . Not too close. Wouldn't like to fall on you."

"Get down off that stool," I ordered, approaching.

"I can't, loooey, ol' boy, ol' boy, ol' boy . . . (hic) . . . I really can't. I'm stuck up here . . . I'm trapped for life. Oh, me. Oh my, was ever a mule in such a sad predicament?"

Francis began to cry. Great tears streaked down his nose and he licked at them. "Tell me, loooey, you like me, don't you . . . (hic) . . . I mean, you like me because of myself, not because I happen to be able to talk, not for any of that tish . . . (burp) . . . tosh, but just because I am a really nice mule?"

"Of course I like you," I said. "Let me help you off that stool."

"Stand back, loooey. Stand back. I'm about to yump."

Four legs flailed the air. Four hooves hit the floor. Francis wabbled, pitched, reeled, but remained standing.

"Thank heavens," I breathed.

Francis swayed. "Loooey, this house is twisting round . . . (hic) . . . and round. Where are we?"

"You know perfectly well where we are," I said. "We're in a B-29 flying over the Pacific Ocean. We'll arrive in Washington tomorrow afternoon."

"Stop the ship!" screamed Francis. "Turn it around! Let me out!" He reeled toward the forward door which opened into the control room where the pilots and navigators were. Before I could halt him he had taken the knob in his teeth and pulled the door open.

SWEAT was pouring off me. For a moment I couldn't move. I heard a clatter in the control room. Someone was swearing. The plane banked, dipped, lurched into a climb, came level again.

I staggered to the doorway.

Francis had managed to cram himself into the vacant seat of the copilot. His legs were draped over the controls.

The pilot, his face the color of a bursting star shell, was struggling with the duplicate controls. He saw me out of the corners of his eyes.

"Get that damned mule out of my cabin," he roared.

"Turn around!" yelled Francis. "Or by the tail of my great-aunt Regret who won the . . . (hic) . . . Derby, I'll wreck this hunk of plane. Turn around!"

"Take your paws off the controls!" shrieked the pilot.

"They're not paws," said Francis.

"Whatever they are, take 'em off!"

"Turn the ship around," demanded Francis, "or I'll turn it."

"I can't hold this thing long," screamed the pilot.

"Better turn it around," I said. I winked.

"I saw that wink," roared Francis. "No finagling. Or so help me, I'll. . . ."

"All right," spat the pilot between clenched teeth. "All right. I'll turn around."

The great plane banked in a graceful curve.

"That's . . . (burp) . . . better," said Francis. The mule half-rolled out of the seat and came down standing. "No more tricks now. Say, loooey, I'm . . . (hic) . . . sleepy."

"Right back here, Francis," I said.

Without a murmur the mule walked back into his stall.

Great snores filled the cabin.

I stepped over and patted Francis on the flank. No response. I swung my arm around in a haymaker and caught the mule flush on the rump. The rhythm of the snores didn't change. With effort I resisted the temptation to give the animal a healthy kick where it would do the most good.

But Francis was dead to the world.

I went into the rear compartment, folded up the cot, carried it back to the mule's stall, set it up across the open end.

IT seemed only moments later that one of the men was shaking me.

"Lieutenant, we'll be getting into Washington in less than an hour."

I moved over to Francis. "Wake up," I said.

The mule didn't stir.

I reached over and patted him on the shoulder. "Come on, Francis. Time to be up."

One bleary eye flickered half open, closed.

"Francis, we're arriving in a little while."

The mule's red eyes opened wide.

"I've been wounded," screeched Francis. "What hit me? Where am I?"

"Easy, Francis. You're all right."

"My head. My poor head. It's bursting. Get me an ice pack! Get me some aspirin! Oh, my withers. Oh, my flanks. Oh, my ears and tail, do I have a head on me!"

I returned in half a minute. "There's no ice on the plane, Francis," I said.

"No ice! Don't stand around looking at me. Do something! Get some compresses."

There was a first-aid chest fastened to the wall. Printed above it were the words, *'For Emergency Only'*. I ripped it down. One of the enlisted men brought in a canteen half-filled with drinking water. I unrolled a package of cotton, poured water, wrung it out.

"In front of the ears," said the

ENJOY GOOD HEARING WITH BURGESS POWER

FOR
YOUR HEARING AID
BUY
BURGESS
BATTERIES

RECOGNIZED BY THEIR
STRIPES • REMEMBERED
BY THEIR SERVICE

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Notice of change of address should be sent not less than 60 days prior to the date change becomes effective. Send the address at which copies are now being received and the new address at which you wish to receive copies.

LIBERTY
37 West 57th St. New York 19, N. Y.

ACCOUNTANT
BECOME AN EXPERT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays." G. I. APPROVED.

LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 831-H Chicago 5, Ill.

PULVEX
"DDT"
FLEA POWDER

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Kills the fleas
Quickly!
Keeps others off
for Days.

Pulvex also comes with ROTENONE, the original formula. BEST FOR CATS.

Either Kind
25¢ & 50¢

SECRETARIES! STENOGRAPHERS! TYPISTS!
DON'T ERASE!
Brush away errors this AMAZING way
QUICKER ~ EASIER ~ CLEANER
with magical RUSH-FYBRGLASS-ERASER

Nifty Plastic Holder propels-repels FybRglass Brush. Hair-thin fibers pick off ink. Remove single letter without erasing shield. No smudge on carbon copy. No dirt to harm typewriter. MILLIONS IN USE. At Leading Stores or only 50c postpaid in U.S.A. (75c in Canada). Low Priced Refills last many months. GET YOURS TODAY. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded.

THE ERASER CO., INC. Dept. 11 SYRACUSE 2, N.Y.
(In Canada — Domes Sales, Distributors, Ottawa)

mule. "Oh, that feels wonderful . . . Watch it. Watch it. The water's running into my eyes . . . You're a clumsy oaf, lieutenant. Better get some bandage and fasten that compress in place."

Francis was in a temper. I was too busy obeying his instructions even to brush my hair. I was tying a bow knot in the bandage when the copilot entered. "We're coming into Washington," he said. "Prepare to land in five minutes."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Francis, we'll have to take that compress off now."

"Like hell you will," said the mule.

"But there will be a great throng of people at the airport to see you."

"To hell with them. Either they'll see me with a compress on my head or they won't see me at all."

The wheels of the plane whirred on the runway.

"Is that dust on my right hoof?" asked Francis.

"I don't know and I don't care," I said.

"Well, it's my hoof and I care," said Francis. "Wipe it off, looey."

The great plane rolled to a gentle stop.

The pilot came into the cabin. "All right, lieutenant . . . Say, what's the matter with the mule?"

"Never mind that now," I said. "It's too late to do anything about it."

There was a wild tumult outside. The blaring of bands penetrated the sound-proof cabin.

"The mule goes out first," said the pilot. "You go with him, lieutenant. Watch yourselves."

The door of the plane swung open. Francis and I stepped through onto the ramp.

NEVER had I seen such a sight. People as far as the eye could see. The entire circumference of the flying field was packed hundreds deep. Roofs, trees, automobile tops were jammed with cheering, yelling, hysterical people.

As they sighted the mule and his bandage a great silence descended. Then a tremendous sigh rose. The very air was charged with compassion.

Four generals were approaching the foot of the ramp. I came to a salute. Francis wabbled to attention.

The generals looked nervous. One of them stepped forward and half-bowed.

"Welcome home to America," he said to the mule.

Francis didn't move.

The spokesman turned to me. "Lieutenant, we have constructed a special platform in front of the administration building. We are hoping the mule will say a few words."

I looked at Francis. The mule shook his head in protest.

"Yes, sir," I said.

ATTORNEY AT LAW
Follette

"I'm afraid they've got you—look what it says here in fine print." LIBERTY

Francis and I descended the ramp between rows of soldiers with fixed bayonets. We walked toward the administration building. Before us marched two generals. Behind us marched two more.

"This place is lousy with brass," whispered Francis.

"Watch yourself," I said.

We approached the platform. It was flag-bedecked and ringed with microphones.

"Right this way," said one of the generals.

The mule and I walked up the ramp onto the platform. At the front was a railed enclosure. Before it were two dozen microphones. Francis and I entered the enclosure.

One of the generals stepped up to the microphones. He motioned with his hand. Six bands simultaneously struck up The Star-Spangled Banner.

The multitude removed hats, stood in silence.

The general spoke briefly. He said America was proud of its fighting men, and his voice reached a crescendo as he roared, ". . . And America is also proud of her fighting mules!"

The throngs cheered wildly.

"And now," said the general, "I want to introduce to you a great hero, a great soldier, a great mule, Francis!"

The mule stepped forward.

The masses were silent.

With bloodshot eyes Francis studied the regiment of troops drawn up directly below the platform. His eyes swept the entire field.

Then Francis spoke.

"Morons! Stupid, ignorant collection of clucks. . . ."

The multitude's first gasp of surprise at hearing the mule's voice died in a half-million throats.

"For Christmas sake, Francis," I hissed, "are you nuts!"

"Shut up," whispered Francis, "I'll handle this my own way."

The mule turned back to the microphones.

"A half a million people here, they tell me. All gawking and staring and flapping their ears in the wind. Thrill-seekers, curiosity hounds, novelty nuts. Bah!"

The four generals looked at each other.

The thousands were too startled to move.

There was a long pause. The mule looked around the field. "But," and suddenly Francis' voice rang out strong and clear, "by the tail of my great-aunt Regret who won the Derby, you are Americans! You are my people! You are the finest collection of human beings on the face of this sorry old world! I love every damned one of you, so help my mulish hide!"

Then pandemonium broke loose. Even the generals were cheering. Hats sailed into the air. People were pounding each other on the back. Hysteria reigned.

THE plan, formulated by the War Department, called for Francis to enjoy seven days of rest before starting out on a nation-wide tour. The mule was to appear in all the leading cities. Admission was to be charged, and it was estimated that enough money would be raised to finance the combined Army-Navy Relief Fund for the duration.

I had been granted a seven-day leave. I was to proceed to my home, spend a week with my family, then meet Francis in Chicago where the mule was to make his first speech at Soldier Field.

"Damn it all, lieutenant, there must be something the matter with me," Francis said when we parted.

"Why?"

"I hate to see you leave."

I put my arm around the mule's neck.

"It will only be for a week, Francis," I said.

"You're really not a bad guy, lieutenant. You're really not."

"Take care of yourself, Francis."

After my leave was over I arrived in Chicago two hours before the mule's plane was due. I hopped off the train.

Then I heard a newsboy yelling: "Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Mule killed in plane crash!"

I grabbed a paper. There it was in blazing headlines:

FRANCIS KILLED IN PLANE CRASH

I must have been crying. I could hardly read the story. The crew said that when lightning had struck the right wing Francis had taken charge, ordered the men to jump. The pilot reported that as he was about to abandon ship the mule had smiled at him and said, "Carry on."

Somehow I made my way to a taxi stand. "Take me to the nearest

Army airport," I told the taxi-driver.

Three hours later I was in the control room of an airport in Kentucky.

A cavalcade of jeeps set out for the scene of the disaster. We had to climb the last half-mile on foot. At the end of a swath of crushed and burned trees we came upon the wreck of the plane. A forest ranger stood guard.

"Did you find any bodies?" I tried to keep my voice steady.

The ranger looked at me. "Wasn't no bodies," he said.

"Was there a mule?" I asked.

The ranger speculated a moment, spat again. "Wasn't no bodies at all."

"Can we go inside the plane?"

"Shore," said the ranger.

I stepped through the opening where the door had been. The ranger had followed me.

"If a mule had been in here, would there be anything left of it?" I asked.

"Shore would," said the ranger. "Bodies got a lot of liquid in 'em. Specially mules' bodies."

I walked from one end of the cabin to the other. There was no body.

Suddenly it struck me!

All those heroics of Francis . . . ordering the crew to jump . . .

Had it all been a build-up?

Hadn't Francis claimed he could fly?

SINCE that day I've spent my time trying to find the mule.

In the wee hours of the morning, lying in my warm bed, I suddenly leap up, sure I've heard a voice saying . . .

"Lieutenant, by the tail of my great-aunt Regret who won the Derby, why the Army ever commissioned . . ."

I'm going right on searching for Francis.

Because in my heart, I feel sure the mule is alive.

Absolutely sure.

THE END

AT DAWNING

(not to be confused with At Dawning)

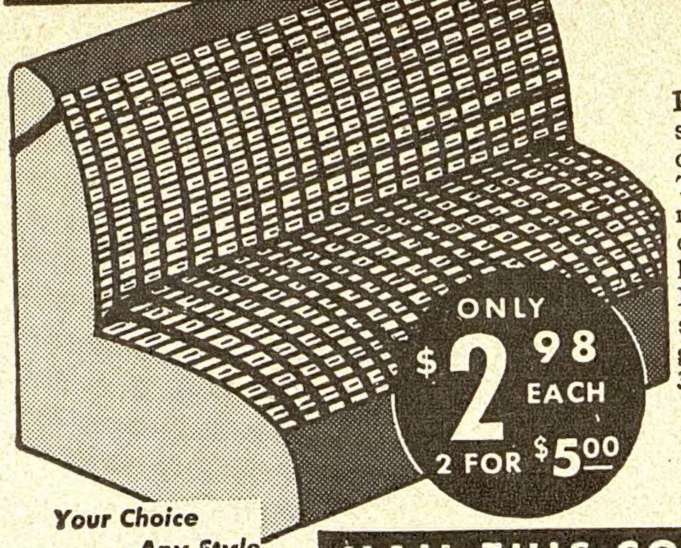
Rise, arise, my sluggard love;
Now the fair Aurora
Tippy-toes—a morning dove!—
Featly through the flora.

Eastern sky! How faint the flush
Surging softly through it!
Do not break the magic hush
As you rush to view it.

You must dig and you must delve.
(That's why men are men, dear.)
You must catch the 7.12
Or you'll be docked again, dear.

Rise—but quietly!—and go
(No more may Morpheus drug you!)
Without a word, on tippy-toe.
(Wake me, and I'll slug you.)
—*Ethel Jacobson.*

Amazing Value! **AUTO SEAT COVERS** *Fits All Cars!*



ONLY $2.98 EACH
2 FOR $5.00

ARIDEX FIBRE
In Colorful Plaid

Protect clothing and upholstery . . . slide in and out of car with ease and comfort. Tough Aridex fibre, water-repellant, long-lasting; covers both seat and back. Brilliant multi-color pattern. Harmonizing cloth trim. Install in a jiffy with elastic grips. No pins, no tacks. 3 types FIT ALL CARS.

ORDER NOW!
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Or Your Money Back!

Your Choice
Any Style

A SOLID BACK
For 4-door Sedan, front or rear; or Coach rear; or Coupe.

B DIVIDED BACK SOLID SEAT
For Coupe or Coach front.

C INDIVIDUAL SEATS
For divided back and seat

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

SANGERS, 325 N. Wells St., Chicago 10, Ill. Dept. 5030
Please rush . . . . . Aridex Plaid Fibre Seat Covers @ $2.98 each or 2 for $5.00, as checked below:
TYPE A_____ TYPE B_____ TYPE C_____
☐ Send Postpaid. Full payment $. . . . . . .enclosed.
☐ Send C.O.D. plus postal charges.
Name. . . . .
Address . . . .
City. . . . . Zone. . . . . . State. . . . .

AN EXCITING NEW SERIAL begins in the next issue . . .

GREEN EYED IDOL by Edison Marshall

A drama of breathtaking adventure and love in far eastern jungles. Don't miss the opening chapter in AUGUST 16TH Liberty . . . OUT AUGUST 1ST.

RUNNING HOT WATER
INSTANTLY
FROM ANY COLD WATER FAUCET

$8.49

Guaranteed to give RUNNING Hot Water Instantly

With Roley Instant Hot Water Heater

AT LAST! A low priced electric hot water heater . . . quickly attached to any faucet . . . guaranteed to give running hot water instantly. Now you can actually have all the hot water you need the instant you need it . . . from your cold water faucet! Use in the basement, in the bathroom, kitchen, garage, bungalow, factory, tourist cabin, store, etc. You regulate the temperature and quantity with your faucet handle. Just plug in any electric outlet (AC or DC), 110-120 volts, turn the faucet and PRESTO—Hot Water any time of day or night, as much and as hot as you want. Easy to install or detach, complete with 6 foot extension cord. Order Today!

SEND NO MONEY!

Order Today. Pay postman $8.49 plus postage upon arrival, or send $8.49 and receive postpaid. Guaranteed to give running hot water instantly or purchase price refunded. No C.O.D.'s outside U.S.A.

ROLEY SALES CO., INC., Dept. FJ30
15 Spruce St., New York 7, N. Y.
☐ Send Roley Heater C. O. D., I'll pay postman $8.49 plus postage.
☐ I enclose $8.49 send postpaid.
Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City____________________State________

Liberty

The preservation of freedom
is this magazine's purpose

PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

AUGUST 2, 1947

AIR POWER IS PEACE POWER

THE best news we have read in a long time is that the Army Air Force has ordered 100 of the new giant B-36 bombers.

With these far-flying airplanes, our airmen will be able to bomb any aggressor in his own territory, stopping his attack at its point of origin and destroying his capacity for war.

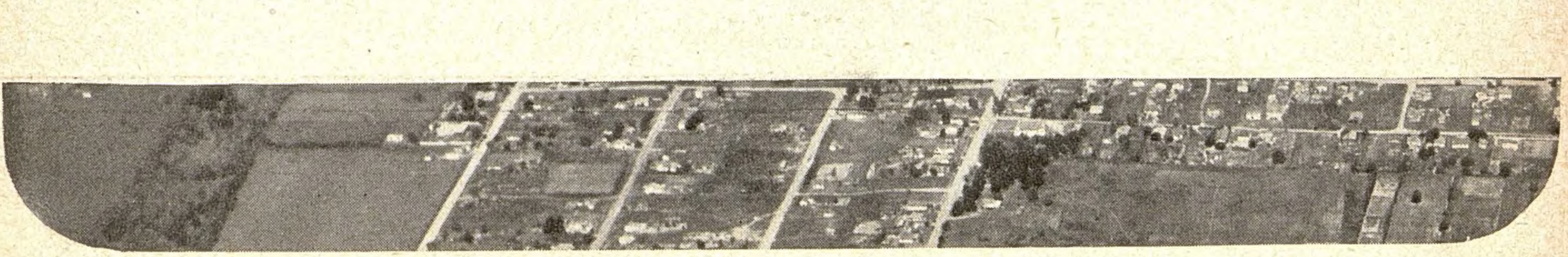
To argue that the buying of these planes is a threat to peace is dangerous nonsense. The boy who can take care of himself has never been a threat to law and order in any neighborhood.

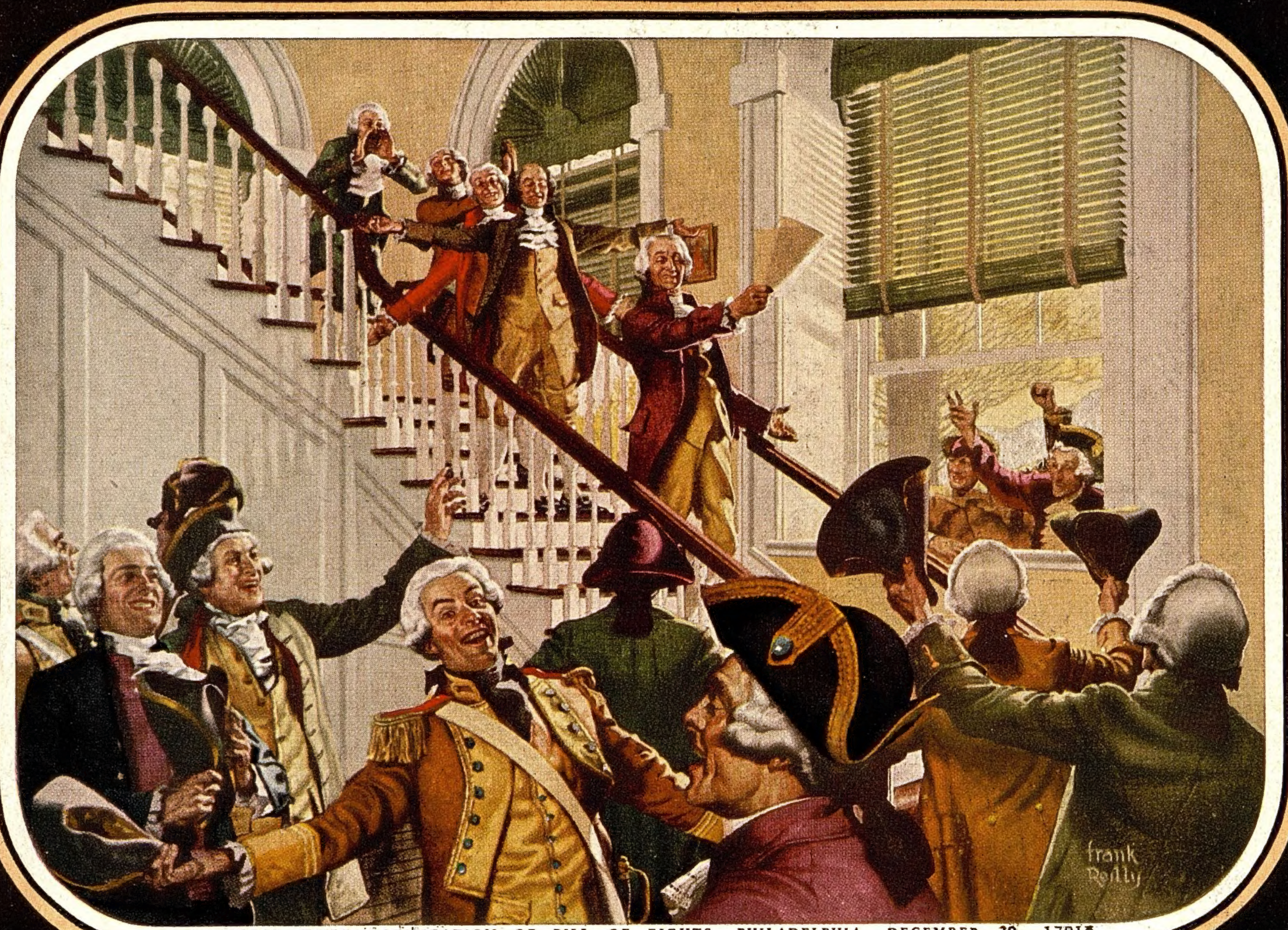
We hope this move to acquire long-range bombers will be followed by other moves designed to regain for the United States the most powerful air force in the world. In that way we may be certain no nation will attack us or any other free nation.

An air force built up to full combat effectiveness now will buy for us the time in which to rebuild the world. No price is too great to pay for it, considering the alternative of defeat in a war caused by the tempting weakness of the richest power on earth.

Instead of hot air power, let's have real air power. Air power is peace power.

PAUL HUNTER




frank Reilly

CONGRESS HAILS RATIFICATION OF BILL OF RIGHTS, PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 30, 1791*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *". . . Clauses should be added . . . as will best insure the beneficent ends of its institution . . ."*
>
> . . . FROM PROPOSAL FOR BILL OF RIGHTS

Hail to Philadelphia, birthplace of our Declaration of Independence, our Constitution, our Bill of Rights. Here, too, originated that heritage of hospitality nobly sustained by Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky. Gracious, rich in flavor, one you might reserve for special occasions. Yet, you can enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

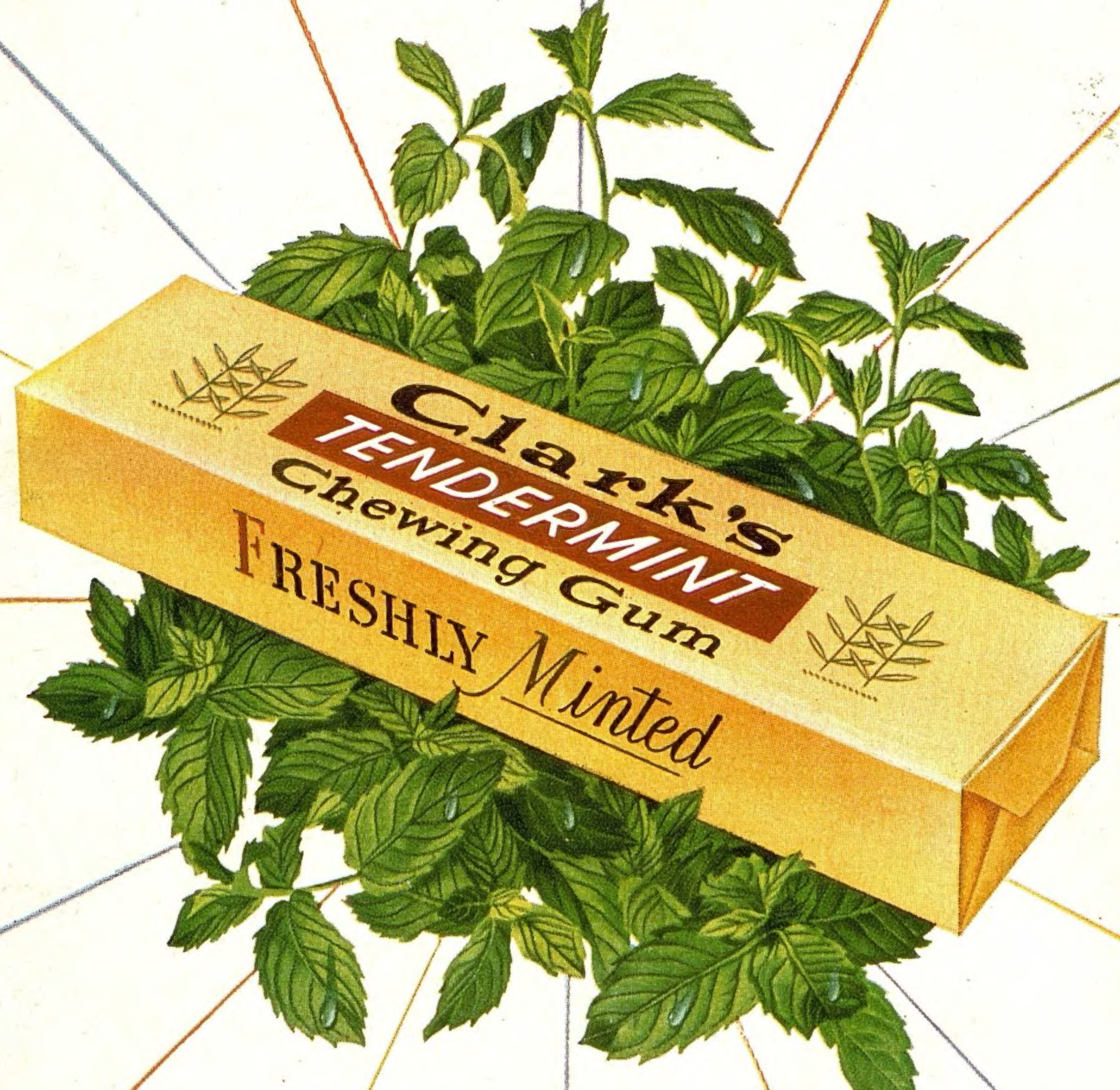
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY

*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

© 1947 C. D. C.

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA

FRESHLY *Minted*


Clark's
TENDERMINT
Chewing Gum
FRESHLY Minted

Bright with cool, tangy flavor,
Clark's Tendermint gum sparkles with
a specially fragrant *freshness* all
its own. Why? Because Clark's
fine mint is grown and picked by experts —
gathered at the early-morning flavor-peak
of its ripe tenderness. Try Clark's Tendermint
and you'll savor the *lasting* goodness
of *freshly-minted* gum!

FOR TASTE **Clark's**

Copyright 1947, Clark Brothers Chewing Gum Company